

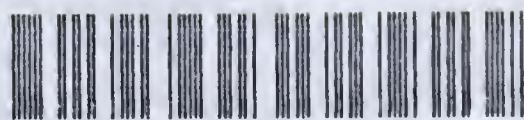
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THE
GUARDIAN:

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

REV. J. H. DUBBS, D. D., Editor.

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The Guardian.

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JANUARY, 1882.

NO. 1.

INTRODUCTORY,

The new editor wishes the readers of *THE GUARDIAN* a Happy New Year. He takes this liberty because he does not regard himself as entirely a stranger. Dr. Bausman has so kindly introduced him, that, even if he had not met many of his readers on previous occasions, he would feel certain that his coming was not entirely unexpected, and that hospitable friends would grant him a cordial welcome.

It is not a trifling matter to assume the editorial chair successively occupied by Dr. Harbaugh and Dr. Bausman. *THE GUARDIAN* has a special mission and requires peculiar work. For this kind of work the former editors had peculiar qualifications, which their successor cannot flatter himself that he possesses in the same degree. He can only hope to succeed by the earnest sympathy and coöperation of his brethren.

The editorship of *THE GUARDIAN* involves a precious trust. For thirty-two years this little magazine has pursued its chosen path in humility and patience, dispensing life, light, and love. It has done much for the literary and social advancement of our people, and, best of all, it has encouraged thousands of young men and women to walk in the ways of righteousness. To these objects, it is hoped, *THE GUARDIAN* will prove as faithful in the future as it has been in the past; and the new editor devoutly joins in the prayer—first uttered by Dr. Harbaugh, thirty-one years ago, and repeated by Dr. Bausman, at the beginning of his editorial labors—that “the Spirit of purity may preside over these pages, and keep him from publishing

ZWINGLI'S LAST WORDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

When Ulric Zwingli, the first martyr of the Reformed Church, laid down his life on the battle-field of Cappel, he uttered the memorable words—“What does it matter? They may kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul!” These are words which ring like an ancient prophecy, and every age in the history of the church witnesses their wonderful fulfillment.

We regret that the eleventh of October, 1881, the 350th anniversary of the death of the Swiss Reformer, was not more generally observed by the Reformed Churches. Such observance would not have justly laid us open to the charge of hero-worship. The Reformed church has never allowed herself to be named after any one of her great leaders, and she has never fixed her faith on the doctrines of any individual teacher. Henry Bullinger, the successor of Zwingli in the church of Zurich, said, not twenty years after the death of his great predecessor—“Many people call us Zwinglians, but we refuse to recognize the name. We are not baptized into the name of Zwingli. Our affection rests upon that noble man; but our faith does not depend upon his words. His is but human authority. Indeed, we do not depend upon Zwingli more implicitly than we do, for instance, upon Augustine, who himself insisted that men should not depend upon his person, but should contradict him as soon as his opinions were found to be contrary to the Sacred Scriptures. Call us, if you please, Christians, Christ-lovers, Evangelicals—such names we love to hear; but do not call us Zwinglians.” While, therefore, the Reformed church cannot justly be accused of at-

“One line, which dying he could wish to blot.”

taching undue reverence to the name of Zwingli, it cannot be wrong to recall the last words of a teacher whose fame will shine with the brightness of the firmament forever.

The whole life of Ulric Zwingli was an exemplification of the meaning of his dying words. He had heard and heeded the words of the Master: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." He did not understand the Lord as merely requiring faithfulness to the end of life, but faithfulness even unto martyrdom. It was his consciousness of this high vocation that rendered him faithful in all the relations of life; that sustained him in innumerable trials; and that finally made him ready to die for the truth, in the full assurance of receiving a crown of glory in the world to come.

Zwingli was a faithful son. He was born in the village of Wildhaus, in the valley of Toggenburg, on the 1st of January, 1484, and was one of a family of nine children, who were carefully brought up by their parents in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He spent his early years in the shadow of the Alps. "In the mountains," said his friend, Oswald Myconius, "the spirit of Zwingli was exalted and glorified. When the thunder pealed from cliff to cliff he seemed to hear a voice saying to him, 'I am the Lord thy God. Abide in My fear forever.' When, at early dawn, the glaciers glowed with rosy light, it seemed to him as though the Lord was treading upon the high places of the earth; and while the hem of His shining garments glorified the mountains, he heard anew the anthem that filled the soul of Isaiah: Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory."

When Zwingli was nine years old, his father determined to devote him to the ministry. By the advice of his uncle, who was a pious priest, he was successively sent to school at Basel, Bern, and Vienna. He enjoyed the best educational advantages the age could afford, and became an extraordinary classical scholar. He took great delight in music, and in athletic exercises; but was always regarded as a faithful student; so that he could say, in later years: "I never did anything of which I am

ashamed, and was never punished at school."

Zwingli was a faithful pastor. His biographies are full of incidents concerning his care for the poor of his flock. When the soldiers of Glarus went to fight in Italy, he accompanied them as their chaplain, though he disapproved of the war itself. In 1516 he became chief pastor of the monastery at Einsiedlen, and instead of encouraging the pilgrims in their superstitions, as his predecessors had done, he immediately sought to lead them to true repentance and faith. Here he began to preach the doctrines of the Reformation, before he had even heard the name of Martin Luther.

In 1519 Zwingli became pastor of the Cathedral church of Zurich. Here his work as a Reformer was continued and developed. In the midst of trials and temptations he pursued his way, according to the light which God had given him. Wealth and position were offered him in vain; he cared nothing for such things. Dangers could not terrify him; he cared nothing for those who kill the body. In some instances he may have contended too earnestly for doctrines which further study might have induced him to modify; but, like Luther, he could not do otherwise. Even his bitterest enemies have acknowledged his thorough honesty and his complete devotion to what he believed to be the truth.

In his social and civil relations his faithfulness was no less apparent. His family had implicit confidence in his sincerity, and for generations most of his descendants devoted themselves, in the most trying times, to the work of the ministry. His patriotism was unbounded. From his earliest youth the legends of Swiss patriotism and devotion had filled his soul. The circumstances of the times rendered him a civil as well as a religious leader, and in this two-fold capacity he accompanied the little band of Zurichers to the battle-field of Cappel, where he sacrificed his life. It is not true that he incited the war between the Protestant and Catholic Cantons; and there is abundant proof that he fully appreciated the almost hopeless nature of the conflict; but religion and patriotism alike

urged him to accompany his people to encourage and comfort those who were about to die for their country and their faith.

To a noble soul like that of Zwingli the accident of death was a small matter. "No Christian is afraid of death; he can only dread dying." He trusts his Master's word, and knows that he is about to receive a crown of everlasting glory.

There is, however, a subordinate sense in which Zwingli may have been cheered, in his dying hour, by the thought that though men may kill the body, they cannot kill the soul. He had put his soul into his work, and may therefore have been encouraged by the hope that his labor would not be in vain; that though his body might be mutilated and burned, the truth which he had preached would live in the hearts of future generations. Yet, can he ever have anticipated that, after three hundred and fifty years, his death would be commemorated in lands of whose existence he was hardly aware; and that, in the truth which he had proclaimed, his soul would still go "marching down the ages?"

The dying words of Zwingli have been wonderfully illustrated in the history of the great religious movement in which he was so prominently engaged. Its enemies have always been threatening its destruction. At an early period its chosen emblem was "the burning bush," because, though constantly enveloped by the flames of persecution, it was never consumed. Almost everywhere it has been attacked with fire and sword, yet it is still green and flourishing. Even in this country it has suffered persecutions which are not less dangerous because they are refined, but it still bears its full measure of flowers and fruit.

Sometimes, in seasons of persecution, the best men are in danger of yielding to despair. Yet the peril is in appearance only. The enemies of the truth can never destroy God's people. "They may kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul."

We sail the sea of life: a calm one finds,
And one a tempest; and the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.

—Wordsworth.

THE LITTLE TREE.

From the German of Friedrich Rückert.

BY THE EDITOR.

A little tree in the forest stood,
Through fair and stormy weather;
Needles instead of leaves it bore,
Thick set together:
The needles were sharp as sharp could be,
And these were the words of the little tree:

"My comrades all, in gay attire,
In rows are standing near me;
These needles sharp, that none admire,
Make everybody fear me:
I wish, if I may be so bold,
That I had leaves of purest gold!"

At night the tree fell fast asleep;
But early in the morning
It woke, to find that leaves of gold
Were all its limbs adorning.
"I'm proud!" exclaimed the little tree,
"There's none in the forest looks like me!"

In the evening, through the forest came
A Jew, whose beard was hoary;
He saw the leaves, that looked like flame,
All in the sunset's glory;
Then he gathered them all, and on his back
He carried them off, in a mighty sack.

The little tree cried out in grief:
"My heart is full of sorrow;
I have not a single golden leaf,
And will feel ashamed to-morrow.
I have nothing left to wear—alas!
I wish I had leaves of clearest glass!"

Again, the tree fell fast asleep,
And wakened in the morning,
To find that leaves of clearest glass
Were all its limbs adorning.
"I'm glad," said the tree, "because I know
No tree in the forest glitters so!"

But then a mighty whirlwind came,
And dreadful was the weather;
Swiftly rushing through the woods,
It smote the leaves together;
And lying scattered in the grass,
Were all the sparkling leaves of glass.

The little tree cried out in pain:
"Now my glass is shattered!
See, my comrades still retain
All their leaves unscattered!
How I wish I could be seen
Dressed in leaves of brightest green!"

Once more the tree fell fast asleep,
And wakened in the morning:
It laughed to see that leaves of green
Were all its limbs adorning:
"Now I have leaves like other trees,
That will not break with every breeze!"

Then an old goat came through the wood,
 With udder wide distended;
 For her hungry kids she was seeking food,
 As her way through the woods she wended.
 "Aha," she said, "What a splendid haul!"
 Then she gathered the leaves and ate them all.

Again the tree was cold and bare;
 But its voice was soft and mellow,
 As it said: "For leaves I do not care,
 Neither green, nor red, nor yellow.
 My needles give me back again!
 I'm sure I will never more complain!"

But when it again had slept at night,
 With early dawn awaking,
 It was strange to see, in the morning light,
 Its limbs with laughter shaking.
 Its comrades laughed its plight to see,
 But it did not mind their mockery.

Pray, tell me now the wondrous sight,
 And what the tree was wearing!
 There stood the tree, in a single night
 A crop of needles bearing.
 Go forth and look; but keep away!
 Hands off! Beware! Don't touch, I pray,
 The prickly things,
 For each one stings.

THE SABBATH A DIVINE INSTITUTION.

BY REV. CYRUS CORT.]

The Sabbath is a divine institution. It comes down from the days of man's primeval innocence. It is one of the few vestiges of the lost Paradise. It was instituted as the sanctifying climax in the original manifestation of creative energy. When the deep foundations of the natural earth were laid "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it He had rested from all His works which God had created and made." The Sabbath is as old as the world and coeval with humanity. Before the crafty serpent beguiled our first parents they kept the Sabbath day holy amid the bowers of Eden. It was intended to promote the physical, mental, and religious welfare of the human race.

If such was the case even before the fall of man much more was it a necessity after the fall, when he stood amid the wreck and ruin of sin.

When he was sent forth to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow and when his wilful disobedience had banished him from the immediate presence and communion of his Maker, man needed the rest and worship of the Sabbath to preserve him from self-degradation and utter estrangement from God. The Sabbath was recognized as an existing institution by Moses, and enshrined as such by the great leader and law-giver of Israel. It is not merely a civil or ceremonial institution as some people seem to imagine. It is part and parcel of the moral law, the Ten Commandments, and, in its essential principle, is eternally binding upon the children of men. It was engraven in the rock forever by the finger of the Almighty. Death was the penalty of wilful Sabbath desecration under the Mosaic economy which served as a school-master to train God's covenant people for the coming and kingdom of Christ. The prophets, Nehemiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Isaiah, reprove the people for profaning the Sabbath, and point to this as the prolific source of national corruption and degradation.

Our Saviour came not to destroy but to fulfil the law and the prophets. It was His custom to enter the synagogue on the Sabbath-day and teach the people from Moses and the prophets. He relieved the Sabbath of some of the harsher ceremonial features, but in no wise did He abrogate or disregard it. In opposition to the self-righteous Pharisees of the time, Jesus taught that it was right to do good on the Sabbath-day, and insisted that acts of charity and mercy were especially acceptable to God on that holy day. The Sabbath was made for man—made to promote his best interests for time and eternity. A traditional or mechanical adherence to the outward letter of the ceremonial law, which did violence to the true spirit and object of the Sabbath, the Saviour condemned as contrary to the divine idea. Man was not made for the Sabbath but the Sabbath, was made for man. Sabbath appointments must not be used as a sort of Procrustean bed on which to stretch or contract human nature, regardless of the superior claims of mercy and truth. The Sabbath was based on the wants and constitution of

humanity, founded on the eternal fitness of things and is not a mere arbitrary appointment of the Almighty. In its right observance there is great reward. As the Lord of the Sabbath and King of Saints, Jesus had power and authority to modify the institution, which He did by hallowing the first day of the week as pre-eminently sacred in the new and better covenant of grace. By His triumphant resurrection from the dead and repeated appearance to His disciples on the first day of the week, as well as by sending the Holy Ghost, the blessed Comforter, Jesus sanctified the first day of the week as the pearl of days. The Jewish Sabbath commemorates the finished works of the natural creation. The Christian Sunday, or Lord's-day, as it is repeatedly called in the New Testament, commemorates the finished work of human redemption.

On the first day of the week Jesus burst the bars of death and Hades, and came forth Conqueror over all the powers of darkness. On it the Spirit of truth and holiness descended from heaven with power and great glory, and the Church of the New Testament was established. And as the new spiritual creation of God in Christ Jesus, from the wreck and ruin of sin, is more glorious than the creation of the natural world from chaos, so the day that commemorates the former must be hallowed as sacred above all other days.

Hence we find the apostles and disciples meeting every First or Lord's day to worship the Triune God and especially to partake of the Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of their glorified Saviour.

Passages in the New Testament, such as Acts 20: 7, 1 Cor. 16, 2, and Rev. 1: 10, clearly prove this. In addition all the early Fathers of the Christian Church speak of the first day of the week as sacred to Christian worship, and having precedence of all other days because it was the day on which Christ Jesus rose from the dead.

So universal and devoted was the observance of this hallowed day among the early Christians that heathen persecutors of the Church took advantage of the fact, and were able to detect and convict the true followers of Jesus by simply putting the test question,

"Hast thou kept the Lord's day?" The invariable reply was, "I am a Christian, I cannot omit it." They were then led to prison and martyrdom. Thus, in a special sense, was the Lord's day, or Christian Sunday, consecrated in the blood of martyrs. Justin Martyr, who lived in the early part of the second century, states that "on the Lord's-day," that is on the Christian's Sunday, "Christians all meet because it is resurrection day, they read the writings of the prophets and apostles, the leader addresses them and exhorts them to practice what they have heard from the sacred writings, then all stand up and engage in prayer, then they celebrate the holy Sacrament and offer alms of charity and thanksgiving, etc."

The writings of other Church Fathers, and even of scoffing heathen authors, abound in references proving unmistakably that Sunday, the Lord's Day, Resurrection Day, or First Day, as it was variously called, was the day esteemed and hallowed above all other days by the early Christians. The Church, with true spiritual insight under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and in immediate communion with the Risen Redeemer, kept holy the first day of the week. The new wine of the Gospel, *i. e.*, the blessings of the Christian dispensation, were enshrined in corresponding institutions. The Sabbath was preserved in its essential character as a day sacred to secular rest and religious worship. The institution was filled with a new and nobler meaning in honor and praise of the risen and glorified Head of the Church.

Apostles, Fathers, Martyrs, Confessors, Reformers, and saints of all ages have kept holy the Lord's day, the Christian Sunday. On this sacred festival of the Resurrection the sacramental hosts of every land and nation rallied under the standard of the Cross for over eighteen hundred years, and they will continue to hallow the Lord's day, as a divine institution, until the full reality and blessedness of the eternal Sabbath have ushered in the joy and glory of the Church triumphant in the New Jerusalem.

Contentment makes a believer rich, while plenty leaves the sinner poor.

BROWN "THE" HATTER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Brown is an excellent hatter. He makes his hats of the best materials, and is very careful in fitting his customers. No one, apparently, knows this fact better than Brown himself, for he has put up a large sign, on which he stands revealed as Brown "The" Hatter. It is evidently his ambition to be regarded as *the* very best hatter in the whole city.

There may be a certain amount of vanity in this kind of advertising, and to this extent it is not to be commended. The ambition to excel is, however, in itself praiseworthy, and we thoroughly approve of Brown's honest efforts to become "the" hatter.

It is a good thing to take an interest in your regular employment, and to seek, by every proper means, to acquire a high degree of skill in exercising it. Benjamin Franklin began life as a printer's boy, and became, first of all, a good printer. Subsequently, he became eminent as an author, scientist, and statesman; but during the whole of his brilliant career he referred, with special pleasure, to his labors at the press, and in the epitaph which he composed for himself, but which was not put on his tomb-stone, he calls himself "Benjamin Franklin, printer."

M. Jasmin was recently a celebrated poet in the south of France. He was a man of extraordinary genius, and some of his poems have been beautifully translated by Longfellow. Besides being a poet, he was also a barber, and nothing ever induced him to leave his chosen calling. The large sums which he received for writing poetry he gave away in charity. He told a visitor, some years ago, that there was only one thing which he preferred to writing poetry, and that was *shaving his customers*.

In the city in which we reside, there is a distinguished scientist, who is at the same time a working tailor. In his early youth he had but few opportunities of acquiring an education, but he has been a hard student all his life. Though now advanced in years, he toils daily at his trade; but, early in the morning and late at night, he studies

the wonders of the kingdom of nature. A few years ago, a neighboring college honored itself by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

There are many young men who dislike their trade or business, and only pursue it because they know of no other way of earning a livelihood. They imagine that if they held some other position in life they would enjoy a greater degree of respect. This is all nonsense.

"Honor and shame from no conditions rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

If you have a good trade, thank God for it. Remember that mechanical skill is a talent which God will require at your hands with usury. If you do your duty well, no matter how humble your position, you will be respected by all men whose good opinion is worth having. If you have special abilities, and study faithfully in your leisure hours, you may, in time, come to occupy an extensive field of usefulness; but the main thing is to achieve the highest excellence in your ordinary employment. Follow the example of Brown "The" Hatter.

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.

The following beautiful letter, written by the celebrated statesman and scientist, Benjamin Franklin, was printed in the *Historical Magazine* for October, 1869. There can, we think, be no doubt as to its authenticity. Franklin has so often been accused of religious skepticism, and it is, therefore, pleasant to see how fully he shared the Christian's hopes of immortality.

Ed. GUARDIAN.

Philadelphia, Feb. 12th, 1776.

DEAR CHILD:—I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation, but it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. Existence here on earth is hardly to be called life. 'Tis rather an embryo state, a preparation to living—a man is not completely born until he is dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals—a new member added to their society.

We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for their purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure,

instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. That way is death. We, ourselves, prudently, in some cases, choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He that plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he that quits the whole body parts with all the pains or possibility of pains and disease it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we are invited abroad on a party of pleasure that is to last forever. He was first ready and has gone before us. We could not conveniently all start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow; and we know where to find him?

Adieu, my dear, good child, and believe that I shall be in every state,

Your affectionate papa,

BENJ. FRANKLIN.

MEDICAL FOOT-PADS.

BY THE EDITOR.

On a prominent street of a large city there is a sign which advertises Medical Foot-pads. The meaning of the advertisement is, of course, sufficiently obvious. Some one claims to have discovered a pad for the feet, which possesses the virtue of chasing away rheumatism, gout, and all their attendant horrors.

In our dictionary the word foot-pad has, however, but a single meaning. It signifies a robber, a highwayman; and when we looked at the curious sign which advertised medical foot-pads, it occurred to us that, possibly, it contained a truer meaning than it was intended to convey. Was it not possible that the advertiser was himself a foot-pad, who made his living by robbing the victims of disease?

The country is full of such medical foot-pads. Some of them live in fine houses and drive fast horses. Their names and faces are to be seen in the papers, where they chant their own praises in a manner that is both silly and disgusting. If a single one of them could perform the wonders which he claims, he surely would find it unnecessary to "blow his own horn." His skill would soon be universally recog-

nized, and science would hasten to do homage to that wonderful mortal.

A few years ago an eminent physician of our acquaintance was invited to visit a man who had accumulated a large fortune by making and selling a so-called "Rheumatic Remedy." He found his patient suffering from an acute attack of the very disease which he pretended to be able to cure. "How is this?" inquired the physician. "Why don't you take your own medicine?" "Well!" responded the sufferer, "My medicine seems to help some people; at least they say so in their printed certificates. But don't you see the beauty of my business, doctor? While you are traveling all over the city, visiting your patients in all sorts of weather, I stay at home and rake in the greenbacks." We do not envy the mercenary wretch who could thus boldly proclaim himself a medical foot-pad.

It would not be just to condemn all patent medicines. One or two of the oldest of these have been so long and so favorably known, that we can hardly refuse to recognize their merits. On the frontiers, where no physician is accessible, they may sometimes, in simple cases, be employed with advantage. In settled countries there can, however, be no excuse for anything of the kind. In case of illness the only proper thing to be done is to consult your family physician. If your case is beyond his skill he will, of his own accord, consult with men of science who have made that class of diseases a subject of special study. If they fail to cure you, make up your mind that there is nothing more to be done, except to continue instant in prayer. Whatever you do, if you value your money and your life, do not put yourself into the hands of charlatans. Beware of Foot-pads!

A POET-PREACHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Karl Gerok," says a recent writer, "is the ideal of a Christian pastor and poet. To him Christ is, indeed, the life of the world; and he can, therefore, fully accept the Scriptural promise:

'All things are yours and ye are Christ's.' He is touched by everything that is beautiful in nature and in art; and his charming songs have, therefore, awakened a responsive chord wherever the German language is spoken."

It was a great privilege to listen to a sermon by this celebrated poet-preacher. We had reached Stuttgart on Saturday, and had devoted the afternoon to a ramble about the city and its environs.

On Sunday morning we inquired, who was expected to preach in the principal churches. We had longed to hear Prelate Kapff, but were informed that he was not in the city. There would, however, be no disappointment, as Dr. Gerok was to occupy the pulpit of the "Schloss Kirche;" and to hear him, our informant seemed to think, was even a greater privilege.

It was still early, and we lingered awhile under the trees of a little park in the heart of the city. Most of the stores were closed, and the streets were perfectly quiet. It was a good time for reflection; and, with a degree of tenderness which can only be felt in a foreign land, we thought of our dear friends in America.

"I thought, while day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And kneeling down, and making
A prayer, at home, for me."

At ten o'clock we took our way to the ancient castle in which religious services were to be held. Entering the massive portal, we found ourselves in a paved court-yard, in which stood a statue of the celebrated Eberhard, the Bearded, Count of Wurtemberg. As strangers, we were admitted to the castle by a private entrance, and ascending a winding stairway found ourselves in the gallery of an ancient church.

After the singing of an anthem, Dr. Von Gerok entered the church and approached the altar. He is a small-featured, old man, with long white hair. He wore a black gown with a purple collar, and had a large gold cross suspended around his neck. With all these external decorations the service was exceedingly simple. The sermon, too, was almost childlike in its simplicity. In beauty of style it was, of course, unapproachable, but the contents were adapted to the humblest capacity.

The text was, "What lack I yet?" Matth. 19:20. The preacher began by speaking of Paul's appearance before Agrippa, which had been the subject of one of the introductory lessons. He believed that Agrippa was sincere in saying, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." There are plenty like him now, who are half-persuaded to become Christians, and never get any further. In the same way the young man in the text was sincere, but he lacked something. He did not lack wealth, nor social position, nor knowledge of the Scriptures; for he was a scribe. 1. He lacked the power of knowing himself—his deep sinful condition. It is a dreadful characteristic of the present age that men fail to recognize the sinfulness of sin. 2. The young man failed to see that he could not help himself, and that he needed a Saviour. 3. He failed in self-sacrifice. He could not stand the final test. How few there are who could do it now!

This meagre sketch may give some idea of the manner in which the preacher treated his subject, but it can afford no conception of the tenderness and pathos which pervaded his discourse. He evidently selected the simplest language, and preached with so much earnestness that the whole congregation was edified.

As we left the church, the clock struck twelve. Almost in an instant, the whole appearance of the city was changed. The bands began to play, and crowds of merry pleasure-seekers rushed out into the streets. The sweet stillness of the morning had departed, and we were now called to endure the bustle and confusion of a continental Sunday. We sought a quiet spot where we could feel that, for us, at least, the Lord's Day was not yet ended.

In the hope of enabling those of our readers who do not read German, some idea of the merits of Karl Gerok as a poet, we venture to append original versions of several of his minor poems. It has been said that metrical translations are like specimens in *herbariums*, whose living grace has fled forever; but surely there can be no harm in thus preserving the flowers of distant climes for the benefit of those who are not likely to seek them for themselves.

The following is one of the Sacred Poems :

LEBANON.

Sanctified cedars in Lebanon's glade,
Come, let me rest in your odorous shade !
Over me spread your dark mantle of green—
Let all your ravishing beauty be seen.

Under the oaks of my own native land,
Oft have I listened to melodies grand ;
Oft, when the pines of the forest were near,
Harpings celestial were borne to my ear.

Far in the east, on my wearisome way,
Under the palm, in the heat of the day,
Down from the coronet, waving on high,
Sounded the zephyr's melodious sigh.

Now I come hither to rest at thy side,
King of the wilderness, Lebanon's pride !
Trees of Jehovah I fain would behold,
Whence the tall pillars were fashioned, of old.

Veteran summits of storm-shaken trees,
Whispering foliage, kissed by the breeze,
Relics of Hiram's and Solomon's time,
Say, do you sound as you did in your prime?

Tell me, where now is the emerald hall?
Lebanon's mountain, how bleak is thy wall !
Cedars of Lebanon, doomed to decay,
Even your evergreen passes away.

Trembling old sentinels, watching alone,
Witnesses mournful of joys that are gone,
Gnawed by the worm, ye are nearing your fall ;
Even an infant might number you all.

(Isaiah 10 : 19.)

King of the wilderness, robbed of thy state,
Tell me, I pray thee, the tale of thy fate !
Syrian axes, perchance, struck thee down,
Lightnings of heaven have shattered thy crown.

Symbol art thou of humanity's doom :
All things are passing away to the tomb.
Humbly I bow to Jehovah's command,
Knowing that cedars are reeds in His hand.

Sunk and degraded, the temple became,
There on Moriah, a prey to the flame ;
Lebanon humbled its excellent head,
Robbed of its crown, all its glory was fled.

Temples of marble no longer shall stand,
Fashioned by men at Jehovah's command ;
Cedars of Lebanon, fashioned with care,
Ne'er shall their beautiful canopies bear.

Souls of the righteous, forever, we know,
Green like the cedars shall flourish and grow ;
Softly their fragrance is wafted away,
Gently the winds with their foliage play.

Storms blow in vain—they are sound to the root ;
Aged by the strong, they are laden with fruit,
On through the ages, unshaken and fast—
Gracing eternity's temple at last.

The following piece is of a more playful character. Though at first sight it appears somewhat irreverent, it certainly has no such intention. The author intends to satirize the spirit of self-confidence which was so prevalent after the last war with France, when the German nation rejoiced in its victories, but, too often, neglected to give the glory to God.

THE GERMAN BOY'S GRACE AT TABLE.

No day was ever brighter than
The one that told us, of Sedan :
" Mac Mahon's plans to pieces shaken,
Napoleon and his army taken !"
The news, to South, and East, and North,
Along the lines went flashing forth.
For joy the people shouted loud ;
The streets were decked with banners proud ;
And, here and there, a cannon's throat
Belched forth its loud triumphant note ;
And, while the hills with echoes rang,
With one accord the people sang :
" Dear Fatherland, no danger's thine—
Thy children stand to watch the Rhine."

A little boy was in the crowd,
Whose song, in sooth, was clear and loud.
His cap upon one temple jammed,
And in his boots his trowsers crammed,
Untired he bravely marched along,
And joined in every shout and song.
He felt as though himself were he
Whose arm achieved the victory :
As though it was his grand design
Himself to stand and watch the Rhine ;
And thus the morning fled so fast,
That soon the dinner-hour was past.

Of glory tired, at last he came,
With tangled hair and cheeks aflame,
Bowed to his father, did not wait,
But took his seat, and seized his plate.
His honest father frowned, and said :
" Fritz ! Thanks are due for daily bread !"
Then Fritz at once rose from his chair ;
Folded his little hands in prayer ;
But, as the song still filled his head,
He raised his eyes to Heaven, and said :
" O Blessed Lord ! No danger's Thine—
Thy children stand to watch the Rhine !"

TRUE SOCIAL DIGNITY.

To be ashamed of their origin is just now in American society the weakness of the little minds that compose it. The man that rides in his carriage shrinks from the acknowledgment that the money that enables him to have it was earned by his father, with toil and patience, in a tan-yard, behind the counter of a shoemaker, or by honest industry in some other useful occupation below the (so-called) grade of the

merchant or professional man; as if the man did not honor the work, and not the work the man.

To such let Daniel Webster speak. Hear him: "It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my older brothers and sisters were born in one, and raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke arose from the rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between that and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

"Its remains still exist—I make it an annual visit—I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations that have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, early affections, and the narrations and incidents that mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those that inhabited it are now living, and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind."

And we add that he who is ashamed of the poor father and mother whose honest labor supported him in childhood, and who daily toiled to give him education, by which he has been able to rise to a condition above the one they occupied, is unworthy to be the associate of wise and good men. All such will despise him; and no matter how lofty he carries his head, he is nothing in the estimate of America's true noblemen.

KISSING THE GROUND.

Solomon Hess, in his "History of the Reformation in Zurich," says, quoting from a writer of the latter part of the sixteenth century: "Cursing and swearing are sins which are but rarely com-

mitted in Zurich. Since the Reformation, swearing by the saints has disappeared, in common with relics and images; and the pious Zurichers have not yet invented new oaths. When an oath escapes from any one, old or young, man or woman, it is made the duty of the bystander to compel the blasphemer to kneel down and kiss the ground, or to pay a fine. The fine is given in God's name, by him who receives it, to the first poor man he meets on the street. Cursing, that is, invoking a curse upon others, is regarded as contemptible, and is almost unknown. Profanity in children is punished by a severe reprimand, addressed to the parents by the minister, and to this there can be no exception."

Kissing the ground had been an ancient penance, which was preserved for a considerable time after the Reformation, as indicating the deepest humiliation. It seems to have been an appropriate employment for unclean lips.

WHAT DID WASHINGTON KNOW?

We don't like to be irreverent, but we certainly would like to ask, what did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did old George Washington know? He never saw a steam-boat; he never saw a fast mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for a picture in a photograph gallery; he never received a telegraphic dispatch; he never listened to the "fizz" of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl run a sewing-machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution; he never took laughing-gas; he never had a set of store teeth; he never attended an International Exposition; he never owned a bonanza mine; he never knew "Old Prob;" he—but why go on? No! when he took an excursion it was on a flat-boat; when he went off on a train it was a mule-train; when he wanted to talk to a man in Milwaukee he had to go there; when he had his picture taken it was done in profile with a piece of black paper and a pair of shears; when he got the returns from back counties they had to be brought in by a man

with an ox-cart; when he took aim at the enemy he had to trust to crooked-barreled old flint-locks; when he wrote it was with a goose-quill; when he had anything to mend his grandmother did it with a darning-needle; when he went to a fire he stood in line and passed buckets; when he looked at a clam he never dreamed it was any relation of his; when he went to a concert he heard a cracked fiddle and an insane clarionet; when he had a tooth extracted he sat down and never left off yelling; when he got out of teeth he gummed his victuals; when he wanted an international exposition he sent for Lafayette, and ordered his friends up from Old Virginia with the specimens carefully labeled in bottles; when he once got hold of a nugget of gold from an Indian chief he felt rich; when he wanted to know anything about the weather he consulted the ground-hog or the goose-bone. When—but why go on? What did such a man know? Who was he, anyway?—*Exchange.*

WEDDING GIFTS.

Wedding presents now so common in the first stage of matrimony, have come down from the feudal system. In almost all parts of the civilized world such things are given and received, and, we might add—expected. In a start in married life, certain necessities in the way of furniture, crockery, and so on, were always acceptable. Rich people and feudal lords would not object, on the bridal of their daughters, to receive presents from their vassals. In different countries different modes prevail. The penny weddings in Scotland are peculiar. Invited guests make contributions in money. One shilling is the general tribute, and half a crown is the princely offering. Out of the sum thus collected the not very costly expenses of the feast were paid, and the surplus went towards buying the furniture. In the weddings of the poorer classes in Ireland, this levying contributions on guests never takes place. There is a collection, however, to raise a sum for liberally compensating the clerical gentleman who “has tied the knot,” and in the house of a

rich farmer this swells up to a good round sum. In Wales, among the small farmers and traders, the custom prevails to this day of “bidding” not single guests, but whole families, to a wedding. That such an event is to come off, with the where and when, is duly advertised in the local newspaper, with a request that all persons who, in times past have been similarly obliged in that manner, will attend, bringing presents for the bride and groom. Besides this, particular and almost peremptory invitations, in writing, are sent to each household on whom the to-be-wedded folks may have some especial claim for former generosity under like circumstances. Presents of all sorts—food, furniture, flour, fuel, table and chamber linen, even sheep, lambs, calves, goats and ponies—are among the gifts.

TWENTY IMPOLITE THINGS.

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Talking when others are reading.
4. Cutting finger nails in company.
5. Joking others in company.
6. Gazing rudely at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. Laughing at your own jest.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
11. Leaving church before worship is closed.
12. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
13. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially your parents.
15. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
16. Not listening to what one is saying in company.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing talking before others have finished.
20. Laughing at the mistakes of others.

SAVE "THE GUARDIAN."

The Librarian of a large public library recently gave an order to a bookseller to secure for him a complete set of "The Guardian," from the beginning down to the present time. He justly believed that such a series was well worthy of preservation among the literary treasures of our country. It was no trifling task to gather the scattered numbers, ranging through a period of thirty-two years, but we believe it has been nearly, or quite, accomplished.

If our readers have not been in the habit of preserving "The Guardian," we beg to remind them that the present is a good time to begin. At the end of a year or two they can have their numbers bound up into a handsome volume, which will afford them much pleasure and instruction in future years.

IMMIGRATION AND THE PUBLIC LANDS.

The total number of immigrants to this country during the year ending June 30 last, was 660,239, against 451,902 for the twelve months ending June 30, 1880—an increase of 208,337. This is the greatest tide of immigration that has ever flowed into these shores, and if each new-comer added only \$500 to the wealth of the country, the aggregate would, in six years, overtop the national debt, if the rush continued equally large. A very large proportion of these are going West, many of them with the intention of "homesteading" so soon as they can legally do so. Besides a fair opportunity to win a livelihood or a fortune, the United States offers to every adult among them who "declares his intention" of becoming a citizen, 160 acres of unoccupied public land in any State or Territory possessed of land subject to entry, on condition of actual settlement—dwelling upon and cultivating the soil embraced in the entry. At the end of five years of continuous residence, and improvement of the land, he can receive a patent for it, though the final title will not be issued until full citizenship is obtained. The only payment for such a bountiful grant is a petty fee amounting to \$34 on the Pacific Coast and to \$24 in any other part of the

country. Moreover, if the "locator" wishes to purchase his homestead outright, he can do so at the end of six-months, paying for his land at the rate of \$1.25 or \$2.50 per acre, according to the provision of the law on the commutation of homesteads. The homestead act has been in operation 18 years, though much the same system of disposing of the public lands has existed for nearly 80 years, and up to the end of last fiscal year—June 30—the United States has donated to immigrants and others 16,265,337 acres. — *Rural New Yorker*.

JOHN NEWTON AND HIS BIBLE.

The Rev. John Newton, who was minister of St. Mary Woolnoth in London, spent the former part of his life at sea. He was, as he tells us himself, a great sinner. From his youth up he had often had convictions, but never deeply felt his danger till in a homeward voyage his life hung in doubt before him. The vessel was in such peril that every hour seemed as if it would be the last. The supposed nearness of eternity filled his mind with a solemn dread. To die happily, he felt he had a need, a great need, he knew not of what. Filled with trouble, he remembered that his mother was a great reader of the Bible, and that she often spoke with delight of what she found in it. He remembered also that she had given *him* a Bible when he went to sea, with entreaties that he would often read it. He thought he must still have the Bible somewhere, but he could hardly be certain.

Down he went to his chest, and at the very bottom of it found his mother's kind but long-neglected gift. He opened it with eagerness, and the first words that caught his eye were these: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!" It came home to his conscience that it was the Holy Spirit that he wanted. He resolved to cry earnestly for this gift. He did cry, was heard and answered.

IRISH WAKES.

There is no doubt that the custom of waking, or watching, originated with the Irish in an affectionate feeling toward their dead relatives, whom their natural kindness prompted them not to desert, as it were, nor to leave to the attacks of evil spirits, who hover in their fancy round the body to do it an injury. Hence the lights and holy water.

The same idea, in almost the identical form, prevailed in Cleveland, in Yorkshire, where, indeed, it is only just extinct. "The Lyke Wake," or "Late Wake," was maintained sometimes for a few days after the body was laid in the grave, and there were more superstitious practices than in Ireland.

In addition to the light and the holy water a plate of salt was put on the breast; these were held to be efficacious for the watcher as well as the dead. Above all, the door was always either wide open or carefully closed, lest some fearful apparition should enter. The reader of "Guy Mannering" will remember Meg Merrilees opening the door wide when she was busy in her ghastly ministrations about the smuggler's corpse. She also chanted some dismal verse, something similar to the "Lyke Wake" dirge which is sung in Yorkshire, but properly belongs to Cleveland—

"This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and alle,
A fire and leet, and candlelight,
And Christe receive thy saule."

In parts of the north of Ireland there was at one time, some forty or fifty years ago, a rather romantic custom, that when a very young unmarried woman died her coffin should be carried by young girls only to the graveyard. As this was situated perhaps fifteen or twenty miles from where she lived, it followed that the bearers should be changed every second mile, and on these occasions there was generally an escort of running volunteers, who in this way often did their thirty miles in the day. This custom was called "shifting the coffin," and a good many marriages were the result of these excursions; but the idea was nevertheless pretty and pastoral. The Irish peas-

antry have an inborn taste for funerals, and in the amount of honor done to the departed they lose sight of the actual loss they have suffered.

"Och, sure, thin, it was a fine berryin'; there was a sight of people and a power of cars," is as great a eulogium as can be accorded any man, and will quite console the survivors. And the reverse, "Och, thin, he did not leave enough as would berry him dacent;" in fact, they think far more of how they are to be buried than of keeping life itself. The poorest and the most improvident lays by something for his or her own wake, and I have myself known cases of paupers in the hospital wards who were accumulating under their pillows a little store to save the disgrace of a parish coffin, that being the greatest and last misfortune that could befall them. Douglas Jerrold was much struck by this phase of the Irish character, and it is he, I think, who tells an affecting story of a young girl whom he found in a cabin busy at her needle. "I see you take in plain sewing; this is some bridal grandeur," he said, taking up what looked like an elaborate night-dress.

"'Tis no wedding grandeur," replied the girl proudly. "Shure 'tis my own shroud; let life bring what it may, plaze God I'll have a dacent wake."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

Longfellow is independent in circumstances—probably worth \$100,000 to \$200,000; but the greatest part of it has come to him through his wife, long since deceased, who was rich in her own right.

Emerson has not made, from his remarkable little volumes, over \$20,000. He has gained nearly as much more by lecturing; and yet, by excellent management, which one might not expect from the high idealist, and a serene philosophy of a practical sort, he continues to live on his small property.

Bryant is often cited as an instance of a rich author. He was rich, but not by authorship. All the money he directly earned by his pen, outside of his journal, would not exceed, in all proba-

bility, \$25,000, notwithstanding his estate was estimated at \$500,000.

Hawthorne was poor to his dying day, and might have suffered but for his appointment to the consulship at Liverpool by his friend President Pierce.

Lowell is independent in circumstances—no thanks to his fine poetry and essays, however.

Whittier, like most thrifty New Englanders, owns his own house, and beneath its humble roof, it is said, he has sometimes subsisted—he is a bachelor, you know—on \$500 a year.

Holmes is well off by the practice of the medical profession, by marriage, and inheritance, albeit not by poems, lectures, novels, nor “Autocrats of the Breakfast Table.” All that he has written has not brought him \$25,000.

Bayard Taylor, although he made perhaps, \$40,000 by his writings—his books of travel having been very popular—had not sufficient income to sustain him without regular labor.

J. G. Holland is frequently named as an author who amassed wealth. His books have sold as largely as those of any American writer, and whatever may be thought of his ability, he still has a vast constituency. He was not at all rich in the New York sense; he may have been worth \$200,000, but most of this he got by his partnership in the *Springfield Republican*.

George William Curtis is dependent on his salary from the Harpers; so is Mr. William D. Howells dependent upon his editorship of the *Atlantic*; Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, Jas. Parton, J. T. Trowbridge, R. H. Stoddard, T. W. Higginson, mainly upon fugitive writings.—*Printers' Circular*.

THOUGHTS FOR REFLECTION.

If every Christian in a church would but do his best, it would soon revolutionize the community in which it is established. In nothing, either, would the revolution be seen more strikingly than in the religious life of those professing to be saints.

The religious doings of the world is that about which it is now chiefly concerned. In old times the controversy between churches was mainly over their

opinions and doctrines; now it is in relation to their work. The age is growing more practical. The theoretical is giving way before the actual. Will the swing of the pendulum stop just in the right place?

God knows as well as you what you have to struggle against—ay, a thousand times better. He knows—what does He not know? Therefore, pray to Him. Cry to Him to make your will like His own will, that you may love what He loves, hate what He hates, and do what He wishes you to do; and you will surely find it come true that those who try to mend, and yet know that they cannot mend themselves, God will mend them.—*Kingsley*.

It is a peculiarity of Christianity to lay stress upon little things. It cares more for quality than quantity. One man “may bestow all his goods to feed the poor,” and yet the gospel shall pronounce him devoid of love to his neighbor, and of less account than the poor widow who puts her two mites into the treasury of God. It is not “How much have you done?” but, “In what spirit have you acted?”—not, “How long?” but, “How well?”—*J. F. Clarke*.

—MR. Spurgeon conveys a pretty plain hint to pastors in the following:—

The habit of perpetually mentioning the theories of unbelievers when preaching the gospel gives a man the appearance of great learning, but it also proves his want of common sense. Certain sermons are more calculated to weaken faith than to render men believers. They resemble the process through which a poor unhappy dog is frequently passed at the Grotto del Cane, at Naples. He is thrown into the gas, which reaches up to the spectator's knees, not with a view of killing him, but as an exhibition. Lifted out of his vapory bath, he is thrown into a pool of water, and revives in time. Such a dog is not likely to be a very efficient watch-dog, or pursuer of game; and when hearers Sunday after Sunday are plunged into a bath of skeptical thought they may survive the experiment, but they will never become spiritually strong or practically useful.

RULES FOR LIVING.

I am no doctor, quack, or pill-vender, yet I have had a pretty good long life and a happy one. May I not, therefore, just give my simple rules for health, in hopes some poor traveler on the up or down hill of life, may look at them, and perhaps be benefited by them? I practiced them for many years, and they have done me good; perhaps they may do good to others. They are inexpensive, and may be easily abandoned if they cause any harm.

1. Keep in the sunlight just as much as possible. A plant will not thrive without the sunbeam, much less a man.

2. Breathe as much fresh air as your business will permit. This makes fresh blood; but it will never be found in the four walls of your building. Beneath the open sky, just there, and only there, it comes to you.

3. Be strictly temperate. You cannot break organic law, or any law, with impunity.

4. Keep the feet always warm, and the head cool. Disease and death begin at the feet more commonly than we think.

5. Eat white bread when you cannot get brown bread.

6. If out of order, see which of the above rules you have not observed, then rub yourself over with a towel saturated with salt water and well dried, and begin upon the rules again.

7. Look ever on the bright side, which is the heaven side of life. This is far better than any medicine.

These seven simple rules, good for the valid or invalid, if rightly observed, would save, I apprehend, a deal of pain, prolong your life, and just so far as the health goes, make it worth having.

Will you then practice them?—*The Housekeeper.*

THE WIFE.—A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in the wrong direction. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say any things silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare

that you will do some absurd thing, she finds some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which wife counsels him to do. A wife has a grand wield of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off—the little shoots pared away—in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

—*Ruskin.*

DR. JOHN HALL, in a late discourse, used the following incident as an appropriate illustration. It is well worth copying and remembering:

"In one of the serials of the month my eye fell upon an account of Jenny Lind by Sir Jules Benedict, who accompanied the great singer through the United States in 1850. He describes her going down the Mississippi by steamboat, and how, when the boat stopped at various places, crowds of blacks would gather round and she would sing to them. He confessed that she sang with as much conscientiousness and pains as if she had been before one of the most critical audiences of the metropolis. Sir Jules asked her why she took so much pains before such people, who could not appreciate her. There was real nobleness in the answer of Jenny Lind—'I love my art too much to engage in any of its exercises otherwise than with all the skill I possess.' If this was so with this artist of the world how much more ought it to be so with those who are striving after spiritual things?"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

THE ORPHANS IN TROUBLE.

Our Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa., was burned down on November 11. At midnight there was a cry heard. One of our little girls saw the fire first. In a moment a knock was heard at the door of the keeper's room. At first she could not speak for terror. We are very thankful that none of the orphans were burned to death.

A short time after the fire a little girl put two little savings boxes on my table, one belonging to her and one to her brother, and said we should use the money in them to build another Home for the orphans. Each had a gift of one dollar in the box.

The first gift we received at the Home, after the fire, was from Mary Jane Semmel, of Philadelphia. She wrote a nice letter of sympathy to Mr. Albright, with \$5.00 in it, and said she had a long cry over the terrible news of the burning of our Home. Harry Schwartz, another of our orphans, had left two weeks before the fire, when he became an apprentice to learn the trade of a machinist at Packerton, Pa. He sent us the first \$2.00 he ever earned, towards rebuilding the Home. It is very comforting that our grown up orphans in different parts of the country now think of us with such kindly helpful sympathy. Our Orphans' Home has always been a favorite charity with our Sunday Schools. Nothing appeals so warmly to the heart of a little child as the forlorn lot of an orphan. In the name of our Board of Managers, I hereby appeal to all the Sunday Schools of our Church in behalf of our afflicted Home. An offering from each one, however small, would amount to a handsome sum in the aggregate.

If some of our little people at the Home could write a letter for the *Guardian*,

I think they would speak in this way:

Dear little boys and girls, you have kind parents, who give you nice warm clothes, and plenty to eat, and soft warm beds. We, here at our Orphans' Home, and many other children, have no homes. Some of us have a mother without a home, who put us here to be cared for. Others have neither father nor mother. And the Bible says: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." (Psalm 27: 10) And now God has kindly given us those who take the place of a father and a mother. Here we found those who love and care for us with a father's care and a mother's love. We were living in a nice large building. Here we used to bow our heads and thank our heavenly Father for our daily bread as we sat around our large tables. We had warm beds in which to sleep, when winter's storms used to roar around our Home by the mountain. Our cheerful voices used to make our chapel ring with the praises of God. And now we walk sadly around our old familiar grounds, and in place of our nice large house, we see nothing but a large pile of brick in a long hole, the cellar into which the walls have fallen. We are well-cared for; but is it a wonder that we feel very sad. There are many other orphans who would like to come here and learn to love our dear Saviour, and become good men and women. Do you not think another building ought to be put up in which many more orphans could find a good Home? Our Board of Managers want to build such a house, but they need much more money than they now have. Dear boys and girls, how kind God has been to you. Do you not think He wants all of you to help in building this house for His little fatherless children? We are the Saviour's little children, and He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." (Matt. 25: 40.) Do please bring your little gifts to your Sunday School teachers, and they will give them to the Superintendent, and he will send all your offerings to the treasurer of our Home. Every day we pray in our Home that God would bless all those who are kind to us, and we pray for you too, and ask you to pray for us and for all other orphans.

B. BAUSMAN.

We feel assured that the readers of the *GUARDIAN* will gladly respond to

the above affectionate appeal. The Orphans have always held a warm place in our hearts, and will we now turn away, in the time of trouble? Perhaps the Lord has permitted this fiery trial, in order to unite us more closely in love for the distressed, and to give us an opportunity of bringing Him an acceptable sacrifice. God - grant that, in this way, the present affliction may become a blessing to His people!

ED. GUARDIAN.

GUARD THE LIBRARY.

The Sunday-school library needs watching. Some of the most popular books are nothing but third-class novels, made interesting by the use of the discarded tricks of novelists and playwrights. In many of them everything is made subordinate to the plot, in such a manner as to make reading a mere act of dissipation, exciting the mind like a glass of liquor, and leaving it in a depressed and miserable condition.

Many of the authors of such volumes are ignorant of Christian doctrine, and convey instructions which are positively erroneous. Others belong to the weak, namby-pamby school, who imagine that they are doing their duty as Christian teachers when they describe the bad boys as getting into trouble, while the good boys receive all the plum-pudding. Possibly their books wind up with a moral exhortation, which, so far as the youthful reader is concerned, is utterly useless.

One of the chief objections to this class of books is the fact that they make boys too familiar with the ways of the wicked. What would a pious parent say if he knew that his son was in the habit of meeting gangs of bad boys in out-of-the-way places, listening to their plans, and becoming familiar with their slang? Yet here is your boy, seated in a corner after his return from Sunday-school, reading all about a gang of very wicked boys, who plan robberies in caves and desolate places. Their language is given with painful minuteness, and your boy takes it in with his eye, until it rises involuntarily to his lips.

In such books vice is not made suf-

ficiently odious. The plot requires that a glamour of romance should be thrown over the career of the bad boys whose history it relates. Their pranks and escapades are described in a manner so attractive that the average boy longs to be one of the party; and even though a severe punishment should befall the marauders at last, the impression made on the youthful mind is that it is a mere catastrophe which renders its victims objects of sympathy. The reader delights in the achievements of the bad boys whose career is thus described, and reads the conclusion only to regret their fate.

Can it be doubted that such books are injurious? And can it be denied that many of the most popular volumes in our libraries are of this peculiar character?

It has long been felt that an effort should be made to guard against the evils we have attempted to indicate; and we are glad to see that a movement has been made in the right direction. The editor of the *Child's Treasury* has organized a bureau for the reading and selection of Sunday-school books. Aided by a committee peculiarly qualified for the work, he will read and examine new Sunday-school books and report on their character as candidates for admission to the library. We will be glad to inform our readers concerning the progress of this important enterprise.

ED. GUARDIAN.

Strong in the goodness of his cause, with his back to the throne of God and his foot on the rock of truth, a man can stand against the world.—*Guthrie*.

Christ will not cast water on your smoking coal. He never yet put out a dim candle that was lighted at the Sun of Righteousness.—*Rutherford*.

"Get plenty of light, brethren, and when you have obtained it, give it out. Never fall into the notion that mere earnestness will suffice without knowledge, and that souls are to be saved simply by our being zealous. I fear that we are more deficient in heat than in light; but, at the same time, that kind of fire which has no light in it is of a very doubtful nature, and cometh not from above."—*Spurgeon*.

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

LESSON I.

New Year's Day.

January 1, 1882.

The Beginning of the Gospel. ST. MARK 1: 1-13.

Commit to memory verses 7, 8 and 11.

1. The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God ;
2. As it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.
3. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.
4. John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.
5. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem. and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins,
6. And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of a skin about his loins ; and he did eat locusts and wild honey ;
7. And preached, saying, There cometh One mightier than I after me, the latchet

of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.

8. I indeed have baptized you with water ; but He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.

9. And it came to pass in those days that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan.

10. And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon Him.

11. And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

12. And immediately the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness.

13. And He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan ; and was with the wild beasts ; and the angels ministered unto Him.

PART I :—JOHN, THE HERALD. v. 1-8.

PART II :—JESUS, THE KING. v. 9-13.

INSTRUCTION.

There is but one Mark mentioned in the New Testament, namely, the writer of the second gospel, which we are to study for twelve months. He was the son of Mary, at whose house in Jerusalem the disciples frequently met. (Acts 12: 12). His other name was John : and he was cousin of Barnabas, (Col. 4: 10). He was a disciple of Peter, who calls him his "son." (1 Pet. 5: 13.) He accompanied Peter on his missionary journeys, and also Paul and Barnabas.

Verse 1. The "gospel" means "good news," and secondly, is the title of the book that contains the glad tidings of a Saviour. (Repeat Heidelberg Catechism, Ans. 19, on the Gospel.) 3. Messengers go before and announce the coming of kings. John was the herald of the King of kings. 4. John called the whole nation to repentance. All had sinned ; all must repent ; their baptism was "for the remission of sin," that they might be worthy to receive the Saviour. The "wilderness of Judea" was south and west of the Jordan, towards "the dead sea." 6. John's plain clothing and food indicated his stern and self-denying life, and was a reminder to the people to lay aside all outward display and luxury, and to "prepare to meet their God" with humility and penitence. Locusts and wild honey was the food of many poor people. 7. Jesus was "mightier" than John. The Church of Christ is also more glorious than that of the Old Testament. 8. Forgiveness of sins and cleansing are necessary ; but the Holy Ghost also gives *new life* to the soul, and kindles the "fire" of love in the heart. Hence the superiority of Christian Baptism over John's. 10. The dove symbolizes the Holy Ghost, because it is *tender, pure and gentle*. We must "be harmless as doves." 11. God is "well pleased" with all of His sons, who are such by adoption. 13. God does not tempt any man, but rescues us from evil—keeps us from yielding to sin. Satan could not harm Christ ; "the wild beasts" did not destroy Him. Angels ministered unto Jesus, and they "encamp round about" us, if we keep ourselves pure, as did Jesus.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the Son of God.

[GOLDEN TEXT.

"Behold, I will send My Messenger, and he shall prepare thy way before thee." Mal. 3: 1.

CATECHISM.

Ques. What is thy only comfort in life and in death.

Ans. That I, with body and soul, both in life and in death, am not my own, but belong unto my faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ ; who with His precious blood hath fully satisfied for all my sins, and delivered me from all the power of the devil ; and

so preserves me, that without the will of my Heavenly Father, not a hair can fall from my head ; yea, that all things must be subservient to my salvation : and therefore by his Holy Spirit He also assures me of eternal life, and makes me sincerely willing and ready henceforth to live unto Him.

QUESTIONS.

Verse. 1. Who wrote the second Gospel ? What other name did he bear ? (See Acts 12: 12. Also 15: 37.) What does the word "gospel" mean ? Whose son is Jesus Christ ? 2 and 3. Who told before of the coming of John and Jesus ? (Malachi 3: 1. Isaiah 40: 3.) 4. Why is John called "the Baptist ?" What baptism did he preach ? Where did he baptize ? 5. What effect had his call to repentance ? 6. How was John clothed ? What was his food ? 7. Of what Mighty One did he tell the people ? Were they anxiously looking for a Messiah, or Saviour ? 8. Of what new Baptism does he speak ? On what great

day were believers baptized "with the Holy Ghost ?" (Acts 2: 1-4.) 9. Who came to be baptized ? Did He "confess sins ?" Why, then, was He baptized ? (Matt. 3: 15.) 10. What happened as Jesus came up out of the water ? 11. Whose voice was heard ? 12 and 13. Did Jesus seek temptation ? Must He be "in all points tempted like as we are ?" Who else spent forty days in fasting ? (Ex. 34: 28. And 1 Kings 19: 20). Who tempted Jesus ? Did Jesus yield ? Did he conquer Satan for us also ? Are you tempted ? Do you "resist Satan ?" **The Promise : Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you.**

LESSON 1. January 1, 1882.

Each of the four gospels has certain characteristics that distinguish it from the others. St. Mark's is noted for its brevity and graphic style.

Mark was the son of Mary, mentioned in Acts 12: 12, at whose house the disciples met for prayer. Mary was one of the prominent and wealthy members of the early Church. Through the ministry of Peter, Mark became a disciple, and hence that Apostle refers to him as his "son" in the faith. He accompanied Paul and Barnabas on their missionary journeys to the Gentiles, and was their "minister" or attendant, (Acts 13: 5). At one time, when yet young, he turned back from following Paul and Barnabas; but he soon rejoined the latter; and was with Paul also during his imprisonment in Rome, (Col. 4: 10. Philemon, 24). He also went with Peter to Babylon, (1 Pet. 5: 13).

Mark wrote chiefly for Gentiles, as is plain from many facts: he scarcely ever refers to the Old Testament, never alludes to "the law." He omits the genealogy of our Lord, in which Gentiles would have taken but little interest. On the other hand he explains many Jewish customs for the benefit of Gentile readers.

It is generally thought that he wrote under the oversight of Peter; for his descriptions are often so remarkably vivid, that they could only have come from an eye-witness, such as Peter. Like a diver, Mark at once plunges into the stream of revelation, not dwelling on the details of John's birth or that of Jesus, or of their private life and relations; but he begins with their public ministry. The first verse gives us a clear statement of the faith of the first Christians. "The gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." The words immediately recall Peter's confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." JESUS is His human name—the Saviour. CHRIST—the Anointed, the Messiah. THE SON OF GOD—His Divine nature, and His eternity.

Then he tells how the coming of Jesus was heralded by John the Baptist, vers. 2-8.

3. "The voice of one crying," etc. The imagery of Isaiah 40: 3 is drawn from the custom of Eastern kings, who sent heralds before them to call the people to give their monarchs a proper reception. A "King's highway" had to be opened up in the wilderness, valleys must be filled, hills levelled, and crooked places made straight. Interpreted spiritually, "the wilderness" is the evil world, the hills and mountains of pride and power must be brought low, the poor in spirit should be exalted, like valleys filled; and the "crooked" ways of publicans and sinners should be made straight by renouncing their sins, and beginning a new life. Is. 35: 8 describes "the King's highway."

John was the son of Zacharias, a priest. His mother was also of a priestly family. Both were very pious—"blameless." From his infancy John was filled with the Spirit. His whole life was one of self-denial. He "came neither eating nor drinking." His reputation for sanctity and his fervid preaching made a deep impression on the nation. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" All classes of people came to hear him, and daily there were baptisms of the multitudes.

John's baptism was not something altogether new amongst the Jews. Hitherto *converts* or *proselytes* to the Jewish faith had been baptized; but now the *Jews* themselves submitted to the rite. All were alike unclean and needed purification, and this they confessed. "Confessing their sins." True repentance leads to confession; and this is the condition on which is based "forgiveness of sins." The Jews repented and confessed their sins; John baptized them; and God gave them forgiveness of sins, even though the blood which availed for it had not yet been shed.

These great events occurred in the wilderness of Judea, southwest of the Jordan valley.

6. John was not of a poor family; his poverty was voluntary, for the Kingdom of heaven's sake. The Nazarite vow (Luke 1: 15) probably involved long and shaggy hair.

Locusts are commonly salted and dried for food, and may be cooked in various ways, pounded or fried in butter. Some have thought the pods of

locust trees were meant. This is doubtful, whereas locusts are still eaten in some parts of Arabia.

Wild honey is that found in hollow trees or rocks.

Thus John's food and clothing were adapted to his wilderness life, strangely contrasting with the luxury of cities.

7. Held in highest honor as a mighty preacher of repentance, a second Elijah, he yet is humble, and points to a Coming One who is "mightier than" himself. I am not worthy to do the most menial act for Him—not even to carry His shoes. And thus the preacher of repentance becomes the preacher of Christ! The first herald of the Great King! Thus the dawn disappears when the sun rises!

8. As HE is greater than I, so His baptism is of a higher kind; not merely with water, but with the Holy Ghost—"that creative and informing Spirit which is the source of *life* and *holiness* and *wisdom*." No mere ceremonial purity will He give, but purity of heart. The promise was fulfilled on Pentecost; (Acts 2: 2-5); but that gift was "the pledge and earnest of the new birth of water and the Spirit, which is the perpetual inheritance of the Church."

9. Then came the Mighty One, not with trumpets and soldiers and waving banners, but quietly and alone. He needed no baptism for Himself, and made no confession of sins, as did all the others. "John forbade Him"—refused to baptize the Holy One—but Jesus said, "it behooveth us to fulfil all righteousness." Having assumed our nature, He must "be made like unto His brethren in all things, sin only excepted." *As if* a sinner, He went to John.

Jesus' baptism did *not* signify on His part a *rising out of sin*, but an onward step in holiness. It was for our sakes, chiefly; and it availed for us; wherefore we pray: "By Thy baptism, etc., deliver us."

10, 11. Here was a revelation of the TRINITY, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

12, 13. The temptation of Jesus is a great mystery, and all explanations that can be given do not enable us to understand it. He was tempted as Adam was, and as all men are; unlike all others He yielded not to temptation.

He came out of the conflict a victor. The Lamb of God bore our sins in the lonely wilderness, and by His temptation and victory He obtained deliverance for us. Henceforth He could "sympathize with those who are tempted." During these 40 days our eternal state hung in a balance; but paradise, lost by the first Adam's fall, was regained by the second Adam for all His spiritual offspring.

"The wild beasts" in the wilderness in those days might include "the panther, bear, wolf, hyena, and possibly the lion and the serpent." Their presence added to the terrors of the temptation; but to Christ the promise was: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt Thou trample under feet," (Ps. 91: 13). And now He is "able to succor them that are tempted," (Heb. 2: 18).

The sunlight breaks through the darkness as angels come and minister unto Him. He was not alone. To every tempest-tossed child God says: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." They "that are *with* us are more than they that are against us," (2 Kings 6: 16). This is the faith of confessors and martyrs.

How the thistle came to be the national badge of Scotland is told in the following story:

"Once during an invasion of Scotland by the Danes, they arranged to surprise the Scottish army. It was not considered fair or warlike to attack an enemy in the darkness of the night. So they resolved to march barefooted, that their tramp might not be heard. Silently, slowly, but steadily, they drew nearer and nearer to the Scottish camp. In a few minutes the surprise would have been complete. Suddenly a loud cry of pain rang through the air, startling both invader and invaded. The Scots sprang to their feet, seized their weapons, charged upon their foe, and defeated them with great slaughter. The cry that saved them came from one of the Danish soldiers, who with his bare foot had *trod on a thistle*."

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

LESSON II.

January 8th, 1882.

Jesus in Galilee. ST. MARK 1: 14-28.

Commit to memory verse 15.

14. Now, after that John was put into prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God,

15. And saying, **The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel.**

16. Now as He walked by the sea of Galilee He saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

17. And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.

18. And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed Him.

19. And when he had gone a little farther thence, He saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets.

20. And straightway He called them: and they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired servants, and went after him.

21. And they went into Capernaum; and straight-

way on the Sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.

22. And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the Scribes.

23. And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out,

24. Saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.

25. And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him.

26. And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.

27. And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? What new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth he unclean spirits, and they do obey him.

28. And immediately his fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee.

OUTLINE: { I. THE PREACHING OF JESUS. Vs. 14-15.
II. THE CALLING OF FOUR APOSTLES. Vs. 16-20.
III. JESUS CASTING OUT AN UNCLEAN SPIRIT. Vs. 21-28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ calls us to serve Him.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." Isaiah 9: 2.

INSTRUCTION.

Mark omits all of our Lord's early ministry in Galilee and Jerusalem as recorded in John ii.-v., and takes the imprisonment of the Baptist as his starting point. About a year passed since the baptism of Jesus.

Verse 14. John had offended king Herod by his plain preaching against that wicked ruler for marrying his brother's divorced wife. 15. Jesus had begun His preaching in His old home at Nazareth, but the people rudely rejected Him (Luke 4: 29), and He took His mother and went to Capernaum, on the shores of the sea of Galilee. 16-17. The sons of Jona were Simon Peter and Andrew; the sons of Zebedee, James and John. They became Apostles. But He calls us *all* to be *disciples*. "Come unto me, *all*," etc. "Fishers of men." These words are a parable. The sea is the troubled and evil world, and men are the fish that have to be caught and taken out of it by the gospel net, and placed into the kingdom of God. 18-20. "Forsook their nets." They left all, and thus their sacrifice was great. We must serve Christ by self-denial and sacrifices. 21. The synagogue was a Jewish house of prayer, in which any fit person, whether special minister or not, might read the Scriptures and teach. Jesus and the Apostles always availed themselves of this privilege, leaving us an example to attend Church services. 22. Christ's preaching produced astonishment. His words are always effective in earnest preaching. 23. Evil spirits commonly afflicted weak and infirm persons. They knew who Jesus was, and feared Him. They obeyed His word, and left their victims. Jesus did not teach what He had learned from other men, but by *His own* authority. "Verily, I say." Again. He had not only authority, but also *power* to compel obedience. "Never man spake like this Man." The "Holy One" is the Old Testament name for God. (Is. 43: 15, and 45: 11). Jesus is "the Holy One," and the Mighty One.

CATECHISM.

Ques. How many things are necessary for thee to know, that thou, enjoying this comfort, mayest live and die happy?

Ans. Three: the first, how great my sins and

miseries are; the second, how I am delivered from all my sins and miseries; the third, how I shall express my gratitude to God for such deliverance.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 14. Where was John now? Why had Herod put him into prison? (See Mark 6: 17-20.) Into what country did Jesus come? (Note. He had been in Judea. John 2: 3 to 4: 3.) John having been silenced, who begins to preach in Galilee? 15. What "time was fulfilled?" The time foretold by the prophets. Gal. 4: 4. Eph. 1: 10. Whose person and power was "the Kingdom of God at hand?" What command does Jesus add to John's text, "repent?" 16 to 20. What four men did He call to be His assistants? Had they seen and heard Him before? Jno. 1: 40-42. (Note. Their first call was to become *disciples*, learners; their second call was to become Apostles). What are the words of the Master's Call? What did He promise to make them? Did the

called ones obey? 21-22. Into what town did they go with Jesus? What did he do on the Sabbath? Did He teach "traditions" and "opinions" of men as the Scribes did? How did He teach? 23-26. What is "an unclean spirit?" *An evil spirit, under the influence of Satan.* Did the demoniac know who Jesus was? What did he call Jesus? v. 24. Did Jesus want evil spirits to proclaim the "glad tidings?" What did he command the evil spirit? What effect did Jesus' words produce? v. 26. 27-28. At what were the people amazed? Had He power over evil spirits? Did the people believe in Jesus after this great miracle? What authority has Jesus over you? Do you spread His fame abroad?

LESSON 2. January 8, 1882.

As Mark omits the early part of our Saviour's ministry, we must turn to John 2d to 5th chapter to learn of it. We there see Him performing His first miracle, and hear Him uttering deep discourses.

The fact of John's imprisonment is simply mentioned here; the reasons for it are given in chap. 6: 17-20. His open denunciation of Herod's marrying his brother Philip's wife led to his being cast into the dungeon of the castle of Machaerus, on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea.

14, 15. Now Jesus comes back to Galilee, and "preaches the kingdom of God." "The time is fulfilled," when prophets and heralds shall no longer prepare the way, but the King Himself shall appear. His coming, so oft foretold, so ardently longed for by pious souls, was the answer to the yearning of human hearts. "In the fulness of time God sent forth His Son" (Gal. 4: 4). In the person of the King of heaven was present the kingdom of God.

With these glad tidings comes also the two-fold command, to repent, and to believe the gospel. This was an advance on John's preaching, in which the latter command was wanting.

16-20. In a kingdom there must be citizens; and hence He begins to call men to enter into it. Additional laborers are needed, and He chooses His first and greatest apostles, Peter and Andrew, James and John. They were pious Jews, in humble, but comfortable circumstances, having ships and hired servants; but they were without the learning of the schools, and without influence among the great ones of the earth. But they spent three years with the wisest Teacher that ever lived, and were thoroughly educated in religious knowledge. See their gospels and epistles, and scraps of sermons scattered throughout the New Testament. If not learned, they were *wise*, and could teach and preach in two languages, Greek and Hebrew.

"Come ye after me." This call Jesus extends to all men. "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." To certain ones, however, He assigns a special work, as to these four. "Fishers

of men." In one sense this was the first parable spoken by Jesus. In the language of their own occupation, He informs them what their future work shall be. Henceforth "ye shall catch men."

The earliest extant hymn of the Church, by Clement of Alexandria, dwells on the image with a rich and suggestive playfulness. Christ is thus addressed, He being the great Fisher of men:

"Fisher of men, the blest,
Out of the world's unrest,
Out of sin's troubled sea,
Taking us, Lord, to Thee;
Out of the waves of strife,
With bait of blissful life,
Drawing Thy nets to shore,
With choicest fish, good store."

21, 22. See Instruction.

23-27. The healing of one possessed by an unclean spirit is a miracle which only a Divine Being could accomplish. A person "possessed" by an evil spirit was an object of pity, an unfortunate, rather than an immoral, wicked man, who is an object of wrath.

Of this particular kind of demoniacal possessions we know little or nothing. But see Questions. But there is another form which is very prevalent and well known, where men yield themselves to the influence of Satan to do evil of their own choice. This was not the case with the demoniacs referred to in the Scriptures. Theirs was a *malady*, a misfortune, rather than sinfulness.

The unclean spirit did not wish to leave the man; hence he cries out: "Let us alone!" Like his master, whom Jesus had conquered in the wilderness, he recognized Jesus as "the Holy One," "the Son of God with power." "Art Thou come to destroy us?" Well might all devils fear and tremble; for, For this cause was the Son of God manifested, that He might *destroy* the works of the devil (1 John 3: 8).

The Saviour commanded the evil spirit to hold his peace. He would not have the unclean to tell who He was. Such testimony would but injure the estimation of Him in the minds of the people. The spirit of lies must not proclaim the truth. "What fellowship hath light with darkness?"

Notice, Jesus did not say: The Lord

rebuke thee; but in His own name He rebuked and silenced Him. The spirit tore the man—that is, brought on a paroxysm, but “hurt him not,” St. Luke, the physician, adds (Luke 4: 35).

The same mighty Saviour has cast out the evil spirit from many hundreds of millions of souls since, and thus destroyed a worse form of possession than that here recorded. For this victim of Satan was an *unwilling* captive, and resorted to the synagogue, and there was cured—as multitudes have since been cured of sin in Christ’s Church.

28. We should delight in spreading Christ’s fame abroad.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

A great man says:—If I were a boy again, I would practice *perseverance* oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. When I think of mathematics, I blush at the recollection of how often I “caved in,” years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are all inclined to give up too easily in trying or unpleasant situations, and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice were again within my grasp, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success, if mortal strength or brains in my case were adequate to the occasion. That was a capital lesson which Professor Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture-room, after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall, and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the professor’s hand. The professor lingered behind, endeavoring to pick it up. “Never mind,” said the student. “It is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or no.” “That is true,” replied the professor; “but it is of grave consequence to me, as a principle, that I am not foiled in my *determination* to find it.” Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. “There are only two creatures,” says the Eastern proverb, “who can surmount the Pyramids—the eagle and the snail.”

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of attention oftener.

I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes, while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then, at that particular moment. We do not bend our energies close enough to what we are doing or learning. We wander into a half-interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of. The practice of being habitually attentive is one easily obtained, if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say: “I couldn’t fix my attention on the sermon, or book, although I wished to do so.” And the reason is, a habit of attention was never formed in youth. Let me tell you a sad instance of a neglected power of concentration. A friend asked me once to lend him an interesting book, something that would enchain his attention; for he said he was losing the power to read. After a few days he brought back the volume, saying it was no doubt a work of great value and beauty; but that the will to enjoy it had gone from him forever, for other matters would intrude themselves on the page he was trying to understand and enjoy, and rows of figures constantly marshalled themselves on the margin, adding themselves up at the bottom of the leaf.

If I were to live my life over again, I would pay more attention to the cultivation of *memory*. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately; but memory soon helps itself and gives very little trouble. It only needs early cultivation to become a *power*. Everybody can acquire it.

“What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?” asked a boy of another. “He’s only old Giles, the huckster.” “That makes no difference,” said the other. “The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to the man in shabby clothes, or who peddles vegetables than to the man in the counting house.”

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

LESSON III.

January 15, 1882.

Power to Heal.—ST. MARK 1: 29-45.*Commit to memory Verses 40-42.*

29. And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John.

30. But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever; and anon they tell him of her.

31. And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them.

32. And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and hem that were possessed with devils.

33. And all the city was gathered together at the door.

34. And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him.

35. And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.

36. And Simon and they that were with him followed after him.

37. And when they had found him, they said unto him, All men seek for thee.

38. And he said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also; for therefore came I forth.

39. And he preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee, and cast out devils.

40. And there came a leper to him, beseeching him, and kneeling down to him, and saying unto him, If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

41. And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean.

42. And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed.

43. And he straitly charged him, and forthwith sent him away;

44. And saith unto him, See thou say nothing to any man; but go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.

45. But he went out, and began to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter, insomuch that Jesus could no more openly enter into the city, but was without in desert places; and they came to him from every quarter.

OUTLINE: { 1. HEALING DISEASES. Vs. 29-37.
2. PREACHING DELIVERANCE. Vs. 38-39.
3. CURING LEPROSY. Vs. 40-45.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"All men seek for thee."—Ver. 37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Ex. 15. 26.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 29-31. Here we have a picture of Jesus in the home of His friends. Even here He has no time for rest. His friends tell him of their trouble. They are in despair; but immediately Jesus removes their fears by healing Peter's mother-in-law. Notice His tenderness; He takes her by the hand and lifts her up. The cure was complete; even the weakness commonly following fever was gone, and she had strength to "minister" unto Him, that is, prepare a meal. 32-34. Here we have a picture of the Great Physician. Crowds of sick came—hobbling on crutches, led, or carried on couches. They returned home well and strong, the former cripples now leaping for joy! 35. Such pity for the suffering ones had He, that He could not sleep and take rest, but rose up in the darkness of night, to pray in secret. What an incentive and encouragement for us to "be instant in prayer." 36. True disciples follow their Lord—into the Church, into the homes of the sick, even into the "solitary places," where no churches are, and there find the Saviour. 37-39. The Shepherd rests not, but goes after His sheep. "Therefore came He forth." 40. Leprosy was a horrid disease of the flesh and skin, causing them to turn white, crack open and peel off! A leper was regarded as "unclean." So sin affects the soul. This leper believed in Jesus' power, but was in doubt as to his willingness to heal. "If thou art willing," etc., he said, after he had knelt down. 41, 42. Behold the compassion! He touched the loathsome sores, and said, "I am willing! Be thou clean!" According to the leper's faith it was done. 43-45. Go to the priest, 1st, as an act of obedience to the Law; 2d, to show his "gratitude for such deliverance" (Heidelberg Catechism, 2d Ans.); 3d, it was "better for the man's own spiritual life to cherish his gratitude, than to waste it in many words."

CATECHISM.

Ques. Whence knowest thou thy misery?

Ans. Out of the Law of God.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 29. Into whose house did Jesus go when he had left the synagogue? Was St. Peter a married man? Who was sick? 30. Should we "tell Jesus" when our friends are sick? 31. Did Jesus cure her by the use of medicine? Was she entirely cured, even of the weakness that follows fever? What did she do? 32, 33. Was it lawful to carry the sick to Jesus on the Sabbath day? When did the Sabbath end? Ans. At 6 o'clock. Would it have been prudent to take the sick into the streets when the sun was shining? 34. Was Jesus unable to cure any kind of sickness? Was He willing and able to heal all? Did Paul, like Jesus, forbid the devils to speak? Acts 16. 18. 35. Did Jesus practice, as well as teach,

the duty of secret prayer? Matt. 6. 6. Do God's children delight in prayer? 36. Why did the Apostles follow Jesus? 37. Are all men seeking for Jesus now as they should be? 38, 39. Whither did He wish to go to preach? Was He not the great Missionary? 40. Of what was leprosy a type? Ans. Of sin. What did the leper say? Was Jesus both able and willing? 41. Would other persons touch a leper? No. Why did Jesus touch him? 42. How long did it take to cure this leper? 43, 44. Did Jesus require the cleansed leper to obey the law? 45. Could he keep the good news shut up in his own bosom? Did his publishing it bring others to Jesus?

LESSON 3. January 15, 1882.

29-31. Peter and Andrew dwelt in Capernaum, whither Jesus had also removed after leaving Nazareth. Thus Bethlehem was His birthplace, Nazareth the home of His youth, and Capernaum of his public life.

Simon Peter was a married man, and his having a wife was no obstacle to his being a minister. Nowhere do the Scriptures teach that the clergy should abstain from marriage.

Simon's mother-in-law "lay sick of a fever," implying a prostrate state. Immediately they tell Jesus. They believed in His willingness and power to heal her, but could scarcely have expected an instantaneous cure. It usually requires several weeks before the fever is broken and strength returns. But Jesus used no medicine; only a touch and a lifting up, and immediately the fever left her! Luke, with medical precision, says "it was a great fever." Great must have been the joy of that family, as they saw the mother going about her household duties.

32-34. Ceaseless activity is displayed by the great Worker of miracles. As soon as the sun had set, and thus put an end to the Sabbath of inactivity, crowds of sick and cripples were brought by their friends—some led, others carried. Contrast the picture of their coming with that of their departure! They went with pale and sallow countenances, sunken eyes, shrunken flesh, despondent looks, moaning and groaning. They returned with the color of health on their cheeks, light in their eyes, without numbness in the flesh or aching in the bones, running and leaping and shouting for joy! How light the crutches seemed now, as the restored cripples bore them back as trophies.

And the unfortunates, who had been possessed with unclean spirits, were now free from evil influences, and could cherish new thoughts of the Healer.

But as yet they must hold their peace, lest their testimony should prejudice the people against Jesus. Besides, He needed not their testimony; "His works testified of Him."

35-39. Praying and preaching go

together, in the life of Jesus, and of the true minister. Prayer also belongs to the S. S. teacher. Without it, not much will be accomplished. The promises connected with prayer are manifold. "Men ought always to pray, and not faint."

"Other cities." He refers to Bethsaida, Chorazin and other towns on the shore of the sea of Galilee. Let us go and preach, was His watchword, until He had passed throughout all Galilee.

40-45. Leprosy was of three kinds: (1) the mealy, (2) the white, (3) the black, according to the appearance of the flesh. It was called the *botch* or plague of Egypt. (Deut. 28: 27.) Its main features were the "appearance of a bright spot on the flesh, whiter than the rest, spreading, inflaming, cracking, and a humor oozing through the cracks, the skin becoming hard, scaly, 'as white as snow'" (Ex. 4: 5).

The leper was regarded as unclean, must live without the camp, or city, must not come near any one, must cry out: unclean! when any one approached. What a fit type of sin and its effects—rendering the heart unclean, full of evil, out of which proceed evil thoughts and words and deeds—separating him from fellowship with God and saints, and excluding him from the beautiful city.

The leper in our lesson was in the synagogue. At first this is a surprise to us. But "at the stage in which the leprosy reached its height, and the whole body was covered with the botch and scabs, the man was, by a strange contrast, declared ceremonially clean" (Lev. 13: 13). He might then return to his kindred and take his place with the worshipers in the synagogue, as this one had done.

He had heard of Jesus' power to save, and believed in it; but he did not feel equally certain in regard to His willingness. Hence he says: If thou art willing. Jesus, moved with compassion for the poor sufferer, touched him, and spake the word, and immediately he was cleansed. We may venture to picture the process to our minds: the skin cleansed, the sores closed, the diseased whiteness giving way almost in a moment to the tint of health!

After his great sin, David looked

upon himself as a moral leper; and in the 51st Psalm he prays to God to purge him with hyssop, that he might be clean. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." A fit prayer for every sinner, who needs not only pardon, but also cleansing. And after such purification he can say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul * * * who *forgiveth* all thine iniquities, who *healeth* all thy diseases" (Ps. 103.)

The restored leper's gratitude and excitement constrained him to spread abroad the knowledge of his cure. He seems to have been unable to constrain his feelings.

In the last lesson we saw Jesus choosing apostles and casting out evil spirits. In this lesson we see how He cured fevers and all manner of diseases—but especially that most loathsome one of all, *leprosy*. In our next we shall learn of His restoring a man that had the *palsy*, and of His power to forgive sins.

PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. The cures which Jesus works are complete.
2. Working and praying go together.
3. Jesus is both able and willing to cure your soul of all its diseases.

Question for self-examination: Am I being cured?

MANUAL LABOR IN THE EAST.

FROM VAN LENNEP'S BIBLE LANDS.

Women of the higher classes, particularly in the large cities, spend most of their time within doors. They occupy themselves with the care of their households, and with needlework and fine embroidery, the latter being wrought in a frame supported by four legs, like a small table, which is placed in front of the fair worker as she sits in Oriental fashion upon the divan. Others, like Solomon's thrifty housewife, and like the women portrayed in the ancient sculptures of Egypt, engage in spinning wool, cotton, flax, silk, or goats' hair; busily ply the loom, with which many households are still supplied, and

clothe their families with stuffs of home manufacture. They knit woolen socks, in striped or figured patterns, or stockings often exquisitely fine, of the silky Angora goats' hair, worn by ladies of wealth and rank.

There is no disrepute attached to manual labor, and men of wealth and high position do not hesitate to engage in it. Such persons may sometimes be seen plowing or digging with their own hands, or engaged in doing the work of a mason, or some other handicraft; indeed, one of the laws of the Osmanli empire requires every Sultan to learn a trade, and occasionally work at it. It is the pampered sons of the state officials alone who, being brought up in luxury and self-indulgence, spend a life of sloth, until some reverse of fortune compels them to work off their monstrous corpulency by engaging in some useful labor.

BE IN TIME.

Be in time for every call;
If you can be first of all:
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But, are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you:
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;
Set out with a willing heart;
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work, and soonest done:
This is how the goal's attained;
This is how the prize is gained:
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late:
Be in time.
Life with all is but a school:
We must work by plan and rule,
With some noble end in view,
Ever steady, earnest, true:
Be in time.

Listen, then, to wisdom's call—
Knowledge now is free to all:
Be in time.
Youth must daily toil and strive,
Treasure for the future hive:
For the work they have to do,
Keep this motto still in view:
Be in time.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

LESSON IV.

January 22, 1882.

Power to Forgive.—ST. MARK 2: 1-17.

Commit to memory verses 8-12.

1. And again he entered into Capernaum after some days; and it was noised that he was in the house.

2. And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door; and he preached the word unto them.

3. And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four.

4. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.

5. When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.

6. But there were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts,

7. Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only?

8. And immediately, when Jesus perceived in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, he said unto them, Why reason ye these things in your hearts?

9. Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, *Thy sins be forgiven thee*; or to say, *Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk*?

10. But that ye may know that the Son

of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (he saith to the sick of the palsy),

11. I say unto thee, *Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house.*

12. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all; insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, *We never saw it on this fashion.*

13. And he went forth again by the sea-side; and all the multitude resorted unto him and he taught them.

14. And as he passed by, he saw Levi the son of Alphaeus sitting at the receipt of custom, and said unto him, *Follow me.* And he arose and followed him.

15. And it came to pass, that, as Jesus sat at meat in his house, many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus and his disciples; for there were many, and they followed him.

16. And when the scribes and Pharisees saw him eat with publicans and sinners, they said unto his disciples, *How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?*

17. When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, *They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*

OUTLINE: { 1. PARDONING SIN. Vs. 1-10.
2. CURING PALSY. Vs. 11-12,
3. CALLING AND ASSOCIATING WITH PUBLICANS. Vs. 13-17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins."—Ver. 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses."—Daniel 9. 9.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 1, 2. In our lesson we find Jesus still in Capernaum—perhaps in Peter's house. His presence was soon known, and crowds gathered about the door, so that no one could enter the house. But on the outside were stairs leading to the roof. The roof was not steep, but flat, and on it people slept during the summer. These facts will explain what follows. 3. *Palsy* is a loss of the power of motion in any part or parts of the body. Kind friends can bring one another to Jesus. 4. The roof was only a few feet high, and made of tiles and mortar, which was easily removed. Jesus was on the upper floor, and they let the sick man down right in front of Him. 5. Jesus frequently healed because of the faith of other people. The centurion's servant, and the daughter of the Syro-Phœnician woman. "Their faith." No doubt the palsied man also believed, as his bearers did. "Thy sins are forgiven." This he had not expected. Most likely he was penitent, and Jesus read his thoughts. He received more than he sought. A sinner saved is a miracle of grace. We had before learned of Jesus' power to heal; now we learn of His power to pardon. 6, 7. Then, as now, certain persons came to the preaching to criticise. True, no one can forgive sins but God; but Jesus is God. Hence He did not blaspheme. Blasphemies—evil words. 8. Jesus is the Searcher of hearts, who can read the unspoken thoughts and "reasonings." 9-12. Thus Jesus proved that He has power to forgive sins. For the double cure the people glorified God, and were amazed. 13, 14. *Receipt of custom.* At seaports, where ships come and go, there are custom-houses, where certain taxes are collected for the government. 15. *Publicans*—the tax-gatherers. They were renegade Jews, who collected taxes from their countrymen and paid it to the Romans. Levi, the publican, became Matthew, the Apostle of Christ. Jesus here shows His compassion for sinners. 16, 17. The scribes were shocked because Jesus ate with sinners. But He gives them a sufficient answer by speaking the proverb in v. 17. 1. Like the palsied man and Levi, you are a sinner and need a Saviour. 2. Jesus came to save sinners. 3. He calls you daily to repent.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 4. What doth the law of God require of us?
Ans. Christ teacheth us that briefly: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength.

This is the first and great commandment: and the second is like unto this: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these commands hang all the law and the prophets.

QUESTIONS.

Verses 1, 2. Where did the events of this lesson take place? Whom did the multitudes come to hear? 3, 4. What is palsy? Did this palsied man have faith in Jesus, as those who bore his bed had? Did their act signify earnestness? 5. What did Jesus say to the sick man? Had he sought more than bodily healing? 6, 7. Can any one but God forgive sins? Is Jesus God? Did He speak blasphemy, then? 8-11. What question does He ask of these reasoners? What did He say to the man that was paralyzed? Did His word restore the

man's power of locomotion? 12. Did this prove His power to forgive sins? 13. Whither does Jesus go next? 14. What other name had Levi? Ans. Matthew. (Matt. 9. 1.) He was a publican, who collected taxes for the Romans. Did Jesus make him an Apostle? What gospel did he write? 15, 16. Would the strict Jews eat with publicans? Was Jesus' conduct wrong, or that of the scribes and Pharisees? 17. Who need a physician? Why did Jesus mingle with publicans and sinners? v. 17, latter part.

LESSON 4. January 22, 188.

COMMENTS.—The excitement occasioned by the cure of the leper made it necessary for Jesus to retire into desert places. See ch. i. 45. But even there the people pursued Him. He could not be hidden. The darkness of the world was great, and people gathered around the light that had arisen.

1, 2. When the excitement had somewhat subsided He returned to Capernaum—and entered into a house—most likely Peter's, where he would be doubly welcome for having cured the wife's mother of a great fever. And now the tidings fly through the city that Jesus is there; throngs gather about the house, and there is no longer an entrance at the door. The large court-yard is full of people. How can they who bring the sick come into the presence of Jesus?

3, 4. But one way of entrance remains, that is by the *outer stairs* which lead to the roof of the house. The four bearers mount these stairs, carrying the palsied man on a light cot, called "bed." They soon reach the roof, which is flat. Here the family sit in the cool of the evening, and here they sleep on summer nights. But a few feet beneath them is the Master, preaching to the people. How shall they get the sick man into His presence? The roof was made of tiles and mortar, somewhat like a slate roof. It was an easy matter to tear off a few of the tiles, and let down the sick man. He could not help himself, being palsied, or paralyzed. *Palsy* is the loss of the power of motion of any part of the body—such as the arms or limbs—because the muscles no longer perform their functions.

The sick and the bearers showed strong faith in Jesus, and great earnestness in coming to Him, overcoming all obstacles. With such faith God is well pleased.

5-8. The Jews regarded all sicknesses as the result of sin. This palsied man had very likely attributed his affliction to his past indulgences of some kind, until he had come to lament the sin as much as the disease. Jesus at once read his heart, and proceeds to work the greater cure first—the cure of the soul. "Thy sins are forgiven," He said, with a father's tone of pity, as He

beheld the dejected depression of the sufferer, who had well nigh lost heart. "Be of good cheer," (Matt. ix. 2). The Healer saw that the disease of the soul must first be removed, and then it would be time to restore the body.

St. Luke (v. 17) says, these scribes had come "from every village of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem." They came to criticise Jesus, rather than to receive help from Him. They feared to speak their thoughts, and only "reasoned in their hearts." They were inwardly accusing Jesus of blasphemy.

From their wrong standpoint it is not strange that they regarded Him as a blasphemer—that is, one who speaks impious words. For none can forgive sins, but God only. He has never delegated such power to men. No priest can pardon sins. The minister can declare to the penitent believer that his sins are remitted by God; but he cannot go beyond that.

But Jesus does not pray that the man may be forgiven, or express a wish. He simply says, "Thy sins are forgiven." This is no less a claim than that of being equal with God.

9. It was easier to say, "thy sins are forgiven"; for the words could not be put to any outward test. Any one could say as much. But now to prove that they were true, *effectual* words, was a harder task. Yet He is willing to utter such words as shall show that He is either possessed of Divine power, or else a great deceiver. Without fear of the result, He will utter a command, the failure of which would convict Him of fraud, or the success of which will attest His Divine power. He will prove the forgiveness by the actual healing. The cure of the body in an instant, by a word, shall attest the cure of the soul by the same word.

10-12. "Arise, thou that hitherto hast not been able to stand!" Immediately he arose. "Take up thy bed and carry it, thou who hast for years been carried by others!" He immediately seized his bed. The dejected countenance now beamed with joy, the stiff muscles were loosened and did their work. And all were amazed. No wonder. They had never "seen it on this fashion." Could they longer doubt who He was?

13-17. *Calling a publican.* When the Romans conquered the Jews, they established "receipts of custom," or custom-houses, at all points of trade. At the harbors on the shores of the sea of Galilee we find the collector of tariff. His name is Levi; but known to us by the more familiar name of Matthew, the writer of the first gospel. As a publican, taking taxes from Jews and giving it to the hated Romans, he was despised by his own nation. In this man's heart Jesus perceived an awakening, as he listened to His preaching. And now He says: "Follow me." The few words were enough.

So joyful was Levi that he made a great feast, and did not exclude his old friends, the publicans and sinners. Jesus and His few disciples were there. This was shocking to the strict legalists, and we find them murmuring again. But see how Jesus silences them. The whole need not a physician, but the sick. I came to call sinners to repentance; not to meet them on their level, and there let them rest; but to awaken them and raise them up to a new life. Blessed, compassionate Physician.

It sometimes happens that the people who are afflicted with self-consciousness mistake their own symptoms, and mis-call their own state. They think themselves diffident, timid, deplore their want of self-possession even, and never dream that the trouble lies in their inability to forget themselves.

"What courage you have!" said one young lady to another. "I could not have crossed this crowded room before all these people, as you did just now, under any circumstances." "It did not require any courage," replied her friend, smiling. "It never occurred to me that any one would notice my movements." And that is the whole secret. It is but a nervous sense of our own conspicuousness which makes us so keenly alive to the effect of our words and acts. If we really believe that we are unimportant—if we feel that our fellow-creatures have more engrossing subjects of contemplation than ourselves—we shall hardly be likely to suffer from any dread of their criticisms. Besides, self-consciousness destroys inde-

pendence of thought and action. The unfortunates who feel themselves the centre of interest and observation, will be continually adjusting their words and ways to suit their beholders.

A RECENT advertisement of a New York bird-fancier offers to purchasers the opportunity of buying some "swearing parrots." There is one advantage in thus candidly labeling the unfortunate pupils of accomplished teachers of profanity—they will not be likely to find changed surroundings in the homes of their new owners, for the proud possessor of a swearing parrot will be pretty sure to be fond of the sort of language which his bird will give him; nor will all the wickedness in his house, nor the worst wickedness, be behind the bird-cage bars. Indeed, we are inclined to think that most of the profanity in the world comes from swearing parrots,—from boys and men who do not swear because they really think swearing a commendable form of speech, or an aid to eloquence, or a pleasure to society, but who use profane language merely because they have heard others use it, and have just brains enough to imitate other people's vices.

A BIRTHDAY BOX.

A missionary birthday box is a good thing to have in the primary class. Let it be either a locked box or a sealed one. Request the children, as their birthdays occur, to bring the number of their years in pennies on the Sundays following their birthdays. At the end of the year let the box be opened, and a report given of the amount found in it. Let the children be told just what will be done with the money. Teach them to pray for God's blessing to go with the money which they thus send out.—*Mrs. Crafts.*

It is periods of persecution which always produce the most tender and delicate religious poetry among every people. An examination of our choicest hymns will show this to the satisfaction of any.—*T. C. Murray.*

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

LESSON V.

January 29th, 1882.

The Pharisees Answered. ST. MARK ii. 18-28; iii. 1-5.*Commit to memory Chapter III. 1-5.*

18. And the disciples of John and of the Pharisees used to fast: and they come and say unto him, Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not?

19. And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bride-chamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them? as long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast.

20. But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days.

21. No man also seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment; else the new piece that filled it up taketh away from the old, and the rent is made worse.

22. And no man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine doth burst the bottles, and the wine is spilled, and the bottles will be marred: but new wine must be put into new bottles.

23. And it came to pass that he went through the corn-fields on the Sabbath day; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn.

24. And the Pharisees said unto him, Behold, why do they on the Sabbath day that which is not lawful?

25. And he said unto them, Have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was a hungered, he, and they that were with him?

26. How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the shew-bread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them which were with him?

27. And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath:

28. Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

CHAP. III. 1. And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had a withered hand.

2. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day; that they might accuse him.

3. And he saith unto the man which had the withered hand, Stand forth.

4. And he saith unto them, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill? But they held their peace.

5. And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out: and his hand was restored whole as the other.

OUTLINE: { 1. FASTING. vs. 18-22.
2. PLUCKING CORN ON THE SABBATH. vs. 23-28.
3. HEALING ON THE SABBATH. vs. 1-5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Mark 2: 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Ex. 20: 8.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 18-20. Read v. 18 thus: *were fasting*, instead of "used to fast" It was an appointed season. At the same time Jesus and His disciples were *feasting* with Matthew. Hence the question. It is no time to fast when God makes men joyful by conversion of sinners, such as Levi. Since Christ, the Bridegroom, has left the earth, His disciples also fast at times—in evil days. 21-22. Bottles were not made out of glass, but out of skins. They would expand when new wine was put into them the first time; but would burst the second time. 23-26. A hungry person was permitted to pluck enough to satisfy his hunger, but not to carry any away. The Pharisees did not object to that, but to plucking and rubbing out on the Sabbath. That looked like *work*. But "necessity knows no law." 27-28. These words are the charter of Christian liberty as regards the Sabbath. It was made not as an end in itself, but for man's well-being and comfort. It is right to relieve human wants and sufferings on that day, as Jesus often did. Chap. 3: 1-3. The withered hand may have been palsied, and the man could not use it at all. They intended to accuse Jesus before the council if He would heal the man at that time. But He pitied the man, and told him to come forward, so that all might see his pitiable condition. 4-5. By *not* "doing good on the Sabbath" we often do evil. Neglect is also a sin. They did not *want* to answer His question. Jesus was justly angry at such hardened hypocrites. Jesus' commands carry with them the power of doing them. With the word He gives also the strength.

Practical Lessons: 1. If we love the Lord, we will love and keep the Lord's Day. 2. Strive to be "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."

CATECHISM.

Ques. 5. Canst thou keep all these things perfectly?

Ans. In no wise; for I am prone by nature to hate God and my neighbor.

QUESTIONS.

Verses 18-20. What question was asked of Jesus? Who is the Bridegroom? and who the children of the bridechamber? Is there a right and a wrong time to fast? Should times of fasting be fixed by appointment, or left to circumstances? 21-22. Is the "old garment" of our sinful life to be patched with the new garment of holiness? Of what were "bottles" made in ancient times? *Of skins of animals*. Could they be used a second time, without bursting? Can the "new wine" of Christian life and joy be confined to the old Jewish ceremonies? What are "new bottles?" Renewed hearts and Christian rites and worship. 23-24. Was this against the laws of *property*? (Note. See Deut. 23: 25). Why did the

Pharisees then object? 25-26. Of what history does Jesus remind them? (1 Sam. 21: 6). 27-28. For whose benefit and comfort was the Sabbath? Who is the Lord of the day? Does He teach that we can do as we please on that day? What kind of works shall we do on the Sabbath? Good works. 3: 1-3. Who was in the synagogue? Why did His enemies watch Jesus? What did He say to the man with the withered hand? 4. What to His enemies? Did they answer him? 5. At what was Jesus grieved? Could the man stretch forth his hand before Jesus commanded him to do so? Was it now restored.

LESSON 5. January 29, 1882.

COMMENTS: Vs. 18-20. The disciples of John remained a separate party, and were more in sympathy with the Pharisees than with Jesus and His disciples. Their rules of life were somewhat like those of the strict Jews in general, and they could not at first comprehend the *festive* character of Christ and His followers. Their master was stern and severe—an ascetic—and rebuked publicans and sinners; he “came neither eating nor drinking.”

Jesus was more humane, if we may be allowed the expression—more sociable; and he went to the marriage at Cana, to the feasts of Pharisees, and now even to the feast of a reclaimed publican!

This staggered the Baptist party. Besides, it happened to be a season of fasting. And so they united with the Pharisaic party in calling Jesus to account. “Thy disciples fast not.” But as John’s disciples were no hypocrites and mere fault-finders, Jesus answered them tenderly by asking a question. Ver. 19. “Your master called me the bridegroom; I am gathering the Church, my bride; my joy is great, because I have found the bride. The bride is joyful because she has the Bridegroom with her. How, then, can my disciples fast?” Men are not sad at a wedding feast. There are wrong times to fast. But when I shall be taken away, then shall my disciples also fast. But no times must be arbitrarily fixed for fasting. During the long night of expectation and waiting for My return, the Church will often fast, until she hears the midnight cry: behold the Bridegroom cometh!

21-22. Jesus speaks two short parables in illustration of the subject. The old rules and regulations about fasting were like an old worn-out garment; He would not attempt to patch it with the new doctrines and principles of life and of conduct. He would prepare a new garment—the white robe of Christ’s righteousness. “If any man is in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things have passed away. Behold all things have become new.”

The new wine is the life of Christ, which the Holy Spirit communicates

by the Gospel. It is the Christian life, with its spirit of joy; and it cannot be confined to the Jewish forms and regulations. The full stream cannot confine itself to such narrow channels, any more than the old skins could expand a second time with new, fermenting wine. The Christian life and spirit must move in its own free course.

Here was a clear prophecy of the transforming effects which Christianity has since produced in the world—a new Church, a new Testament, a new Lord’s day, new sacraments, new customs and laws—even a new philosophy, science and art. Behold, all things have become new!

23-24. CHRIST AND THE SABBATH. The disciples were hungry; and the law said plainly: “When thou comest into the standing corn of thy neighbor, then thou mayest pluck the ears with thy hand.” Deut. 23:25. The Pharisees did not object to that, but to plucking it on the *Sabbath*. They stood for the letter of the law: “thou shalt not do any work.”

The law forbade work on the 7th day, because man and beast need rest; and to prevent the master from compelling his servants to work. It was a merciful prohibition, not a mere legal restraint. The Pharisees failed to catch its spirit.

25-26. Jesus questions them in reference to David’s conduct in eating consecrated bread, which he, not being a priest, was not ordinarily permitted to eat. But he and his men were famishing, and must have bread. The high priest gave them the shew bread. “Necessity knows no law.”

27-28. *The Sabbath for man*. In every age the Church thanks Jesus for these words. Millions have been succored, relieved, comforted and saved by proper labor on the Lord’s day, through the inspiration of these words. It is a feast day, and not a fast day—a day of gladness and refreshment, as well as of rest. For man’s good physically, intellectually and morally it was instituted and hallowed. Verses 27 and 28 are an article in the *magna charta* of our religious liberties.

But by no word or act of Christ are we taught to desecrate or abuse the day. *Unnecessary* labor is forbidden—

not for the day's sake, mainly; but for man's sake. *Improper* use of the day, as in sport, business, buying and selling, is forbidden in the Christian dispensation, too.

Chap. 3: 1-3. *Christ doing good on the Sabbath.* The man with the withered hand was a pitiable object. As soon as Jesus saw him, He felt His pity move. The Pharisees watched Him, to see whether He really would desecrate the Sabbath by healing his hand on that day. He commanded the sufferer to "stand forth," so that all might see him, and pity his helpless condition.

4-5. And now He questions those who are present. "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days?" They ought to have been able at once to answer so simple a question. "Is it lawful to do evil?"—for to send this man away unrestored, when I have the power to heal him, would be evil. The neglect of a mercy is an unkindness, and a sin. The hypocrites held their peace—answered not a civil question. That did not show a good, or a polite, spirit. That was sullenness.

He was grieved with such conduct. In the meantime there stood the sufferer, hoping and praying that something would be done for his relief. With what anxiety he must have waited for some act of Christ for his restoration. And then comes the word: Stretch forth thine hand! Without doubting he makes the attempt; when, lo! that numb, heavy hand, which had hung to him as a dead weight, now moves itself forward—made whole as the other. That was the manner in which Jesus kept the Sabbath.

The needs which God lays upon us hurt no man's leisure, as leisure given to God hurts no man's work; it is our own self-chosen employments, the cares wherewith we encumber ourselves, which hinder prayer.—*Dr. Pusey.*

Mere bashfulness without merit, is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.—*Addison.*

"DETACHMENT, as we know from spiritual books, is a rare and high Christian virtue; a great man, Philip Neri, said that, if he had a dozen really detached men, he should be able to convert the world. To be detached is to be loosened from every tie which binds the soul to the earth, to be dependent on nothing sublunary, to lean on nothing temporal; it is to care simply nothing what other men choose to think or say of us, or do to us; to go about our own work, because it is our duty, as soldiers go to battle, without a care for the consequences; to account credit, honor, name, easy circumstances, comfort, human affection, just nothing at all, when any religious obligation involves the sacrifice of them. It is to be as reckless of all these goods of life on such occasions, as under ordinary circumstances we are lavish and wanton; if I must take an example, in our use of water—or as we make a present of our words without grudging to friend or stranger—or as we get rid of wasps or flies or gnats, which trouble us, without any sort of compunction, without hesitation before the act, and without a second thought after it."—*Dr. John Henry Newman.*

It is interesting to trace the fate of the different tribes. A part of Simeon was absorbed in Judah. A part, as we learn from 1 Chron. 4: 42, migrated to Mount Seir, and ultimately were lost among the Arabs. The Rechabites seem to have taken the same direction—namely, towards Arabia. Reuben appears to have lost itself in Moab. Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh were absorbed in other peoples. Of Ephraim, probably Issachar, and the other half of Manasseh, the well-to-do people, were deported by Sargon; the poorer classes, with settlers from Babylonia and Elam, formed the Samaritans, so hated by the Jews. Asher, Naphtali, Zebulun, and the greater part of Dan, so far as they were not lost in the neighboring Phœnician and Aramaic population, formed, with some admixture from the Jews, proper, the despised Galileans. Judah, Levi, Benjamin, a part of Simeon, and a part of Dan, with stray families from other tribes, are the modern Jews.

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FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

BY REV. B. BAUSMAN, D. D.

The burial of the dead should be decently and devoutly observed. But the practice of some funeral customs renders such an observance impossible. The most of such may have started with a harmless purpose. Even the Irish wake originally sprang from a kindly social feeling. Now it often means a disgraceful drunken row around the corpse of a friend.

I remember when a little boy I was taken to the funeral of one of our country neighbors. He was a worthy man, and the father of a Christian family. The house was filled with people, and a large crowd stood in the barnyard near by. At a certain stage of the services, a number of committees passed through the crowd by twos, one carried the waiter with glasses, and another held a large bottle or decanter of wine. As they slowly passed along they served every person with a glass of wine. The family in this way meant to show a mark of hospitality to those who helped them to bury their dead. I know of no place in Pennsylvania where this custom is observed any longer.

Not only among the early Germans, but the Scotch Presbyterians, in Europe and America, were addicted to habits of this kind. Men like Chalmers and Guthrie took their glasses of punch or hot toddy in their earlier ministry, but later, when they saw the evil effects of the habit upon others shrank from the cup with horror. It was a feature at hospitable entertainments among the people, even at ministerial assemblies.

Among our Dutch Reformed brethren a similar custom prevailed at funerals. Harper's Magazine reports the following, which happened at the burial of a prominent minister:—

“Until within a few weeks past, one man, Mr. John Van Vechten, of Catskill, was living, who remembered the funeral of Dominie Schuneman. The ceremony was in accordance with the customs which the Dutch, a hundred and seventy years before, had brought with them from the mother country. A man, especially deputed for the purpose, met each male comer at the door, and offered him a glass of rum from a flask. A woman waited in like manner upon each female comer. The relatives of the dead sat together around the corpse; the friends and acquaintances took their seats in another part of the room, or in an adjoining chamber. When the services were over—these were in Dutch—they who chose went up to the coffin to take their last look at the deceased. The coffin was then closed, put upon a bier, and taken from the house to the grave, the relatives following, and after them all comers. When the coffin had been laid in the ground, the procession returned to the house, but in inverse order—the relatives and the empty bier and its bearers coming last. One room in the house was assigned to the bearers, another to the assembled people. In each room a table had been set with bottles of rum, a jar of tobacco, and long clay pipes. All the men drank and smoked, talking in the meanwhile of the character and virtues of their dead pastor, of their horses, of the spring planting, and of the weather. One or two of the lower sort got tipsy, and amused themselves by singing funeral ditties out of doors.”

Fortunately, all this kind of funeral conviviality has ceased in the Protestant Church. In certain localities well-meaning people prepare large feasts at the burial of their dead. This custom originated from good motives. We cannot let the people go away hungry, say such persons. Some may have

come a great distance. They cannot wait for their meal until they reach home. No one can reasonably object to the feeding of the hungry in such a case. The evil of feasting at funerals comes from their being made general. Everybody is invited to eat. Some eat out of respect for the bereaved family, others to save the trouble and expense of preparing a meal at home, and others because they enjoy the good things offered. When a death occurs, persons are at once appointed to provide the necessary help and provision. For days kind neighbor women work late and early at baking and cooking. A large part of the house is in a continuous commotion by the preparations for the funeral feast. The bereaved family are harassed from morning till night about the perplexing cares of the table, at a time when they most need undisturbed quiet and freedom from care.

The day of burial, which brings to many a bleeding heart unrelieved agony, sets the whole house into an uproar, with the spreading and clearing of tables, and the serving and washing of dishes. Where there is a crowd the inevitable rush for places defies all decency, and dispels the lessons of the mournful occasion. Sometimes the eating begins before the religious services; and sounds of rattling dishes mingle harshly with the minister's prayer and sermon. The main part of the feast comes at the close. Sometimes a half a day is spent before all are supplied. And I have known cases where, after waiting a long time, persons had to go home hungry on account of the lateness of the hour. All this takes place in a home where there are crushed, bleeding hearts. Over these hangs the shadow of a great sorrow. If they only could be by themselves, or with a few pious friends, who might comfort and pray with them. But their grief must be aggravated by the staring annoyances of an uncomfortable crowd, and the anxieties and worry of entertaining hundreds of people, many of whom have no claim upon them, indeed, care nothing for them, save to enjoy the feast prepared. Thus, hundreds of dollars which might feed and clothe the poor, are needlessly thrown away. And many a family of scanty means is burdened

with a debt for years by the expenses of such a funeral feast. Let persons of wealth and social standing set the example, and abolish this absurd custom, and others will profit by it.

Very unreasonable is the custom which invests funerals with uncalled for gloom. Whilst the colors of mourning apparel may be a matter of taste, they are also a serious item of expense to many people. The rule to wear black seems to be so firmly fixed that even the poorest persons feel bound to conform to it. The house of mourning must be darkened. All the shutters are bowed. The people can scarcely see to find a seat. I have often had to stand inside the door, as blind as a bat, waiting for my eyes just coming from the sunlight to adjust their powers to the darkness. The minister blunders through the reading of a Scripture passage for the consolation of the mourners, for want of light. Why must the cheering sunlight of heaven be shut out from a home of sorrow? It is hard enough that sorrow's night hangs over the soul, but why must we increase its gloom by producing an artificial night in the house?

Two kinds of preaching are trying to a pastor: When he is expected to edify prisoners in jail by preaching to the doors of their cells, and to the long, reverberating corridors; and when he preaches to the stairway and railings at funerals. In other words, the people whom he is to comfort and impress are out of sight. In the parlor—the best room in the house—a crowd of unrelated people are seated around the corpse. It may be the corpse of a child, a husband, a wife, a brother or a sister. During this most solemn service, held over and around the body of the dear departed, those of nearest kin are farthest removed from it. Sometimes my heart has been moved fully as much for the dead as for the living, when I saw the corpse of a dear one thus lying alone among strangers, while its fondest friends were removed to a cold distance. When the service is held in the church the mourners sit nearest the coffin. Why can they not do this when it is held at the house? If this were done the pastor would have the whole family in sight, instead of simply the stairway and

a few people standing around the doors. The service is chiefly intended for the bereaved mourners. Let them all be seated around the corpse, and give the pastor an opportunity to speak to and pray for *them* where they can hear him and where he can see them.

I used to feel very awkward when entering a Jewish synagogue or a Mohammedan mosque I would be commanded by an usher to put on my hat. For a man to enter their place of worship with uncovered head is by them deemed irreverent. Among Christians the opposite is the case. Do we not exhort our people, from boyhood up, that they must always take off their caps or hats in a place of worship, and during worship wherever offered? At funerals, however, all the male relatives of the deceased, however remotely related, are expected to keep their hats on during the whole service, whether at the house of mourning or at the church. In eastern countries people hire paid mourners to do their wailing for them, who scream hideously, tear their garments and strew ashes on their heads. There seems to be neither reason nor religion in their practice; but let me ask as tenderly as the case admits: Is there reason or Scriptural religion in the custom of men, at funerals or anywhere else, however related to the dead or to the living, keeping on their hats during prayer and praise? And especially in times of deep sorrow the soul ought to feel disposed to humble itself not only in spirit, but even in outward posture before God. Does the conduct of a man who keeps his hat on during prayer accord with such a feeling?

It is generally conceded by reliable theologians that the Bible teaches that kneeling and standing are the two only proper postures in prayer. Yet people usually present at a funeral, who would consider it wrong not to stand or kneel at times of ordinary worship, remain seated during the prayers at the funerals of their friends. Why? I do not know. But it seems to me to be a universal custom. Why is it proper and right to assume a posture in prayer, as a bereaved mourner, which would be improper at an ordinary act of worship on Sunday or week day?

Does the Bible exclude mourners from

the privileges of public worship? The touching of a corpse by a Jew rendered him ceremonially unclean, and for a season excluded him from certain privileges of worship. The Gospel knows of no such a rule. Yet almost universally the custom prevails, especially among ladies, that after the burial of a member of their family, it would be out of place for them to attend any religious meeting for a certain length of time. Thus, many godly people seek and find comfort in the worship of God's house, during the anxious period of suffering through which the departed have passed. At length, however, when the worst comes, and by death the dear one is removed out of their sight, leaving their hearts and home dreary and desolate, when they most need comfort, they are shut out from the sanctuary of God, by an unscriptural and unreasonable custom. Oh the cruel bondage of an ill-timed misguided public sentiment, which in this and other cases rules with the rod of a tyrant over the riven hearts of a bleeding humanity! Every right-thinking person ought not to stay away from public worship one day after the burial of a friend. Then, more than ever, does the stricken one need the Word of God, and the prayer of His house.

When Christ had been crucified, two honorable men, of good repute and godly character, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, carried him to his tomb. The disciples of John the Baptist, took up his body and buried it. And after the martyrdom of Stephen, "devout men carried him to his burial." The bearers of the remains of the sainted dead ought to be selected with care. In many cases, neighbors, be they good or godless, are selected. Twice I have seen one of the carriers so drunk that he staggered. One was so shaky in lowering the coffin, that I feared lest he might fall into the grave. One happened to be the funeral of a pious mother in Israel. The tipsy man was chosen solely on the ground of neighborly feeling. Don't let your dear friends be borne to the grave by wicked men, who in principle and practice revile the Saviour, who is our only comfort in life and death. People who were morally unfit to associate with them

while living, are unsuited to carry them when dead. Beautiful is the sight of pious sons, tenderly carrying the remains of their sainted parents to the quiet, silent tomb. And most becoming is it for disciples or learners to bear their teacher or pastor, and *devout* men to carry their fellow Christians to the grave.

The promiscuous exposure of the dead, save in exceptional cases, seems utterly out of place. To invite a crowd to defile past the open coffin in the churchyard or the cemeteries, violates a delicate sense of propriety. Usually not one half of the people care much for the living or dead. A vulgar, unsympathizing curiosity prompts them to scan the pallid face, the flowers, the shroud, and the coffin; which they will afterwards discuss in the most heartless fashion. If some of these dear departed ones could speak, who in their lifetime shrank from being stared at by such crowds, they would beg not to be made a show of in this public way.

—“Of all

The fools who flocked to see the show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.”

In some communities mourners make a public parade of their sorrow. Before the coffin is closed the family surround the corpse and in the presence of a gathered crowd, kiss the remains of the departed one, and pour out their agony in cries and tears. If the funeral services are held in church, after all others present have filed past the coffin before the altar, the family and friends come forward to take another public parting from the dust of their dear one. This public exhibition, and laying bare of bleeding hearts, is contrary to every better feeling of religious propriety. It tears open the wounds of bereavement afresh, and exposes them to the eyes of a curious crowd.

Right-feeling people prefer to do all this by themselves. Even from living friends we do not wish to part before a gaping crowd, but in the privacy of home. And from the remains of the departed we had better part before the people gather at the house of mourning. Solemnly and silently let the family surround the coffin, unembarrassed by

a multitude staring through doors and pressing around them, and with prayerful hearts take their leave from their dead, and thereafter no more parade their parting ceremonies.

“They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.”

Said a Christian lady, returning from a fashionable funeral recently, “Do not bury me under flowers when I die. It is a sin to make so much or such a costly show, when the Lord’s poor are pining in want. At least five hundred dollars’ worth of flowers were displayed.” A few marks of affection, tastefully chosen, and with moderation, are a comfort to the living and an honor to the memory of the dead, but to pile them up like so much hay shows a lack of Christian propriety and good taste. One of the wealthiest and most benevolent old ladies in our city, lately entered into rest. Her heart and hand were open to every good cause. Among the finely dressed mourners around her bier were poor widows in faded garments, who in groans and sobs mourned the loss of their best earthly friend. She was dressed in a neat, plain shroud, and a few nicely arranged wreaths lay on her slumbering form. She wished no money needlessly wasted at her funeral. “In the Lord’s name give it to the living poor.” Her pastor said, “if all her deeds of charity could be woven into a chaplet it would be one of exceeding beauty.”

Some people mourn from a sense of sincere sorrow, others from a sense of duty and propriety. The former elicit our condolence and sympathy, the latter our disgust. As a rule boisterous outbursts of grief indicate insincerity and affectation, and indeed often an utter want of piety. Very rarely do we find people of undoubted faith scream in hideous parade around the remains of their departed. An old neglected father died lately. He had been an honest, hard-working man. Often had I pitied him as he tottered along our streets, his old, worn-out body enfeebled by heavy burdens, borne to provide for and raise his children, who now, in his old age, cast him off. They treated him worse than a servant, so that their unfilial cruelty became a matter of notoriety in

the neighborhood. Yet, when the poor man died, money was lavished on his corpse for vain show, which was denied him when living. The children and grandchildren set up a fearful howling, and screamed, "O dear grandfather, must we give you up!"

This sort of mourning is a heathen custom transplanted to Christian soil. Miss West, in her very readable book, entitled, "The Romance of Missions," speaks of a funeral in Asia Minor in this wise:—

"The Armenian relatives, women who still adhered to old ideas and customs, gave way to distressing demonstrations of grief; wildly throwing themselves upon the corpse, shrieking, beating their breast, crying out for her to come back, uttering the most doleful lamentations; and it was noticeable that those were most profuse in their outcries, and display of grief, who had shown the least love and care for their relative when she was living! It was custom, as tyrannical as fashion in other lands, that compelled this outward exhibition of a sorrow which in many cases was very little felt.

A friend once dropped in unexpectedly upon a family where the mourning women, and especially the young wife of the deceased, had given way to the most extravagant expressions of grief, when the dead was carried forth, but a few hours before. To her surprise she found them all as merry as though nothing had happened, and the wife, happily relieved of her unloved and unmerciful tyrant, was at ease evidently enjoying her supper, and laughing with the rest. But on seeing the visitor she set up a most unearthly howling, and went into fearful paroxysms and contortions of her physical frame. Some of the younger widows make themselves almost bald at such times, tearing out their hair by handfuls and casting it from the upper windows into the streets below, when the bier is borne from the house. It is a costly, and often an unwilling sacrifice for the women of the east, whose hair is so great an ornament and glory. 'But we *must* do it! All the neighbors would talk about us and reproach us, if we did not show this honor to our dead,' said a woman with whom I once argued the foolishness of the practice."

Just as the people acted in the days of Jeremiah. "Neither shall men lament for them, nor cut themselves, nor make themselves bald for them. Neither shall men tear themselves for them in mourning to comfort them for the dead."

ROUGH ON LAWYERS. — "Lord Brougham defines a lawyer as a legal gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Some time ago, a worthy minister of our acquaintance, at the request of an intelligent member of his congregation, sent us a magazine containing a scientific article on "Prehistoric Races," and at the same time requested our opinion concerning the opinions advanced in it. We found that the author of the article utterly denied the unity of the human race, holding that the different races of men were as far apart as the various genera of animals, and insisting that they could never by any possibility have had a common origin. Indeed, he went so far as to assert that the Scriptures, properly understood, do not teach that all men are descended from a single primeval pair.

We have, unfortunately, not preserved a copy of our reply; but as the subject is at present attracting considerable attention we have determined to reconstruct it as nearly as possible from some notes which have remained in our possession. This explanation will account for any variations that may be observed when the following letter is read in print by its original recipient.

My Dear Brother:—I have read with great pleasure the article you have sent me, entitled "Prehistoric Races of Men." It is able and interesting, and as such, worthy of respect. At your request, I venture to make some remarks on the general subject of which it treats, though the field is so extensive that it is impossible to consider it fully within the limits of a single letter.

The author of this article holds that mankind springs from a number of different centers, and that the principal races were probably separately created, or evolved, in the countries which they severally inhabit. It is what is sometimes called the autochthonic theory. Though first advanced by La Peyrere, in 1655, it generally, in this country, shelters itself behind the great name of Agassiz.

At first sight this theory appears reasonable; and, if we could accept it, there would be an end to many of the difficulties that now perplex us. When we, for instance, compare the peculiari-

ties of the white man and the negro, it seems impossible to believe that they had a common origin. For all that, the majority of scientific authorities have come to believe that the theory of a separate origin is untenable. M. Quatrefages, of Paris, has recently published a book which is said to demolish it completely. Dr. Tylor, the most recent English authority, says, in his "Anthropology:" "We may accept the theory of the unity of mankind as best agreeing with ordinary experience and scientific research."

The author of the article in question advances a specious argument in favor of his theory, based on a peculiar interpretation of the first chapters of the book of Genesis. He claims, as has often been done before, that God created men, "male and female" in many places, besides Eden; and that we have, in the Bible, an account of the progenitors of the so-called Semitic race alone. In his Scriptural argument he fails, however, to take note of such passages as 1 Cor. 15, 22: "As in Adam all die so in Christ shall all be made alive." If Adam was not the generic head of the human race, I cannot see how his fall could have been universal in its effects, and how Christ could have accomplished a universal deliverance. Besides this did not St. Paul announce to the intelligent Athenians, as one of the most important portions of his message, that God "hath made of one blood all the nations of men?" Acts 17: 26. Until my difficulties with reference to the interpretation of these passages, and others like them, have been removed, I am debarred from accepting any Scriptural theory which involves a multiplicity of the *foci* of creation.

There is another statement in the article you have sent me, which I must respectfully beg leave to call in question. The author says, with reference to the Caucasian and Negro races, "Both are separate and distinct creations, and as such the relation between the white man and the negro is not closer than that between the horse and the ass, or the eagle and the owl." Now, if there is anything which seems to be established it is the "immutability of the genus." It is a law of nature that the genera are to remain intact. A

few genera, such as the horse and the ass, may produce hybrids (mules), but they cannot perpetuate their species. And who ever heard of a cross between the eagle and the owl? If the Caucasian and the negro are no more closely allied than animals such as these, how is it that the law of immutability does not apply to them? How is it that there seems to be no limit to the intermarriage of the races of men; and that the mixed races appear, if anything, to increase more rapidly than their progenitors? The writer of your article rather coarsely asserts that "the negro is more closely allied to the chimpanzee than he is to the white man;" but, if this were true, we might surely expect to find, in certain countries, a hybrid race—half negro, half chimpanzee, more numerous than mulattos.

There are, I confess, great differences between the various types of mankind, and I do not pretend to explain their origin. It is, however, unsatisfactory to refer them to three, or any other number of centers of creation. When we went to school we were taught to believe in Blumenbach's five races, but many men of science now recognize all the way from two to upward of sixty. These races shade off almost imperceptibly into each other, so that it is almost impossible to discover any scientific principle of division. Even now there are at least four races of so-called negroes on the continent of Africa, which, it is said, have hardly a peculiarity in common, except color, and even the latter is not invariable in intensity.

The negro of the present day sometimes gives birth to the perfectly white albino. Is it then, so utterly incredible that primeval man should have been so constituted as to evolve a number of types, which by a process of marital selection, and under various climatic and geographical conditions, became settled and permanent? We cannot, as yet, speak with certainty on this subject. It cannot be made out how far the peculiarities of single ancestors were inherited and intensified by in-breeding, how far, in certain migrating tribes, those who were least suited to their dwelling died out, while those who survived underwent physical alteration through the change of climate, food and

habits, until a new race was produced that was fitted for the region in which it dwelt. With reference to these things we can only suggest possibilities, but the subject is one which is now receiving considerable attention.

Besides all this there are many facts, neither of which is conclusive in itself but all of which tends to indicate the original unity of the human race. Take, for instance, the archæological argument. In almost every country stone weapons and implements have been found, which far antedate our present civilization. These are everywhere made in almost precisely the same pattern. I have before me two stone axes (generally called *celts*), one of which was taken from a bog in Ireland and the other from a mound in Ohio. They are so nearly alike that it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other. Stone arrow-heads of the common leaf-shaped pattern are found in China and Australia, as well as in America. All this, it may be argued, merely shows that men in similar circumstances do their work in the same way, but taken in conjunction with other facts, it certainly points to the original unity of the human race.

Philology has recently made wonderful advances. There are about one thousand distinct languages in the world, without counting dialects. These, it is found, did not spring up separately, but belong to various groups, which are severally derived from one ancestral tongue. Thus, for instance, Italian, French, Spanish, and the other so-called Romanic languages are all descended from Latin. Now, on examining the ancient languages it is found that they too belong to several groups, of which the most important are the Aryan and the Semitic, and it is possible to determine with great accuracy the character of the languages from which they are severally descended, so that the field of research is reduced to a very narrow compass. Thus far philologists have not succeeded in proving the original identity of human speech, but Prof. Max Muller, a great authority on these subjects, says: "It is possible even now to point out radicals, which, under various changes and disguises, have been current in these branches ever

since the first separation." *Science of Language*, 1, p. 340. Does not this point to the original unity of the human race?

If time allowed I would be glad to direct your attention to the arguments derived from history and tradition. The legends concerning the Creation, the Garden of Eden, the Fall of Man, and the Deluge, which are found among so many nations, cannot be entirely ignored. Historians, too, are carefully tracing the migration of nations, and everything points to their common origin in the highlands of Central Asia—an origin which fully corresponds with the Scriptural record. This fact is fully recognized by the most eminent historians. "The Book of the Generations of the Sons of Noah," (contained in the tenth chapter of Genesis) says Prof. Rawlinson, "is the most authentic record we possess for the affiliation of nations." In the same connection, he says: "Of course, if we are at liberty to regard the compiler of the Book of Genesis as 'mistaken' whenever his statements conflict with our theories, we may speculate upon ancient history and ethnography much at our pleasure." *Ancient Monarchies*, 1, 50.

By these and other considerations, I am led to believe in the unity of the human race. I regret that I have not had leisure to consider at length the various subjects I have indicated; but trust that I have said enough to show that while fully appreciating the ability of the article you have sent me, I must decline to accept all its conclusions.

When one strives to be funny he succeeds little better than an elephant who hopes to be graceful, but when one's tongue is so made that wit is the result of its normal activity then one may even be funny in a prayer and at the same time deeply reverent. When Father Alvord was invited to ask a blessing at a public banquet he bowed his head and said, "O Lord! Adam sinned by eating and Noah by drinking. Keep us from the wickedness of the one and the folly of the other. Amen."

10 VICTIS.

I sing the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell
in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who
died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom
the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows
wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the
weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a
silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches,
whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had
grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them,
unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure,
and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,
its pæan for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant,
and high to the breeze and the sun,
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and
hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—
I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen,
and wounded, and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their
pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper,
“They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have van-
quished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by
the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, re-
sist, fight—if need be, to die.”

Speak, History! who are life's victors? Unroll
thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the vic-
tors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who
fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or
Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE LORD'S JEWELS

BY REV. WM. C. SCHAEFFER.

It is interesting to trace the names which the Bible uses to designate the children of God. They are quite numerous, and there is always much meaning in them. This is, indeed, true of names and words generally, so that the study of words is one of the most profita-

ble that can be pursued. But if this is true of common words and names, how much more must it not be true of those names which the Bible uses to designate the character and position of the child of God? They are like so many different pictures of the dignity and worth of the Christian's life, drawn by the pencil of inspiration from as many different points of view.

And what are these names? Here are a few. The Bible calls the children of God “a peculiar treasure,” “His chosen ones,” “My people,” “My chosen,” “the elect, whom He hath chosen,” “His beloved's,” “the dearly-beloved of My soul,” “My heritage,” “the salt of the earth,” “the light of the world,” “a light in the Lord,” “believers,” “brethren,” “saints,” “the sons of God,” “heirs of God,” and “joint-heirs with Christ.” These and many others which might be added, contain much food for reflection. Together they form, as it were, a kaleidoscope, which at every turn presents the character of the child of God under some new aspect of its preciousness, dignity and worth. It is as if the Spirit of inspiration had been unable to find any single term broad and full enough to express all that was in His mind in regard to the exalted character of the believer's life, and so had been compelled to resort to the use of different metaphors and names in order to give expression to all that is implied in being a child of God.

But there is another name which the Bible uses in referring to God's children, which, according to our thinking brings out the beauty, the preciousness, the safety and dignity of their life, far more vividly than any of those mentioned above. That is the name used in the prophet Malachi, chap. iii. 17. “And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.” There is a great deal in that verse, but we now wish only to speak of the name which is here given to the children of God. They are called *His jewels*. What are the lessons which we may learn from this name?

1. It teaches the lesson of the *preciousness* of God's children. It brings out a peculiarity in the relation between God

and His children. Not only are they His, they are His peculiar treasure. We know from experience that it is possible to make a distinction between our possessions. And it seems from this that God has also done so. The heavens and the earth are His, with all that is therein. Among all the treasures He has marked as His jewels, not the gates of pearl, which we are told are in the heavenly city, nor its jasper walls, nor its streets of gold, but those who love and fear Him as His children. These are the precious jewels, which are set as gems in His crown.

Jewels are the most precious earthly possessions of which we know. There are precious stones which are worth many thousands of dollars each. Thus the great Orloff diamond in the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia was sold for \$435,000. And the Regent or Pitt diamond, which was once in the hilt of the sword of state worn by Napoleon I. was bought for more than half a million dollars, and is estimated to be worth at least twice that much. No figure could, therefore, possibly be used, which would better bring out this idea of the preciousness of God's children.

Of earthly jewels we may determine their preciousness by the price which has been paid for them. The price shows the value at which they are held. Similarly may we judge of the value of these jewels of God, by the price which He has paid for them. And what was that price? It was neither silver, nor gold, nor precious stones. It was a price infinitely greater than all the gold, silver and precious stones in the world put together. He gave His only Son. In order to buy back these jewels, His Son left His throne on high, came down to the lowest depths of our degradation and fall, and endured the pains of death and hell. Would ever earthly monarch have done the same for any of his jewels? Suppose the Emperor of Russia should lose that diamond from his sceptre, do you think he would be willing to leave his throne, to come down to the lowest level of his subjects, endure the pains of the knout and the toils of the Siberian mines, yea, and give his life to recover that jewel? Far from it. He would sooner far lose ten thousand other jewels like it. But the Son of God did as much, and infi-

nitely more, in order to recover the jewels which He had lost.

Think of these things, and then think how precious in God's sight are those that love and fear Him. The most precious of earthly possessions can only give us a figure whereby to illustrate that preciousness. Well may we say of all His children :

“ Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.”

2. It teaches the *beauty* of the life of God's children. Not only are jewels the most precious of earthly possessions, they are also among the beautiful ornaments of which we know. When a king or queen goes out on an occasion of state, he or she may be arrayed in all the most beautiful and gorgeous fabrics which the skill of the world can produce, yet if the gems, and the diamonds are forgotten, the state dress is incomplete. The highest effect of brilliancy and beauty is wanting. So also in another sense with regard to the Lord's jewels. All things of beauty in His whole natural universe might be gathered together, and yet if His children were not there the crown of all would be wanting,

But wherein consists the beauty of these jewels? The beauty of a diamond consists in its brilliancy. It reflects the rays of light from each of its many sides with almost absolute perfection. Hence as it is turned from side to side it glitters like a little sun or star. And so also is it with God's children. Their life is beautiful, because from every side or aspect it reflects the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Like the diamond, their light admits of perfect polish. It may take hard rubbing, much and patient toil; but every friction helps to increase the brightness. And when the cutting and the forming of their character is complete, they will be an image of Christ, and will reflect His light as perfectly as the diamond does that of the sun. And hence also when the great assembly shall have been gathered above, they will shine like stars forever and ever.

3. It teaches also the *safety* in which God's children live. This thought comes out especially in that verse which we above quoted from Malachi. “ And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of

hosts in that day when I make up my jewels; *and I will spare them, as a man spareth his son that serveth him.*' And why should not God spare His own children—His jewels? Men guard their treasures with all the vigilance and care possible, and certainly God will do no less. And if He guards His jewels with all possible vigilance, then certainly no harm can come nigh them, for He watches with infinite care. This same truth we are, indeed, taught elsewhere, as when we are assured that without the will of our heavenly Father not a hair can fall from our head; but it will, I think, help us to realize that promise more, if we remember that we are not only His, but His peculiar treasure. His children are dear to Him above all else, and hence also His care is over them above all else.

If any one fails to see a reference to the judgment day in that verse, which we just quoted, he need only read on a few verses further: "Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not. For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, all that do wickedly shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

The day on which the Lord will make up His jewels, will be the day of judgment—the day on which the earth and the heavens shall be burned up, and in which the wicked shall be as stubble; yet on that day shall God's own children be safe. They will be like gold seven times tried in the fire. All dross and impurity will be gone, and they will be safe. And if on that dreadful day, then surely on every other will God keep safe all His jewels. How safe, then, to know that we are God's jewels!

4. It teaches next the *glory* which awaits God's children. At one place in Scripture that glory is spoken of under the figure of a crown of righteousness, at another as a crown of life, and at still another as a crown of glory. Those who are already there are de-

scribed as seated at the marriage supper of the Lamb, as clothed in garments of white, as having harps in their hands, and as joining the heavenly choirs in singing hallelujahs to the Lamb. And no doubt there is unspeakable blessedness implied in each of these representations. But what are crowns, or golden harps, or marriage suppers, or heavenly anthems even, compared with the unspeakable distinction of being the jewels of the Almighty? No other figure could give us such an idea of the dignity and glory to which God's children are exalted.

The story is related of Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, that once when a companion lady had shown her all her most beautiful ornaments, and had asked to see hers in return, she detained the lady in conversation until her two boys came from school, when pointing to them, she exclaimed, "These are my ornaments!" Never did fond mother confer a distinction on her children greater than this. And similarly may we say with regard to our heavenly Father. For Him at the last great day, when all the universe shall be assembled before Him, and in the presence of all the riches and glories of heaven, to seat on His right hand His redeemed, and to exalt them above all His other creatures as His jewels, will be to confer a distinction upon them which we can scarcely conceive.

5. And it teaches yet this other lesson, *the earnestness with which we ought to labor to recover the jewels which are still lost.* As Christians we are not only among those who are destined to be among God's jewels, we are also His children, and so should feel the liveliest interest in all His jewels. Suppose your father should happen to own that large diamond which is now in the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia, and suppose he should have the misfortune to lose it, would you not be willing to join him in the search, and moreover devote to it all your energies? You would no doubt be willing to spend night and day, and to leave friends and pleasures all behind, if you saw only the remotest chance of recovering the gem. Well, your heavenly Father has many jewels, infinitely more precious than that, and many of these jewels are now lost. He asks you

to help Him find them. And there is not only a remote chance, there is a certainty that, if you are faithful to your Sunday-school and church, you will be able not only to recover one but many of those jewels. Is it not an infinite shame that many, who profess to be God's children, yet love their own ease and pleasure so much that they are unwilling to lend a helping hand in rescuing these jewels of the Lord?

Let every Sunday-school teacher, and every elder and deacon and member of the church think of this when the next temptation comes around to stay away from the post of duty! Let them remember that by neglecting the duty before them, they not only may allow some of these jewels to remain lost, but that they are also endangering another jewel in themselves!

WASHINGTON RELICS.

BY THE EDITOR.

A good old lady once showed us a ring, containing a lock of hair from the head of General George Washington. It had been given to her mother by the great and good man himself; and was, of course, highly valued by its possessor. Yet we could not help thinking, how easy it would be to substitute another lock of hair for the one enclosed in the ring; and how could one tell the difference? We have seen Luther's wedding-ring, Franklin's cane, and Napoleon's boots; but all such relics are necessarily liable to suspicion. Other old rings, canes, and boots might be put in their place, and there would be no way of detecting the imposition.

The only class of relics of whose genuineness we may feel assured consists of manuscripts, bearing the signatures of the writers. The autographs of celebrated men, from the time of St. Bernard down to the present day, are as well known as they were during the lifetime of the writers; and any attempt to palm off as *their* writing that which is not, can be as speedily and as certainly detected by the experienced antiquarian, as in the counterfeit note or forged check by the "expert" bank teller.

In these days of centennial celebra-

tions every relic of "the father of his country" is possessed of special interest. It has, therefore, occurred to us to give our readers some account of several manuscript relics of Washington which are at present in our possession. Though not of any special historical value, they may furnish pleasant reading, in connection with the anniversary of the great man's birth-day; and as the letters have, we believe, never been published, it may be well that their contents should in this way be preserved.

Here, first of all, is a large document bearing the seal of the United States, dated Feb. 24th, 1796, and signed by George Washington, as President, and Timothy Pickering, as Secretary of State. It is what is known as a "ship paper," and grants permission to Capt. Elkanah Tallman to set sail to foreign lands with a cargo of flour, soap, and candles. This permission is communicated in three languages, and the whole document has an appearance of dignity and solemnity which is hardly commensurate with its importance. It was given to us many years ago by Mrs. L. A. Greene, of New Bedford.

Here are two scraps which, as we received them from one person, may as well rest side by side. One of them is a receipt, in Washington's handwriting, in which William Skillman acknowledges having received from George Washington six shillings and fourpence "as a part of his wages." The other is an old-fashioned bank-check, of which the following is a copy:

To the Bank of Alexandria.

No. 34 - - - Alexandria, 18th February 1793,
Pay to Mrs. Ann Gray or bearer, One Hundred and fifty eight Dollars and eighty two Cents.

Go. Washington

≡158 ⁸²/₁₀₀ Dollars.

We do not know who Mrs. Ann Gray was, but think it likely that she was the house-keeper at Mount Vernon. Both of these papers were given us by an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, who received them from a member of the Washington family.

The following letter has considerable historical interest. It was found among the papers of Governor Greene, by Mrs. E. H. Allen, of Providence, from whom

we received it more than twenty years ago:

HEAD QUARTERS, NEW WINDSOR,
January 28th, 1781.

SIR—

In the letter which I did myself the honor of writing to your Excellency, the 22d instant, I informed you of the revolt of the Jersey Troops, and of the measures I intended to pursue in consequence. I have now the pleasure to inform you, that Major General Howe with the Detachment under his command surrounded the Mutineers in their quarters on the morning of the 27th, brought them without difficulty to an unconditional surrender, and had two of the most active Instigators immediately tried and executed. It was judged unnecessary to extend the example further, as there was every appearance of genuine contrition.

I hope this will completely extinguish the spirit of mutiny, if effectual measures are taken to prevent its revival, by rendering the situation of the soldiery more tolerable than it has heretofore been. Without this it may be smothered for a while, but it must again break out with greater violence. It is not to be expected that an army can be permanently held together by those ties on which we have too long depended.

I cannot omit doing justice to the Detachment which was sent on this service. There was in its behaviour every Mark of fidelity, obedience, disapprobation of the conduct of the Mutineers, and a conviction of the necessity of bringing them to submission and punishment. They made a long march over mountainous roads, and thro' a deep snow with the greatest patience, and obeyed every order with alacrity. I have the honor to be with great regard and esteem,

Your Excellency's
Most obedient hble. servant

GOV. GREENE— GO. WASHINGTON.

With reference to the incidents to which the above letter refers, Lossing says, "First Century," p. 329: "These events had a salutary effect. They aroused Congress and the people to the necessity of more efficient measures for the support of the army."

In addition to the above manuscripts we have several minor relics of Washington, of a somewhat different character, which we may perhaps describe on a future occasion.

We conclude with an interesting letter, which is now in the possession of our friend Mr. D. M. N. Stauffer, of Philadelphia. It was addressed by Washington to his secretary, Mr. Tobias Lear, on the eve of starting for Philadelphia to enter upon his first presi-

dential term. The evident haste with which it was written may account for several grammatical errors, to which it is not necessary to direct the attention of our readers:

MOUNT VERNON. Nov. 22. 1790.

Dear Sir,

The day is come, and the hour at hand, or very nearly, when our Journey will commence for Philadelphia.

From the Stage driver's acct. the Roads in places, especially between Georgetown and Baltimore, are almost impassable. This circumstance, and the desire of not injuring my horses, will make my movements very slow, and they may be precarious. —* is very unwell, and my bungling smith has lamed one of the Horses that draw the waggon in shoeing him.

I think Mr. Page has judged very wisely in not sending his new Coach for me. I thank him for offering to send it to meet me at Chester, but as it is my wish to enter the City without any Parade, tell him, the old Coach will answer all the purposes of the New one.

Austin and Hercules goes on in this day's Stage, and will, unquestionably, arrive several days before us. Richmond and Christopher embarked yesterday by water, the latter not from his appearance or merits, I fear; but because he was the son of Hercules, and his desire to have him as an assistant. Comes as a scullion for the kitchen.

Your mare shall receive the same usage, care, and attention that my brood mares do—and you are very welcome to the jack. She may remain yours, or be mine at your own price, as is most agreeable to yourself.

I fear from the acct. you have transmitted of the Buildings and House I am to occupy, that I shall be exceedingly incommoded. I shall have twelve horses with me—if nothing therefore is done to the stables, Hiltzheimer's † must be engaged for such as cannot stand in my own. I have only time to add our best wishes, and that I am

Yours affect

G. WASHINGTON.

Self-denial leads to the most exalted pleasures, and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph. 'Tis much better to be thought a fool than to be a knave. Civil, obliging words cost but little and do a great deal of good. He who will hear no counsel cannot be helped.

* This name is illegible. It is probably that of one of the servants.

† Jacob Hiltzheimer kept a livery stable on Sixth street, between Market and Arch, Philadelphia. At one time he lived in the Graeff house, on Market street, in which the Declaration of Independence was written.

THE SABBATH—A BULWARK OF FREE INSTITUTIONS.

BY REV. CYRUS CORT.

Free institutions are such as promote and secure self-government among the people. Man is free only as he cultivates the power of rational choice, as he regulates his will by the will or law of the great Creator in whose image and for whose glory he was created. Only vulgar and immoral people imagine that liberty consists in doing as they please, regardless of the claims of law or the rights of their fellow-men. This is to confound liberty with license or the unregulated and unrestrained indulgence of natural appetites.

The planet can only be said to be free as it moves in its orbit in obedience to the law of gravitation, the fish is free as it moves in the water, and the bird is free as it cleaves the air. Each and every creature rushes to bondage and ruin just to the extent that it departs from the sphere or element for which it was originally created. But freedom in the proper sense can only be rightly predicated by self-conscious personality. Man is a person. *Reason, will and conscience* are elements of personality. Only as man uses these God-given faculties in harmony with the law of God, does he realize the true idea of freedom. Intelligence, morality and religion are essential factors of human nature, and without these in healthful operation, there can be no true freedom, either for individuals or nations. Whatever tends to bring the life and conduct of men into harmony with the law of God, must be regarded as beneficial to the cause of human freedom. As the Sabbath is both a civil and religious institution, based upon the explicit appointment of the Almighty, its observance must of necessity promote the liberty and happiness of mankind. In the very nature of things the Sabbath must be a bulwark of free institutions. It is based upon the law of God, founded upon the eternal fitness of things, and as a necessary consequence, must conduce to the liberty and prosperity of individuals and nations.

So much we must admit as a conclusion of reason, drawn from fundamental

principles and premises. But the history of the human race bears ample testimony to the fact that the cause of human freedom has been promoted and secured by the proper observance of the Lord's day. Free institutions depend for their vitality upon the virtue and intelligence of the people.

An ignorant and immoral community can neither establish nor preserve free institutions. Whatever promotes virtue and knowledge of the right kind must be regarded as a handmaid of liberty and a bulwark of free institutions.

This the Christian Sabbath does in a pre-eminent degree. It cultivates those activities and dispositions of mind and heart which form the very life-blood of Republics. Not all kinds of knowledge contribute necessarily to the growth and stability of free institutions. Knowledge may be a powerful evil as well as a powerful good. The golden age of Roman art and literature was in the reign of Augustus Cæsar when the foundations of the Republic were being destroyed. Science, art and classic learning have often served as instruments or gilded ornaments of tyranny and despotism. Genius has often allowed itself to be tied to the chariot-wheels of the oppressors of mankind.

But the knowledge of God's word, which the observance of the Sabbath invariably promotes, is a knowledge that tends to true freedom, both of body and soul. The Bible exalts our conceptions of the dignity and sanctity of human nature, even in its weakest forms.

It sets forth the universal Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. It humbles the lofty and exalts them of low degree. It places rich and poor on a common platform, and admonishes them that the Lord is the Maker and Judge of them all. It teaches us to love God and keep His commandments, to love our neighbour as we love ourselves, and to do good unto all men as we have opportunity. While it requires us to submit to "the powers that be," to obey civil rules in the lawful exercise of their official functions, it also insists that in matters of conscience "we ought to obey God rather than men."

The Bible teaches self-denial, chastity, honesty, industry, frugality, charity and

universal philanthropy, the very kind of knowledge and conduct that serves to build up generous-hearted and courageous freemen.

“What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound, * *

Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No:—men, high-minded men, * *

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.”

Because the Sabbath promotes the constant and systematic study of the Bible, which sets forth our duties to God and our fellow-men, do we regard it as a bulwark of free institutions. No Bible-reading or Sabbath-keeping community has ever been, or can ever be, permanently enslaved. The Sabbath is the poor man's friend. It shields him from the oppressions of the rich and tyrannical. It promotes meditation, self-recollection, and all the graces that exalt and adorn human nature. Constitutional liberty has always found a welcome home in the hearts of the people who remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy, as a season for secular rest and religious worship.

Protestant nations and communities have always shown more regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath than Romanists, and hence have enjoyed in a corresponding degree the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

Protestant Great Britain with the forms of monarchy enjoys far greater freedom than the so-called Republics of South America, which are largely under papal influence, and make little account of the Sabbath. Scotland and the north of Ireland, where the Sabbath is hallowed by Protestant communities, are far in advance of the adjacent counties of Ireland, where Romanism prevails. This is the case not only in matters of religion, but in point of intelligence, morality, enterprise, and every element of substantial prosperity. The Protestant Cantons of Switzerland show a similar contrast with the neighboring Cantons, who are still under the papal yoke, and where greater Sabbath desecration prevails.

There is no proper security for life or property in any community where the

Lord's day is habitually profaned. When men recklessly trample under foot the civil and religious enactments which hedge about the Christian Sunday, they will not scruple to violate any law, human or divine. It takes ten times more soldiers and police officers to keep the peace in southern Ireland than in northern Ireland and Scotland. Where the Sabbath is profaned the people will not be a law unto themselves. Large military establishments must be maintained and a standing army is always injurious to the cause of civil and religious liberty.

The Puritans of New England, the Presbyterians from Scotland, the Reformed Christians from Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France, who fled from oppression in the old world and laid the foundations of this great Republic, were God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping people.

If we are to preserve and perpetuate the heritage of liberty, which our sires bequeathed us, we must imitate their virtues. Especially must we keep the Sabbaths and reverence the sanctuary of the Lord our God. “Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord.” “They that honor Me I will honor.” “The heathen shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God.” “If ye continue in My words then are ye My disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.” The greatest blessings are liable to the greatest abuse. This fact makes it specially incumbent upon Christians to hallow the Sabbath day and guard against its profanation. Properly kept, the Sabbath is a joy and a benediction, yea, a bulwark of free institutions. But when it is profaned it becomes the prolific source of intemperance, debauchery, immorality, and every vice in its worst forms.

Communities that desecrate the Sabbath cannot stop with the mere negative disregard of God's holy law; they rush to the lowest depths of human depravity and degrade body and soul in the service of the devil. New Orleans refuses to keep holy the Sabbath. As a consequence, it reaps a carnival of crime on the Lord's day. Gambling, horse-racing, drunkenness and lawlessness prevail on every side.

As patriotic citizens, no less than as faithful Christians, does it behoove us to sanctify the Lord's day. The Sunday-school is an important and essential factor in bringing about this blessed result. "Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Teach the children to reverence the name of God, the house of God, the word of God, and the day of God. Thus will you foster the principles of truth and righteousness which exalt a nation, and thus shall you ward off the sins that are the reproach and ruin of all people that forsake the law of the Lord God.

While we lay special stress on moral suasion, and insist that in our preaching, teaching and writing, we must vindicate the claims of the Lord's day against all infidel and communistic assaults, we think that the Christian and patriotic people of this commonwealth should enforce the penalty of the civil law against all Sabbath-breakers as well as against other kinds of evil doers.

Laws are educational. People are apt to form their ideas of morality from the character of the laws which they are required to obey. A law which is not enforced is worse than no law at all. It becomes a snare to the conscience, and leads to demoralization in other respects.

Our civil laws for the protection of the Christian Sabbath are, as we have seen, founded upon the fitness of things, and help to promote the best interests of the human race. As American citizens, and as fellow citizens with the saints, we should see to it that all Sabbath-breakers shall be called to account for wilful violations of the law of the land. If constables, marshals, justices, mayors and judges fail to execute the law, they violate their official oaths and should not receive the support and suffrages of Christian freemen, who love liberty and law more than they love party or politicians. The attention of grand juries should be called to neglect of duty by constables, etc., who refuse to interfere with flagrant Sabbath-breakers.

A few earnest and upright men in each community "with malice toward none and charity for all" might secure the Sabbath against all public and fla-

grant desecration. The better sentiments even of worldlings would back them up in all reasonable efforts to protect the Lord's day against evil-doers who glory in their shame. If necessary, a Sabbath League might be organized, as was done in New York City some years ago with the most flattering results. Sunday pic-nics, parades, dances and theatrical displays could thus be prevented, and much be done to make the Sabbath a delight and honorable, both as a civil and religious institution.

THE NINE WORTHIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A YOUNG friend recently inquired, "Who were the Nine Worthies?" He had laboriously committed to memory the Seven Wonders of the World and the Seven Wise Men of Greece, and now he wished to know the names of the Worthies who are so frequently mentioned in our early literature.

At first the question appeared, as one of our old preceptors used to say, "more curious than wise;" but we have concluded to answer it for the benefit of the inquirer and of our readers. It must, however, be remembered that the series is purely arbitrary, and dates from an uncritical age. On great occasions, during the Middle Ages, nine knights dressed in ancient costume sometimes appeared as a part of the pageant, and each one told the rate of his prowess in the character of one of the nine worthies. It was, however, but natural that every country should claim the privilege of thus commemorating its national hero, and thus, though the number was sacredly preserved, the names of the worthies were made to vary. In this respect even our early writers were not agreed, and Shakespeare differs from his cotemporaries by including Hercules and Pompey the Great among the number. In every instance the list includes some characters which belong rather to poetry and romance than to sober history.

According to the enumeration most generally accepted, the nine worthies included in their number, three Gentiles, three Jews, and three Christians.

THREE GENTILES.

1. *Hector, son of Priam.* Homer represents Hector as the noblest of the chiefs who fought against the Greeks during the Trojan war, and one of the finest passages in the Iliad is his farewell to his wife and child before going into battle. Hector was slain by Achilles, and with his death the fall of Troy became inevitable. He had a presentiment of the fate of his country, but persevered in his resistance, preferring death to slavery.

2. *Alexander the Great.* The reign of Alexander is one of the great turning-points in the history of the world. He is not only recognized as one of the greatest conquerors, but he also extended the Greek language over the orient, and thus unconsciously prepared the way for preaching the Gospel. Though gifted with extraordinary military genius he never learned that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." *Proverbs* 16: 32. His death, which occurred B. C. 323, is believed to have been principally caused by dissipation.

3. *Julius Cæsar.* Shakspeare calls Cæsar "the foremost man of all this world." If great men must be measured by genius and worldly success, we know of no one whose claim to the highest place in history would be more generally acknowledged. His conquests were astonishing, and, whatever may be thought of the means by which he gained his high position, his abilities as a statesman were unrivalled. Yet his career was brought to an end by assassination, (B. C. 44), and, immediately, there was 'none so poor to do him reverence.' Who cares for Julius Cæsar now? The simple preaching of Paul in the city of Rome meant more than all his conquests. His name is remembered, but without affection, while the memory of such a humble individual as Robert Raikes, who did so simple a thing as to open a Sunday-school, grows brighter and clearer as time advances. The world is gradually learning to know that there have been greater men than Julius Cæsar.

THREE JEWS.

4. *Joshua, Conqueror of Canaan.* Joshua was the greatest military leader

in the earliest history of Israel, and his achievements were of the highest order. The nations whom he dispossessed were not, as is often supposed, mere nomadic tribes, but, among others, the Canaanites, or Phœnicians, who were one of the most intelligent nations of antiquity. According to Dr. Smith, "Joshua was a devout warrior, blameless and fearless, who had been taught by serving as a youth how to command as a man; who earned by manly vigor a quiet, honored old age; who combined strength with gentleness, ever looking up for and obeying the divine impulse with the simplicity of a child, while he wielded great power, and directed it calmly and without swerving, to the accomplishment of a high unselfish purpose."

5. *David, King of Israel.* It was for his military prowess that David was deemed worthy of being enrolled among the Nine Worthies, and he was certainly a very great warrior. Though the reign of his son Solomon was in some respects more brilliant, it was David who really established the empire, which, during its brief history, ranked among the great monarchies of the world. He was a man of strong passions, who lived in a barbarous age; but at the same time he possessed spiritual aspirations far in advance of those of his age and nation. It was his heartfelt repentance for sin that rendered him "a man after God's own heart."

"As long as Heaven and earth endure,
His name and fame shall rest secure."

6. *Judas Maccabeus.* This prince was the most distinguished of a family of priestly warriors, who, in the second century before Christ, succeeded in delivering their country from the tyranny of Antiochus Epiphanes. An account of his career may be found in the Apocrypha and in the works of Josephus. The later Jews regarded his achievements with great pride, and his name very properly concludes the list of their great military leaders.

THREE CHRISTIANS.

7. *Arthur, King of Britain.* It is difficult to say whether Arthur was a historical character, or a mere creature of the imagination. According to the

generally received account he reigned in Britain, about the time of the Saxon invasion, in the sixth century of our era. He lived in great splendor at Cærlleon, in Wales, and was regarded as "the mirror of knightly courtesy." "From his court, knights went forth to all countries to protect women, chastise oppressors, liberate the oppressed, enchain giants and malicious dwarfs, and engage in other chivalrous adventures." If Arthur ever existed, his career has been so overlaid with fables that it is impossible to distinguish truth from falsehood. These romantic stories have, however, much poetic beauty, and Tennyson has greatly elaborated them in his "Idyls of the King."

8. *Charlemagne*. The fact that the darkest period in European history ended when Charlemagne, in A.D. 800, restored the Western Roman Empire, would of itself give him an exalted position. Though himself comparatively rude and unpolished, he appreciated the value of learning, and did much for its advancement. As a warrior he had no equal during the Middle Ages, and in his own rough way he labored for the advancement of the Christian religion. Surely, Charlemagne deserves a place among the Worthies.

9. *Godfrey, of Bouillon*. As Godfrey was the leader of the first and only successful crusade, it was but natural that his cotemporaries should regard him as the greatest man in the world. At present there are many persons who regard these struggles for the recovery of the Holy Land from the hands of the Saracens, as mere outbursts of wild enthusiasm, which have left no permanent effects. It must, however, not be forgotten that the crusades first stemmed the tide of Mohammedan conquest, and that it is to them that we owe many of the blessings which we now enjoy. Godfrey was chosen the first Christian king of Jerusalem, A.D. 1099, but he refused to accept a crown, saying, "I will not wear a golden crown where my Saviour wore a crown of thorns." He reigned but a single year, dying in the Holy City.

"His sword in rust,
His bones are dust,
His soul is with the saints we trust."

We have tried to answer our friends' question concerning the Nine Worthies. A curious series, is it not? The names are chosen from history—sacred and profane—poetry, and romance; but all of them appear to have been selected for their zeal or supposed military achievements. There are, however, some names which in Heaven are greater than these, for it is of them that the Saviour says: "They have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

THE FATE OF LEADERS.

Those who try to go ahead of their age generally end in being the tail. Too richly freighted, too deeply laden for the depth, they sink before they reach the ocean, and what wealth, what sumless argosies are scattered to the plunder of the little unregarded privateers that float behind. What a futurity in the wreck of that overfreighted venture of uncalculating genius. How often does such ill-fated power rush madly through the universe—a comet, a meteor, dazzling, amazing, confounding, and then, shocked against some steadfast world, it breaks and scatters, starring space with fragmentary gems.
—THOMAS MOORE.

The following anecdote, supplied by Mr. Blair, is an amusing illustration both of the funeral propensity, and of the working of a defective brain, in a half-witted carle who used to range the province of Galloway armed with a huge pike-staff, and who one day met a funeral procession a few miles from Wigtown. A long train of carriages, and farmers riding on horseback, suggested the propriety of his bestriding his staff, and following after the funeral. The procession marched at a brisk rate, and on reaching the kirk-yard style, as each rider dismounted, "Daft Jock" descended from his wooden steed, besmeared with mire and perspiration, exclaiming, "Hech, sirs, had it no been for the fashion of the thing, I might as well ha' been on my ain feet."—Ramsay's "*Scottish Life and Character*."

OUR CABINET.

OUR CABINET.

WE propose to gather a cabinet for the readers of THE GUARDIAN. It will not be exactly a cabinet of curiosities, though things of that sort will not come amiss. We have in our day made up cabinets of coins, minerals, and such things, and know how to sympathize with young folks whose tastes run in this direction. We like to see them pursuing an innocent hobby; it keeps them out of bad company, and indirectly supplies them with a great deal of valuable information. Perhaps we may sometimes be able to give our youthful collectors an acceptable hint. When they find anything curious—a rare coin, an unusual stone implement of Indian manufacture, an old engraving, an early manuscript, a German book printed in America before the Revolution, or, in short, anything that appears to them to be peculiarly interesting—we want them to write to us, and we will answer, either by letter or in THE GUARDIAN.

It is not, however, for this special purpose that we intend to open our cabinet. We want it as a place in which to store the fragments—odds and ends—which appear to us too valuable to be lost. Words of cheer from our friends, curiosities, pleasantries, and, above all, “seed-thoughts,” will find a place. Will you assist the editor in making up the cabinet?

.... “The Presidents of the United States have all been country boys. Not one of them, from Washington to Arthur, was born in a city.” Think of that, country boys! Most of us cannot be Presidents, nor should we wish it. High station involves heavy responsibility; and though a wise man should not shrink from assuming it when it becomes a matter of duty, he will never

make it an object of ambition. But let no one imagine that because he has been born in obscurity he is excused from seeking to employ his talents. God still takes men from following after sheep to be rulers of His people (2 Sam. 7: 8). Let the young do their best to develop their powers, so that when the Lord calls they may be ready to do His work.

..... The following lines are found printed on a label affixed to the cover of a book. We do not think they have ever been published:

“Read and return, nor further me disperse,
Be you the better, let not me be worse;
Retain me long enough to be of use,
All beyond this will be unkind abuse—
My home and master freely I declare,
'Tis 15 Pearl street, near to Spital square.
To you no stranger, yet let strangers know,
My owner's name is Lewis Desormeaux.”

PROVERBS CONCERNING PUNCTUALITY AND THE USE OF TIME.—St. Paul probably employed a popular proverb when he said: “Redeeming the time because the days are evil.” There are many proverbs on this general subject. The Arabs say, “Four things are not to be brought back: a word spoken, an arrow discharged, the divine decree, and lost time.” The Telegus, “When the dog comes a stone cannot be found; when the stone is found the dog does not come.” The Japanese, “To cut a stick when the fight is over.” The Jews, “While you have shoes on your feet, tread down the thorns.” The Bengalis, “They fetch salt after the rice is eaten.” The Arabs, “They hammer the iron when it is cold.” The Russians, “Hurry is good only for catching flies.”

.... A little boy of our acquaintance recently wrote a composition on “Moun-

tains." In it he used some words and phrases which he did not fully understand. Speaking of Mt. Everest, in the Himalayas, he said: "It has never been traversed, but it has been guessed by calculation." "Guessed by calculation" is good. We wonder whether there is not a good deal of so-called scientific work which is accomplished in that manner.

.... We would like to find out how many complete sets of "THE GUARDIAN," from the beginning, in 1850, down to the present time, there are now in existence. Our own set is entirely complete. Ever since Dr. Harbaugh issued the first number, in Lewisburg, more than thirty-one years ago, THE GUARDIAN has paid our home a regular monthly visit, and we now take peculiar pleasure in seeing all the volumes on the shelves of our library. We believe there are several other complete sets. If their owners will send us their names, we will gladly give them a place in the cabinet.

BUILDING PLAIN HOUSES.—The "*Literary World*," in a recent issue, warns its wealthy readers "to build no more Swiss cottages on flat plains, Italian villas on New England pastures, and battlemented castles on riverbanks!" Buildings, to look well, should be in accordance with their surroundings. A city house in the country is as much out of place as a country house would be in the city. An old-fashioned stone farm-house, surrounded by trees, and perhaps covered with ivy, looks better than a spick and span new modern villa in the same location. We do not mean that your new house should be ugly, or that it should be exactly like those which were built half a century ago. When you are building a new house, if you can afford it, by all means devote some attention to ornament; but be careful not to produce a monster whose hideousness is increased by its pretension.

GENERAL GEORGE WEEDON.—Students of American history are familiar with the name of General Weedon. He was one of the most distinguished of the

Brigadier Generals of the American Revolution, and at the battle of Brandywine commanded the brigade which covered the retreat, so that, it is said, he saved the American army from destruction. He also commanded the Virginia troops at the siege of Yorktown. None of the books on American history, to which we have been able to refer gives us any account of his early history; but in the December number of the "*Deutsche Pionier*," we find a sketch of his career, which proves that he was a German. His name was originally Gerhard van der Wieden, and he was born in Hanover. The name would seem to indicate that his ancestors had come from Holland. He fought in the war of the Austrian Succession, and was made a lieutenant for bravery in the battle of Dettingen. Coming to America with the Royal American regiment, under Bouquet, he fought in the French and Indian war. Withdrawing from the Army, he settled in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Here he changed his name to George Weedon, and became a prominent citizen. At the beginning of the Revolution he was postmaster of Fredericksburg. Entering the army he rose rapidly, and on the 24th of February, 1777, was commissioned a Brigadier General. Thus it appears that the name of Weedon should be added to the list of German Generals of the Revolution.

DICKENS ON LONG CONTRIBUTIONS. Editors are frequently compelled to decline excellent articles on account of their length. This must be done carefully, so as not to hurt the feelings of the writer. We have never known this to be accomplished more neatly than by Charles Dickens, as appears from a volume of his letters which has just been published. Miss King had sent him an excellent article, for publication in "*Household Words*," which was found too long. Mr. Dickens was, however, equal to the occasion, and playfully wrote to the authoress: "I fear my idea of it is too short for you. I am, if possible, more unwilling than I was at first to decline it; but the more I have considered it, the longer it has seemed to grow."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

LIST OF BOOKS APPROVED BY THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BUREAU.

Here we have the first list of books approved by the Sunday-School Bureau. Librarians and others whose duty requires them to select books for Sunday-schools, will know how to appreciate its value. Preserve it carefully, and use it when the time comes to replenish the library.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y.

The Dying Robin and other Tales, Joseph Alden, D. D., p. 212. William the Cottager, do., p. 168. The Lawyer's Daughter, do., p. 186. Alice Gordon, do., p. 198. The Wonders of Science, or, Young Humphrey Davy, Henry Mayhew, p. 450. The Boyhood of Martin Luther, do., p. 372. The Boyhood of Great Men, Anon. p. 385. The Wars of the Roses, J. G. Edgar, p. 470. The Cousin from India, Miss Muloch, p. 229. Is it True? Tales Curious and Wonderful, do. p. 208. Little Sunshine's Holiday, do., p. 210. My Only Sister, Madame Guizo De Witt, p. 251. Miss Moore, a Tale for Girls, Miss Muloch, p. 235. Young Ben. Franklin, a Boy's Book, Henry Mayhew, p. 561. The Peasant-Boy Philosopher, do., p. 500. The Children's Bible Picture Book, p. 321. The Children's Picture Book of the Sagacity of Animals, p. 274. The Children's Picture Book of Birds, p. 274. The Children's Picture Book of Quadrupeds, p. 274. The Children's Picture Fable Book, p. 278. The Magic of Kindness, The Brothers Mayhew, p. 249. The Good Genius, do., p. 201. Footprints of Famous Men, John G. Edgar, p. 369. History for Boys, do., p. 451. Sea Kings and Naval Heroes, do., p. 421.

DODD, MEAD & CO., Publishers, N. Y.

Victory of the Vanquished, by author of Schonberg Cotta Family, p. 520, \$1.00. Against the Stream, do., p. 589, 1.00. On Both Sides of the Sea, do., p. 510, 1.00. Kitty Trevelyon, do., p. 403, 1.00. The Early Dawn, do., p. 429, 1.00. Conquering and to Conquer, do., p. 255, 1.00. Schonberg Cotta Family, Mrs. Charles, p. 552, 1.00. Sketches of the Women of Christendom, do., p. 334, 1.00. Note Book of the Bertram Family, do., p. 336, 1.00. The Draytons and the Davenants, do., p. 509, 1.00. Character Sketches, Norman Macleod, D. D., p.

325, 90c. The Old Back Room, Jennie Harrison, p. 392, 90c. The Wonderful Life of Our Saviour, Hesba Stretton, p. 325, 90c. Geoffrey the Lollard, Frances Eastwood, p. 342, 90c. The Crew of the Dolphin, Hesba Stretton, p. 232, 75c. Through a Needle's Eye, do., p. 433, 1.00. The King's Servants do., p. 298, 90c. Polly and Minnie, or the Story of the Good Samaritan, F. F. G., p. 136, 75c. Twice Found, author of Lonely Libby, etc., p. 131, 75c. Lonely Libby, p. 95, 75c. Max Kromer, a story of the Siege of Strasburg, Hesba Stretton, p. 184, 75c. The Little Brown Girl, Esme Stuart, p. 314, 90c. Half Hours in the Deep, p. 337, 90c. Half Hours in the Tiny World, p. 311, 90c. Half Hours in the Far North, p. 308, 90c. Half Hours in the Far East, p. 357, 90c. Syrian Home Life, Rev. Isaac Riley, p. 366, 90c. Letters from Egypt, Mary L. Whately, p. 230, 75c. Lost Gip, author Little Meg, etc., p. 245, 90c. Mildred Keith, Martha Finley, p. 340, 1.25. Marcella of Rome, Frances Eastwood, p. 329, 90c. Geneva's Shield, a story of the Swiss Reformation, Rev. W. M. Blackburn, p. 325, 75c. Lapsed but not Lost, author of Schonberg Cotta Family, 273, 1.00.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Young Folks' Bible History, Charlotte M. Yonge, p. 415, 1.50. Young Folks' History of England, do., p. 415, 1.50. History of India, Fannie Feudge, p. 636, 1.50. History of Egypt, Clara Clement, p. 475, 1.50. Docia's Journal, Pansy, p. 189, 4 vols. in set, Helen Lester, do., p. 170, Bennie's White Chicken, do., p. 178, 3.00. Jessie Wells, do., p. 210. So as by Fire, Margaret Sidney, p. 253, 1.25. Curious Schools, various authors, p. 372, 1.00. Voyage of the Steadfast, William Kingston, p. 180, 1.00. Daniel Webster, Rev. Joseph Banvard, p. 334, 1.50. Water Wonders, Mrs. A. E. Anderson-Maskell, p. 205, 75c.

It is the object of the Bureau to select books for the Sunday-School which are of superior excellence in every respect. The above have been thoroughly examined, and are heartily recommended as books of such a character.

REV. C. S. GERHARD, A. M.

REV. H. KIEFFER, A. M.

MISS ALICE NEVIN.

REV. R. L. GERHART, A. M.

These Books can be purchased of the Reformed Church Publication Board, No. 907 Arch St., Phila.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

LESSON VI.

February 5, 1882.

Christ and His Disciple.—MARK 3: 6-19.

Commit to memory verses 13-15.

6. And the Pharisees went forth, and straightway took counsel with the Herodians against him, how they might destroy him.

7. But Jesus withdrew himself with his disciples to the sea; and a great multitude from Galilee followed him, and from Judea,

8. And from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and from beyond Jordan; and they about Tyre and Sidon, a great multitude, when they had heard what great things he did, came unto him.

9. And he spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him because of the multitude, lest they should throng him.

10. For he had healed many; insomuch that they pressed upon him for to touch him, as many as had plagues.

11. And unclean spirits, when they saw him, fell down before him, and cried, saying, Thou art the Son of God.

12. And he straitly charged them that they should not make him known.

13. And he goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would: and they came unto him.

14. And he ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach,

15. And to have power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils:

16. And Simon he surnamed Peter;

17. And James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James; and he surnamed them Boanerges, which is, The sons of thunder;

18. And Andrew, and Philip, and Bartholomew, and Matthew, and Thomas, and James the son of Alphaeus, and Thaddeus, and Simon the Canaanite,

19. And Judas Iscariot, which also betrayed him: and they went into a house.

OUTLINE: { 1. CONSPIRACY AGAINST CHRIST. Vs. 7-8.
2. PREACHING FROM A SHIP,—AND HEALING THE SICK. Vs. 9-12.
3. APPOINTING APOSTLES. Vs. 13-19.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."—John 8: 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye might go and bring forth fruit."—John 15: 16.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 6. The Pharisees—the strict religious party. Herodians—the favorites and flatterers of King Herod—the politicians. 7-8. Galilee—the northern division of Palestine. Tyre and Sidon—heathen countries still farther north, on the Mediterranean Sea. Judea—the southern portion of the Holy Land. Jerusalem—its capital. Idumea—the ancient Edom, south-east of Palestine. Beyond Jordan—east of that river. These countries define the circle of Jesus' influence. 9. The ship is a type of the Church, in which Jesus is ever the chief Teacher of the multitudes. 10-12. Only a touch or a word was needed to heal any sickness. What a good Physician is Jesus! 13-19. All learners are disciples. Apostles—those sent forth to preach. Name them.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 6. Did God then create man so wicked and perverse?

Ans. By no means, but God created man good, and after His own image, in righteous-

ness and true holiness, that he might rightly know God his Creator, heartily love Him, and live with Him in eternal happiness, to glorify Him, and praise Him.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 6. Why did the Pharisees wish to destroy Jesus? Who were the Herodians? Is such a union between a religious and a political party right?

7-8. Whither did Jesus now go? Did He withdraw on account of fear? From what countries did the great multitudes come? Why did they come?

9-11. Into what did Jesus enter? Of what is the ship a type? Why did the people press upon Him? What did the unclean spirits confess Jesus to be?

12. Was Jesus pleased with such witnesses?

13-15. Where did Jesus next go, to escape the crowds? How did he spend the night? Luke 6: 12.

How many did He call and ordain to be Apostles? What were they to do? What power did He confer upon them?

16-19. Can you name the Twelve? Which five have we met already in our lessons? Which were brothers? Who are the sons of thunder? Who became "the Apostle to the Gentiles" afterwards?

LESSON 6. February 5, 1882.

TOPIC: Workers for the Kingdom of Christ.

I. ENEMIES OF JESUS.—Vs. 6-7.

The Pharisees were His enemies, because they thought He did not observe the Sabbath and other laws strictly enough. Though they hated the king's friends, called Herodians, yet they conspired with these against Jesus; just as Pontius Pilate and Herod were made friends at the time of the crucifixion. This was an unholy alliance of religion and politics.

Under one form or another this same union of religion and politics has often been formed, and always with evil results.

Jesus withdrew from His foes, not because He feared them, but (1) to defeat their plans, and (2) to have free scope to teach and heal the multitudes. On the sea-shore there was room for all, and no one to disturb His preaching. Besides, there is ever a charm on the sea-shore, with its pleasant breeze. "Beach-meetings" are popular with Christians of our day.

8. The countries here mentioned show the circle of Christ's influence. *Tyre* and *Sidon* lay north of the Holy Land, and were inhabited by Gentiles. But even there believers were found. At a later time a woman from that country came and obtained a great blessing from Jesus.

Idumea is another name of the ancient Edom. Aretas was its king at this time, and Herod Antipas had married and divorced his daughter. Intimate relations had been established between the Idumeans and the Jews since the days of John Hyrcanus, who compelled them to accept the Jewish customs.

II. CHRIST PREACHING FROM A SHIP.—The little ship afforded a protection against the press of the crowd, and also a convenient platform from which to preach, so that all might see and hear Him.

The ship is a type of the Church, as was the Ark. It safely rides the sea, bearing a precious freight of saved ones to the haven of eternal rest.

Christ in the ship, teaching the multitudes, is a prophecy of what has taken place ever since. On the sea of this

troubled life the Church has continued to sail, often beaten upon by waves and winds, sometimes almost overwhelmed, but never destroyed—because the Master is with her.

The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will—

"Peace, be still! Peace, be still!"

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No waters shall swallow the ship, where lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies.

They all shall sweetly obey Thy will—

"Peace, be still! Peace, be still!"

The middle part, or body of the church edifice, is called the *nave* (from *navis*, a ship), from its resemblance to that vessel, and because in it are those whom "the fishers of men" have taken with the gospel net.

10-11. We have here a continuation of the works of mercy performed by Jesus, in which He never wearied. It was His delight to do good to the bodies as well as to the souls of men. He is the great Exemplar of all true philanthropists and humanitarians, as well as the chief missionary and religious Teacher.

III. Vs. 13-15. JESUS CHOOSING APOSTLES. It was essential to the extension and perpetuation of His cause that He should choose assistants, who should carry forward His work after His return to heaven.

This was one of the chief events in His ministry, and He, setting us an example, did not enter upon it without engaging in prayer. Thus He spent a night upon the mountain alone. On the choice of the right men depended largely the success of the cause.

Scribes and Pharisees, though learned men, He could not choose, because they did not believe in Him or His teachings. Even His secret disciples amongst this class, such as Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, failed to comprehend His mission. There was no choice, but amongst "the common people, who heard Him gladly." Many of these had already become intimate disciples. Out of their number He must choose the fittest ones for *apostles*, or chief ministers. Apostle means one *sent forth*—an ambassador from the King.

14. *Twelve* were chosen as represent-

atives of the twelve tribes of Israel. They were first to be with Him by day and night, that they might be thoroughly taught, might see and hear and know what He did, and what they must do afterwards. Never since had candidates for the ministry such a Teacher—never since was there such a Theological Seminary.

They were sent forth, (1) to preach (2) and to heal sicknesses, and (3) to cast out devils. The office is perpetual; and regularly ordained ministers are the successors of the apostles. Like them, they must be called of God, chosen, ordained and sent forth. "No man taketh this honor unto himself." "I have chosen you."

Vs. 16-19. THE NAMES OF THE TWELVE. Peter and Andrew, his brother; James and John, his brother; Philip and Nathanael, or Bartholomew; Matthew (Levi) and Thomas; James (son of Alphaeus) and Thaddeus; Simon (the Zealot) and Judas Iscariot.

The three chief ones were Peter, James and John, who formed an inner circle. Peter is always mentioned first, and was the undoubted leader, chief speaker, and practical administrator; but not in any official sense higher than the others.

A few years later PAUL was chosen as the great apostle to the Gentiles. He came not from the common people, but was a learned Pharisee.

PUNCTUALITY.

Next to sincerity and capacity, I regard punctuality as the chief virtue of a Sunday-school teacher. I do not merely mean that faithful teachers should be at their posts every Sunday, but that they should come early. As a rule officers and teachers should be in their places before the scholars begin to arrive. The contrary would be as unreasonable as to invite guests to dinner and then not to be on hand to receive them. Nothing can be worse than to come late, puffing and blowing, and thus disturbing the whole school.

A woman who was very punctual in attending divine worship was asked how it was she could always come so

early. She answered, "It is a part of my religion not to disturb the religion of others." It is really not a hard thing to be punctual when you look at the matter in that way. The writer is required to enter upon his daily duties at half-past eight every morning. The walk from his house to his place of employment requires twenty minutes. Whenever the clock strikes eight he starts out, rain or shine, and unless detained on the way, he is sure to have ten minutes to spare, in which to get ready for the day's work. This has become a fixed habit, and he would not be comfortable at home after eight o'clock. In a somewhat similar way, Sunday-school teachers might easily form the habit of starting from home early enough to be in their places before the hour for opening the school. Try it, teachers! If you will show me a place where all the teachers are in their places and ready to join at the proper moment in the opening services, I will show you a prosperous school.

PLEDGING TEACHERS.—The day has gone by when a Sunday-school teacher could look upon Sunday-school teaching as a matter of minor importance—to be attended to if convenient, and to be slighted when other things were more tempting. It is now understood that a Sunday-school teacher is in a certain sense a pastor, and that the pastor must be in his place on Sunday, either personally or by an approved substitute; and that he must be there well prepared for his special work, and prove faithful in it. A pledge to preparation, to punctuality, and to faithfulness, is now implied in the very acceptance of the post of a Sunday-school teacher.—*S. S. Times*.

It is hardly fair to mix up earthly and heavenly meditations. A village pastor was examining his parishioners in the catechism. He came to the question, "What is thy only comfort in life and death?" which he asked of a young girl who hesitated, and then answered, "Well, if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker who comes to see me every Sunday evening, and who offered himself last night."—*Tribune*.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

LESSON VII.

February 12, 1882.

Christ's Foes and Friends. MARK iii. 20-35.

Commit to memory verses 31-35.

20. And the multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread.

21. And when his friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold on him: for they said, He is beside himself.

22. And the scribes which came down from Jerusalem said, He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth he out devils.

23. And he called them unto him, and said unto them in parables, How can Satan cast out Satan?

24. And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.

25. And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.

26. And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end.

27. No man can enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man; and then he will spoil his house.

28. Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be for-

given unto the sons of men, and blasphemies where-with soever they shall blaspheme.

29. But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation.

30. Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit.

31. There came then his brethren and his mother, and standing without, sent unto him, calling him.

32. And the multitude sat about him, and they said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee.

33. And he answered them, saying, Who is my mother or my brethren?

34. And he looked round about on them which sat about him, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!

35. For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother.

OUTLINE: { **1. HINDRANCE FROM ENEMIES.** Vs. 22-27.
2. WARNING AGAINST BLASPHEMY. Vs. 28-30
3. HINDRANCE FROM MISTAKEN FRIENDS. Vs. 31-35.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, He is none of His." Rom. 8: 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He that is not with Me is against Me." Matt. 12: 30.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 21. His friends—half-brothers and sisters, children of Joseph by his former marriage. 22. Scribes—writers and interpreters of the Law. 22. Beelzebub—lord of the flies—the name of a Philistine god, or idol. Here, the prince of devils. 23-26. A divided kingdom perishes through inward strife. So a family, in which there is no union, must separate on account of division. 27. The strong man—the devil. His house is the hearts in which he dwells—also this evil world. Luke 11: 22. A stronger than he, however, spoils his goods. 28-30. The sin against the Holy Ghost is unpardonable. The impenitent may fear, lest they commit it. 31-32. See instructions on v. 21. 33-35. They that do the Father's will are all the brothers and sisters of Christ—the family of God.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 7. Whence then proceeds this depravity of human nature?

Ans. From the fall and disobedience of our first parents, Adam and Eve, in Para-

dise; hence our nature has become so corrupt, that we are all conceived and born in sin.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 20. What could Jesus not find time to do, because of the multitude?

21. Who now, besides His enemies, try to hinder His work? What did they say of Him?

22. What wicked charge did the Scribes make? Who was Beelzebub?

23. By what question did he show the foolishness of their charge?

24-26. What three examples illustrate the weakness of division?

27. Who is meant by the strong man? What by his house, and his goods? What "Stronger One" bound and overcame Satan?

28-30. What is the unpardonable sin?

Were his enemies on the verge of committing it? In what "danger" were they?

31-32. Did "His brethren believe on Him" as the Messiah? (John 7: 3-5). Did they, perhaps, try to hinder His work out of fear for His safety?

33-34. Did He mean to deny His earthly mother and relatives? Did He recognize a higher relationship than that of flesh and blood? Whom does He call His mother and His brethren? *Ans.* All true believers.

35. Whose will do these spiritual relatives and friends obey? Are you a member of God's family? Who is, then, your "elder Brother?" Have you more room in your heart for His love?

LESSON 7. February 12, 1882.

TOPIC: Hindering the Lord's Work.

HINDRANCE FROM ENEMIES.—Vs. 20–27. Several months had passed between the choosing of the Apostles and this lesson. Jesus is again in Capernaum, and the crowds about Him are greater than ever, so that He cannot find time to rest or take nourishment.

21. To His *friends* this seemed like overtaking Himself—a sign of over-excitement, and rushing into danger. They would fain lay hold of Him and check Him. They even brought the uncalled-for accusation: He is beside Himself, or mad. St. John tells us that they did not believe on Him.

22. The *Scribes* had come from Jerusalem to watch and criticise Him. They now mingle with the people, and drop words of poison that may kill any beginnings of faith that may be in them. *He hath Beelzebub*. They do not attempt to deny His miracles, but they attribute them to a supernatural evil power, instead of Divine power.

Baalzebub, the lord of the flies, was worshipped by the Philistines. He was supposed to be the one who sent flies and locusts, or turned them away. As the Jews were at enmity with the Philistines, they looked upon their deity as the devil. The Scribes charge that this prince of devils enabled Jesus to cast out inferior demons. Malice could suggest nothing worse, or more absurd, as Jesus proceeds to show.

23–26. Hitherto these writers of the law had kept at a distance from Him; He now calls them unto Him. It is to be hoped that they at least blushed, if they did not tremble, as they came into the holy presence. They cannot answer the question contained in the 23d verse. By three examples He shows the absurdity of their slanderous charge. In union there is strength; in division, only weakness. “United we stand; divided we fall.” However much the kingdom of evil may be inwardly confused and divided, yet outwardly, as against the kingdom of God, it is one, hostile only and always. Satan casts out no inferior evil spirit, else he would *have an end*. It is his to possess.

The works that Christ did brought peace, calm, reason to the souls of the

afflicted; Satan causes madness, confusion and strife. The Scribes knew this, but wickedly suppressed the truth.

27. Like a *strong man* armed, Satan keeps his house or palace, the human heart: it requires a stronger one to bind him—suppress his power and influence—and spoil his goods, or deliver his captives. There is no stronger evil power than the devil himself. Therefore He who is spoiling his house must be a Divine Being.

II. WARNING AGAINST BLASPHEMY. Vs. 28–30. Of this Divine power the Scribes had spoken evil—they had called the good bad. They were bordering upon the very verge of committing the unpardonable sin.

It is true, all sins may be forgiven, if committed in ignorance or weakness, and truly repented of. The Father's goodness and power in nature and providence, the Son's love and mercy in redemption, may be misapprehended and antagonized; but in the conflict of good against known evil, as carried forward by the Holy Spirit, beware lest you array yourselves on the wrong side, and resist the good, and favor the evil. From resisting the Spirit, and *grieving* Him, you may next proceed to quench Him, and thus reach that state of reprobacy, of utter hardness of heart, when repentance is no longer possible, when conversion can no longer take place. Then there is no forgiveness.

This sin is not one act, but rather a *state* of sinfulness, when man says to evil: be thou my good! To call good evil, and say that it proceeds from the devil, this is speaking evil of the Holy Spirit; it is blasphemy.

29. *Eternal damnation* is sometimes translated eternal sin, sometimes eternal judgment. In any case it is a fearful warning against delaying repentance; against hardening of the heart by willful sin.

30. This warning He uttered, “because they said, He hath an evil spirit.” They slandered both Christ, and the Spirit who was in Him. To sin against Jesus is to sin against His Spirit also.

III. HINDRANCE FROM MISTAKEN FRIENDS. Vs. 31–35. Christ was hindered also by *mistaken friends*. Some think the brethren referred to were sons

of Joseph by a previous marriage; for he was a widower when he took Mary to wife. Others think they were cousins. Both proceed on the assumption that Mary ever remained a Virgin. The former supposition is most generally accepted.

These friends thought He was going too far in His discourses, and wished to check Him. He had always been an obedient and affectionate son, and continued so to the last; on the Cross caring for His beloved mother. But He ever remembered the higher relationship, and that "He must be about His Father's business."

His disciples are His spiritual family—mother, brothers and sisters.

In order to *do* the will of God, it is necessary first to *become a child* of God. Adoption and grace lead to obedience; and this is the *test* of discipleship and of sonship, and of brotherhood with Christ.

GOLDEN WORDS OF THE JEWISH FATHERS.

Rabbi Schimon said, "There are three crowns—the crown of the law, the crown of the priesthood, and the crown of the kingdom; but the crown of a good name is better than all."

Rabbi Nehorai said, "Flee to a place where the law is respected, and do not say that it will follow thee; for thy companions will establish it for thee. Do not lean on thine own understanding."

Rabbi Jannai said, "We are not able to explain the prosperity of the ungodly, nor the chastisement of the righteous."

Rabbi Mathja Ben Charash said, "Anticipate all men with your greeting, and be rather as the tail of a lion than the head of a fox."

Rabbi Jacob said, "This world may be compared to a vestibule as regards the future world; therefore prepare thyself in the vestibule that thou mayest enter the dining-room." He also said, "One hour spent in repentance and religious deeds in this world is more precious than the whole life of the future world; and one hour's refreshment of spirit in the future world is more precious than the whole life of this world."

Rabbi Schimon Ben Elazar said, "Do not endeavor to pacify thy neighbor in the time of his anger; do not comfort him when his dead lie before him; do not ask anything in the time of his vowing, nor attempt to see him in the time of his trouble."

Schemuel the Younger couched his motto in the words of Scripture, "Rejoice not when thine enemy faileth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth: lest the Lord see it, and it displease him, and he turn away his wrath from him." (Prov. xxiv. 16, 18.)

TALKING IS NOT TEACHING.

A vast deal of what is called "Bible-class teaching" is talking, but not teaching. It might pass for fourth-rate, or third-rate, or second-rate—or, at the very best and rarest—as first-rate preaching or lecturing; but it never ought to be called "teaching." The teacher talks, the scholars listen. The teacher is a gainer in *his* mind and heart by what he says; but not so his silent scholars. They hear, but do not learn. The "exercise" is an exercise only to the exerciser. The whole thing is a pocket-edition in poor type of a pulpited service, with many of the disadvantages and few of the benefits of the full-page edition. And not a little of the ordinary class-teaching in the Sun-school is of the same character. The teacher talks, the scholars listen. There is a "teacher," but no teaching. There are "learners," but no learning. It is not a pleasant thing to face such a fact as this; but if it is a fact, it ought to be faced by those interested.

Telling a thing may be an important part of the process of teaching a thing. The telling may in itself interest or impress even where it fails to instruct. A teacher may teach in other ways than by his telling truths that are worthy of his scholars' hearing and learning. However this may be, it is important that every teacher should understand, at the first and at the last, that telling a thing is not in itself teaching a thing; and that if he is a teacher at all, it will be through some other agency than merely his talking.—*S. S. Times.*

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

LESSON VIII.

February 19.

Parable of the Sower. MARK IV. 1-20.

Commit to memory verses 3-8.

1. And he began again to teach by the sea-side: and there was gathered unto him a great multitude, so that he entered into a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land.

2. And he taught them many things by parables, and said unto them in his doctrine,

3. **Hearken; Behold, there went out a sower to sow.**

4. **And it came to pass, as he sowed, some fell by the way-side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up.**

5. **And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth:**

6. **But when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away.**

7. **And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.**

8. **And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased, and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some a hundred..**

9. And he said unto them, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

10. And when he was alone, they that were about him with the twelve asked of him the parable.

11. And he said unto them, Unto you it is given

to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all *these* things are done in parables:

12. That seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and *their* sins should be forgiven them.

13. And he said unto them, Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables?

14. The sower soweth the word.

15. And these are they by the way-side, where the word is sown; but when they have heard, Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts.

16. And these are they likewise which are sown on stony ground; who, when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with gladness;

17. And have no root in themselves, and so endure but for a time, afterward, when affliction or persecution ariseth for the word's sake, and immediately they are offended.

18. And these are they which are sown among thorns: such as hear the word,

19. And the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.

20. And these are they which are sown on good ground: such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some a hundred.

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OUTLINE; { 1. **TEACHING BY PARABLES.** Vs. 2-8.
2. **WHY HE USED PARABLES.** Vs. 9-13.
3. **EXPLANATION OF THE PARABLE.** Vs. 14-20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God." 1 Peter 1: 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." Rev. ii. 29.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Verse 2. *A parable*—a comparison, or *likeness*. 3-8. Thus, sowing seed is like preaching. The Jews did not put *fences* around their fields; roads went through them. *Thorns* make thick shade. *Rocks* become warm, and scorch the plants above them. *Good ground* is free from thorns and rocks. 9-13. Those *without*—the unprepared field. Do not receive the seeds of truth. 14-20. Place these verses *parallel*, or side by side with verses 8 to 13, and you will have the parable explained. Our catechism lesson tells us both how the soil is made good, and the seed of the word implanted.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 8. Are we then so corrupt that we are wholly incapable of doing any good, and inclined to all wickedness?

Ans. Indeed we are, unless we are regenerated by the Spirit of God.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 1. On what seaside did Jesus frequently teach? Into what did he enter to teach?

2. In what form of teaching did he instruct the hearers? What is a parable?
Ans. A comparison.

3. What is this parable about?

4. What became of the seed on the way-side?

5-6. What of that on stony ground? Why did it wither away?

7. Was this "the survival of the fittest," or only a triumph of the *strongest*?

8. How did the "good ground" differ from the hard, the stony and the thorny land? How much did it yield?

9. Does this verse mean the same as the golden text?

10. Did the multitude seek an understanding of the parable? Who did?

11-13. What is it to "know a mystery?"

Ans. To have a deep secret revealed to the initiated. Could those that are *without* understand the parable, without first coming into the inner circle of learners?

14. Who is the Sower of the word?

15. What happens to "wayside," or careless hearers of the gospel?

16-17. What ought first to be taken out of the stony field? If the seed sinks deep, will it have root and moisture enough to endure long?

18-19. What are the two kinds of thorns?

Ans. Cares and pleasures.

20. What is meant by good ground? What is good seed? See Central Truth.

LESSON 8. February 19, 1882.

TOPIC: The Teacher, the Word, and the Hearers.

I. TEACHING BY PARABLES. At first our Lord followed the ordinary methods of teaching, like other religious teachers, by announcing truths, stating facts and giving warnings and commands. He now begins a new method of teaching, namely, by *parables*. He is the only One who may be called a master of this kind of discourse. His parables are pearls of truth, unequalled by any form of eloquence, rhetoric or logic.

In the parables Jesus takes something of our every day life, and holds it up as a picture which illustrates the spiritual truth. This is the most effectual method of instruction—plain, attractive and easily remembered. A *parallel* between nature and grace is drawn, and the *likeness* remains pictured in the memory.

II. PARABLE OF THE SOWER. The first parable used by Jesus is that of the sower, in which *truth*, or the word of God, is likened to *seed*, as it is in the central truth. It is brief, a few touches completing the whole picture; but there it stands as the best description of teaching and preaching ever conceived and uttered.

Vs. 3-8. *Hearken, behold!* First the teacher needs the *attention* of those who are to be taught. Attention is the first step in the process of learning, without which nothing can enter the mind. *There went out a sower to sow.* In the east, as in some parts of Europe, and of our great west, farmers do really *go forth* to sow. They do not live on their farms, but in villages. There are four classes of hearers.

(1.) *The way-side.* Paths and roads went through the fields, not around them; hence some seed would be lost. *Fowls of the air*, devouring the seed, typify the work of "the prince of the power of the air," who snatches the word of life from *way-side* or hardened hearers.

(2.) *Stony ground*—not small stones mingled with the ground, but large rocks, with a very thin covering of ground. There was quick growth, but not sufficient moisture, and no depth. *The sun was up.* The heat is necessary to growth, and does no injury to deeply-planted seeds, where is deep root.

(3.) *Thorns.* The tops of the thorns may have been cut off, but their roots were left in the ground. The more rapid and rank growth of thorns choked the little stalks of grain. Much is said about the modern theory of the *survival of the fittest*. Some maintain that the fittest live long, triumph over their fellow-men, and gain the prizes of life. They also apply the doctrine to races, systems of thought and to religions. But our parable teaches the opposite—a triumph of the *unfittest*, but strongest. The truth is, that though Might may gain temporary victories, Right will triumph in the end; and thus there will be a survival of the fittest.

(4.) *Good ground*—well-tilled with plow and harrow, freed from rocks and thorns. *Thirty-fold*, etc. One grain produced thirty, etc.

II. REASONS FOR USING PARABLES. 9-13. The parables contain a *hidden* truth, as well as set forth an apparent or open one. They *conceal*, and they *reveal*. To him that *hath ears to hear*, they unfold spiritual realities; to the willfully deaf they only hide the truth. The hearing ear is needed, as well as the uttered truth.

Unto you it is given to know—because they were seekers after truth; they wanted to hear, learn and understand. Speaking in parables was a *mercy*, a kindness, a help to His disciples then, as to all believers since; but it was a *judgment* against those who did not wish to understand. They were first *unwilling* to hear and understand; now they should be left *unable* to do so.

A parable is like the seed itself. There is a germ of life lying unseen in the seed. Looking on the *outside* of the grain, you would not suspect that it contains the power of growth and fruit-bearing. Only as it falls into the ground, does it grow, etc. We shall see that the same is true of the Word of God, when we come to

III. THE EXPLANATION OF THE PARABLE. Vs. 14-21.

(1.) *The sower soweth the word.* The Chief Sower is Jesus Himself, who scattered the seeds of heavenly truth—the words of His own Wisdom.

(2.) Preachers and teachers are also sowers of the word—scattering the seeds which they have first received from

Him, not their own ideas and opinions. The preacher takes his text from the Bible, and the Sunday School teacher takes a portion of the same book, which is a granary full of Divine seeds of life—words of eternal life—incorruptible seed, as our central truth calls them.

The field is the world. Matt. 13 : 38. That is, the men, women and children in the world. To all these the gospel is to be preached, even though the word may not be received by all. There are four classes of hearers mentioned. Under one or other of these every individual must find a place:

(1.) Some hearts are like a *way-side*—hard and impenetrable. No seed can sink into them, unless the hard hearts are broken up by repentance. Besides, Satan and all tempters, like evil birds, seek to steal the truths of God from men.

(2.) Other hearers are receptive, susceptible to truth; there is a thin surface of soil; but underneath are rocks. The word affects their *emotions* or feelings, but does not sink into their minds, consciences and wills. Rocks of ignorance and stubbornness need to be broken and removed. Light and trifling dispositions are easily impressed, but also easily scorched by sins and temptations.

(3.) *Thorns*—excessive cares of life, business and ambition; also pleasures and dissipation. No wheat grows for a great while amongst them, but perishes by being overshadowed.

(4.) *Good ground*—the hearts of believing and prayerful people.

Remember, the ground is made good by Him who plants the seed.

MAIDEN SPEECHES are apt to consist of a few public remarks feebly expressed. A history of the first public efforts of great men would be very interesting. Beaconsfield broke down utterly, and Fox was almost as disgusted with himself as everybody else was with him when he rose to his earliest debate. A gentleman from the great West, afterward a somewhat famous speaker, was so confused at finding himself on his feet before a large audience that he caught at the first words which came into his mind, and said in stentorian tones:—"Mr. Speaker, I have observed

that the generality of mankind in general are apt to take an undue advantage of—of—well, of the generality of mankind in general." He never forgot or forgave the criticism of the president, who said: "The honorable member may, at some distant day, talk sense; but for the present he had better confine himself to quotations. He has a wonderful genius for coming out of the same hole that he went in at."

"THANK GOD FOR SUNDAY."

BY L. J. CIST.

Now God be thanked! That He has given—

Blest boon to saint and sinner—
A day of rest—one day in seven,
Where toil is not the winner;
Rest for the tired and jaded brain,
The wearied hand, on Sunday,
That they may gather strength again
For toil renewed on Monday.

The merchant, in his counting-room,
The clerk, o'er desk and ledger,
The artisan, at forge or loom,
The ditcher and the hedger—
The laborer, who must toil and slave,
From early dawn of Monday
Until the week sinks in its grave,
All cry: "Thank God for Sunday!"

The day that lifts the weighty chain,
Which all the week hath bound us;
That respite gives to heart and brain,
From thousand cares around us;
That in the toilsome march of life
Thus bids us take, for one day,
Rest from the battle and the strife;
Oh! God be thanked for Sunday!

If thus by all *one* day of rest
Be hailed, as respite solely,
How to the Christian doubly blest,
Must be the SABBATH holy;
As, in faith's light, he lifts his eyes
To that bright world where, one day,
He longs to spend, beyond the skies,
One blest, eternal Sunday!

ICE AS "DRY GOODS."—When the cargo of ice was imported into England from Norway, there not being such an article in the custom-house schedules, application was made to the treasury and to the board of trade. After some delay it was decided that ice should be entered as "dry goods," but the whole load had melted before the cargo was cleared. — Heard's 'Oddities of the Law.'

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

LESSON IX.

February 26, 1882.

The Growth of the Kingdom. MARK iv. 21-34.

Commit to memory verses 30-32.

21. And he said unto them, Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed? and not to be set on a candlestick?

22. For there is nothing hid, which shall not be manifested; neither was anything kept secret, but that it should come abroad.

23. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.

24. And he said unto them, Take heed what ye hear. With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you; and unto you that hear shall more be given.

25. For he that hath, to him shall be given; and he that hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he hath.

26. And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground;

27. And should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.

28. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself;

first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.

29. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.

30. And he said, Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it?

31. It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth:

32. But when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it.

33. And with many such parables spake he the word unto them, as they were able to hear it.

34. But without a parable spake he not unto them: and when they were alone, he expounded all things to his disciples.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE LIGHT SHINING AND INCREASING. Vs. 21-25.
2. THE SEED GROWING AND RIPENING. Vs. 26.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."
2 Pet. 3: 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."
Ps. lxxii. 16.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 21-22. A *candle*, or lamp, is set high enough to make its light shine far around. The light of truth is not to be hidden, but made known to all. 24-25. Truth is to be dealt out freely—the more you spread it, the more you will receive. 26-28. *Growth* in knowledge—then the ripe fruit of love and piety. In nature and in religion growth is *gradual*—(1) blade, (2) ear, (3) full corn. 29. Then comes the *harvest*—ingathering of saints. 30-32. Christian growth is illustrated by the mustard seed, which becomes a large shrub. The Christian is a shelter and a shade to others, like the shadow of the tree. You have now learned three truths: 1st, to let your light shine; 2d, to grow in knowledge and goodness; 3d, to bring forth good fruit for the harvest.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 9. Doth not God then do injustice to man by requiring from him, in his law, that which he cannot perform?

Ans. Not at all; for God made man

capable of performing it; but man, by the instigation of the devil, and his own wilful disobedience, deprived himself and all his posterity of those Divine gifts.

QUESTIONS.

Verses 21-22. Does a candle, when high up, give more light than when low? How would it give light, if put under a bushel? Who are to give light in the world? Are Christians to shut up the gospel in their hearts, or make its truths known abroad?

23-25. Are we to measure out our light and truth to others sparingly? If we give freely, how shall it be given to us? What promise is given in v. 25? What threat is made?

26-29. What is the kingdom of God like? Who makes the seed to grow? By giving what to the earth? How many stages of

growth are there? V. 28. Does the whole growth take place suddenly? What is done when the grain is ripe?

30-32. With what grain is the kingdom of God here likened? Is it a large seed? Does it bring forth the largest *tree*, or only the largest herb or shrub? Has Jesus' Kingdom grown greatly on earth? What do the fowls, lodging under its shadow, mean?

Ans. The nations finding shelter in Christ's Kingdom.

33-34. Did Jesus speak many other parables? Did He explain them?

LESSON 9. February 26th, 1882.

TOPIC: Growth of the Saviour's Work.

I. THE LIGHT SHINING AND INCREASING.—Vs. 21-25. Having explained to His disciples the parable of the sower, our Lord declared *the end for which* He confided to them the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. V. 21. They were not to keep it concealed, but in due time to spread it abroad. All that is hidden must be made manifest—must be proclaimed on the housetops. V. 22. The truth is for the whole world—for the world is lost in the darkness of sin.

The kingdom of God is one of *light*, that is, of *truth*, as opposed to error; and of knowledge, as opposed to ignorance and superstition. Jesus, its King, is the light of the world.

When a light is kindled its rays shine all abroad. V. 21. You must not hide your light. It is unloving and sinful to withhold truth from our fellow-men.

Jesus teaches His disciples, in verse 24, that in proportion to their teaching the truth to others, He will increase their own knowledge; but if they withhold the light, they shall at last be left in darkness themselves. V. 25.

This is illustrated in the life of every true preacher and Sunday-school teacher. They strive to impart the truth to their hearers, and by so doing they are continually studying the Word, and learning more and more each year.

In our day increased attention is being given to the study of the Bible. Committees and individuals are studying, writing and proclaiming the Word. Sermons, lesson leaves, and helps of every kind are being flung broadcast over the world. The Scriptures are translated into more than 225 languages; and these *leaves from the Tree of Life* are for the healing of the nations. Surely the world cannot complain that Christians are hiding God's light of truth now. Only let us remember that unbelievers look more to our *lives*, than to what we teach; and scholars study their *teachers*, more than their lesson.

II. THE SEED GROWING AND RIPENING—Vs. 26-34. Another parable, a continuation of the former one:

1. The seed grows *silently*, without observation.

The same is true of the Church as a whole, and of the members of it. The same principle rules in both. The word of life, if it be but sown, will grow and ripen. You can sow the seed, but you cannot make it grow. "God giveth the increase." The earth bringeth forth fruit of *herself*. That is when God gives it light, warmth and moisture.

(2.) The seed also grows *gradually*. First, the *blade*, then the *ear*, after that the *full corn*. Three stages are mentioned. The sprouting is like the beginnings of faith, penitence and prayer. THE EAR shows that it is beginning to form, by the appearance of *tassels* or blossoms; and this corresponds to the *flowering* of the new life, in a public profession and confession of faith and discipleship, as in confirmation and the approach to the Lord's Table.

The *full corn in the ear* is the fruit of the Christian life—the good words and deeds that adorn his profession. The three stages are faith, hope and love.

"FAITH is our fixed, unswerving root,
HOPE our unfading flower;
Fair deeds of CHARITY the fruit,
The glory of our bower."—KEBLE.

Putting in *the sickle* is the harvest-gathering. Death is a reaper, but it never injures the ripe SEED; it only cuts off the stalk. The wheat is gathered into the garner—into heaven, at last, the Christian will enter.

(3.) The seed grows *greatly*. Vs. 30-32. The parable of the mustard seed declares the growth of the Church. "As small as a grain of mustard seed," was a proverb. So insignificant did Christianity at first appear. It was small in its beginnings; but it has been marvellous in its growth. From a handful of disciples it has grown into the controlling power amongst civilized nations, numbering its members by its hundreds of millions.

The parable also illustrates the individual Christian life. At first you are only "a babe in Christ;" so tender and so weak that you need constant watching, lest you fall into temptations. At length you grow into a strong disciple, giving protection and shelter to others. From a pupil you become a teacher—perhaps a minister of the Word.

Teacher, for your encouragement, no-

tice what Jesus says in both of these parables about *human instrumentality*. "As if a man should cast seed into the ground." V. 26. Again, He says the same of a mustard seed, as being sown by a man. Matt. 13: 31. The Church has spread and grown, because men and women have put forth consecrated human efforts. The Almighty blesses your work.

RISE OF GREAT MEN.

INFLUENCE OF ACCIDENT ON GREAT MEN.—It is a curious coincidence that the two greatest Chancery lawyers of their day should both have been forced into the profession by incidental circumstances. Romilly says that what principally influenced his decision was the being thus enabled to leave his small fortune in his father's hands, instead of buying a sworn clerk's seat with it. At a later period of my life, after a success at the bar which my wildest and most sanguine dreams had never painted to me—when I was gaining an income of £8,000 or £9,000 a year, I have often reflected how all that prosperity had arisen out of the pecuniary difficulties of my father.

Wedderburn, Lord Loughborough, began as an advocate of the Scotch bar. In the course of an altercation with the lord president, he was provoked to tell his lordship that he had said as a judge, what he could not prove as a gentleman. Being ordered to make an apology, he refused, and left the Scotch for the English bar. What every one thought would be his ruin, turned out the best thing that could happen to him.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may."

Lord Tenterden's early destination was changed by a disappointment. When he and Mr. Justice Richards were going the Home Circuit, they visited the Cathedral at Canterbury together. Richards commended the voice of a singing man in the choir. "Ah," said Lord Tenterden, "that is the only man I ever envied. When at school in this town we were candidates for a chorister's place, and he obtained it."

It is now well known that the Duke of Wellington, when a subaltern, was

anxious to retire from the army, and actually applied to Lord Camden, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, for a commissionership of customs. It is not always true, then, that men destined to play conspicuous parts in the world have a consciousness of their coming greatness, or patience, to bide their time. Their hopes grow as their capacity expands with circumstances; honors on honors arise, like Alps on Alps; in ascending one they catch a glimpse of another, till the last and highest, which was veiled in mist when they started, stands out in bold relief against the sky.—*Edinburgh Review*.

YOUNG MEN AND THE CHURCH.

Among the many questions which may rise concerning the spread of Christ's kingdom in the world and the influence of His church upon the hearts and lives of men, there is this: What are young men doing in the Church? And more especially would we make this inquiry as to young men brought up in Christian families, regular in attendance at Divine service, and yet seemingly indifferent as to the experience of a deep and powerful religious feeling, both in their own hearts and in the hearts of others. St. John says: "I write unto you, young men, because you are strong:" and what the Church of Christ needs to-day is more of this manly, youthful vigor exerted in its behalf. It needs the labor of young men. It needs their example, more powerful perhaps than that of any other class.

Did you ever realize, young man, the influence of your example? Did it ever occur to you that you may be standing in the way of others? Did you never think that a true, active Christian life led by you might put to shame many an older man as it recalled the wasted years of his own life—that the little boy who longs to be a man and do as young men do, would look up to you and choose the path that you have chosen for his own walk through life?

Oh, let it be your resolve henceforth that nothing which by God's grace you can do shall be left undone to make the Church with which you are united, a pillar of His holy truth.—*The Record*.

The Guardian.

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GEORGE STEPHENSON'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Less than a year ago, England celebrated the centennial anniversary of the birth of George Stephenson, the founder of her railroad system. It was a brilliant occasion, and the English people were proud to do honor to the memory of one of their greatest inventors and noblest men.

It was recently suggested by an eminent business man, that the life of George Stephenson would furnish materials for a far better Sunday-school book than the light literature which generally fills our libraries. Such a book would have the great merit of containing truth which is stranger than fiction. It would show the young how faith and perseverance may overcome the greatest difficulties. It would incite them to make the most of the talents which God has given them, in the assurance that such efforts, when undertaken in His name, are sure to receive an abundant blessing.

George Stephenson was born, on the 9th of June, 1781, at Wylam, a little village eight miles from New Castle, on Tyne, where there was a colliery and a furnace. His father, Robert Stephenson, or "Old Bob," as he was familiarly called, was foreman of an old pumping engine at the colliery, whose wages when in full work never amounted to more than twelve shillings a week. His wife Mabel, was the daughter of Robert Carr, a dyer of Ovingham. She was rather delicate and nervous, but was an excellent Christian woman. An aged neighbor said, many years afterwards, "They were honest folk, but sore holden down in the world."

George was the second of a family of six. The house in which he was born

was recently still standing. It was an ordinary laborer's dwelling; its walls unplastered, its floor of clay, and the bare rafters exposed overhead. The furniture was of the rudest description. When the family was most prosperous, their dwelling had but a single room, which served as kitchen, parlor, and sleeping-room for father, mother, and six children. Their only treasure was the Bible. In this humble home George Stephenson spent his earliest years, leading the ordinary life of working people's children. He played, went bird-nesting, and ran errands. None of the laborers' children went to school; the parents were too poor for that. The older children had to watch the younger, to keep them from being run over by the charcoal wagons, which were drawn by horses over a wooden tramroad, just in front of the houses.

Though George was not sent to school, his father's influence was in some respects educational. "Old Bob" had the gift of telling stories for the entertainment of children; and in the evening, while he was tending his engine, the young folks gathered around him, to hear his marvellous tales about Sinbad the Sailor, and Robinson Crusoe. He was also a great lover of nature. In winter he had a flock of robins hopping around him for the crumbs saved from his scanty dinner. George, in his old age, used to tell of the delight which he felt when his father first showed him a robin's nest. He too loved birds and animals. In his boyhood he had a tame black-bird, which at night slept on his head-board. He also had fine rabbits, and earned many a sixpence by selling the fattest of them.

At eight years of age George was put to work. A widow wanted a boy to herd her cows. George applied for the place, and to his great joy was appointed at two pence a day. While watching

the cows he had plenty of leisure, and amused himself by making whistles, building miniature water-wheels, and especially by modeling clay engines. Clay was found in the bog, with plenty of hemlock for imaginary steam-pipes. Soon afterwards he was employed to hoe turnips at four pence a day; then to pick slate out of the coal at six-pence; and then to drive the gin-horse at eight pence. This was a good position, though he had to walk two miles every morning and evening, and the whole family was proud of his remarkable advancement.

It was soon observed that George was growing up steady and sober, and at seventeen he was made a fireman at twelve shillings a week. "Now," he exclaimed, "I am a made man for life."

When he was, soon afterwards, promoted to be an engine man, he seemed to fall in love with the engine, taking it to pieces in his leisure hours, for the purpose of cleaning and mastering its various parts. In those days the only steam-engines were stationary, made at common blacksmith-shops, and employed only for pumping and lifting. To George, however, the hideous old "pumper" appeared very beautiful; and his comrades were amused to see him watching it with never ceasing admiration. It was also observed that he never neglected little things, thus earning the respect of his companions, and the confidence of his employers.

At eighteen years of age George Stephenson did not know his letters. It was hard to learn to read at that age, and he worked hard twelve hours a day; but the busiest man can find moments for study if he knows how to watch for them. He worked hard unaided, but for a long time made little progress. Few of the laborers could read, but those who could do so were much respected, and were called to read to the rest such stray papers as they could find, concerning Bonaparte who was then overrunning Italy.

One day some one happened to read that in Egypt there was an art of hatching birds by artificial heat, and George determined to try it. He gathered birds' eggs, put them in flour, covered them with wool, and set them near the engine.

Though he watched the eggs carefully, and turned them every day, his experiment did not succeed. The eggs chipped, and some of them exhibited well-grown birds, but none of the birds came out alive. The incident shows that Stephenson's inquiring mind was now fairly at work.

He also continued to model clay engines; but was told that the one which Watt had invented was much superior to the one he had copied, and that it was fully described in books. Now he determined that nothing should prevent him from learning to read. A poor man, named Cowens, established a night-school, and George, though now a full-grown man, attended it three times a week, paying a penny a night for the privilege. At nineteen he could read pretty well, and could actually write his name in a stiff, sprawling fashion. Then a poor Scotch dominie set up a night-school in a village several miles away, and this he attended for the purpose of learning to cipher. Others tried it too, but they could not understand how George "took to figures so wonderful." The secret was his perseverance. "He worked out the sums in his by-hours, improving every minute of his spare time by the engine fire, there solving the arithmetical problems set for him on his slate by his master. In the evening he took to Andrew Robertson the sums which he had thus 'worked,' and new ones were set for him to study out on the following day. Thus his progress was rapid, and with a willing heart and mind he soon became well advanced in arithmetic."

Next Stephenson learned how to brake an engine. It was regarded as a higher department of work, and those who understood it objected to his learning it. No one would give him any information, but he persevered and succeeded.

At twenty he was a "brakesman," who superintended the engine and machinery which drew the coals out of the pit. During the night turn he had a good deal of leisure, which he utilized in study, and in mending the shoes of his fellow-workmen. There was nothing precocious about him; but he was doing very well, earning some eight or ten dollars a week.

One day Fanny Henderson sent him

her shoes to mend. Fanny was a hired girl, living with a neighboring farmer. She was a pretty girl, but better than she was pretty. It was observed that George took special care in mending her shoes; and one of his friends afterwards related, that after they were done he carried them about in his pocket, and looked at them now and then—the tiny shoes that they were—to see what a capital job he had made. Wasn't it natural?

It was from the money earned by shoe-making that George saved his first guinea. With this as a "nest-egg," he soon had money enough to hire a room and begin house-keeping. Then he married Fanny Henderson. After the ceremony they went to see George's parents, who lived in a village several miles away. There were no railroads in those days; so George rode on a farm-horse, borrowed from the farmer with whom Fanny lived, and the bride was seated behind him on the pillion. The home of the young couple was humble, but it was happy. While other fellows spent their evenings at the tavern, George stayed at home and made shoes. From making shoes he got to making lasts, and of these he sold a great many. He next began to try making machines, and even attempted to invent Perpetual Motion. Of course, the latter attempt was a failure, but he gained extraordinary skill in the use of tools. One day the chimney caught fire, and though the fire was soon put out, the house was deluged with water, and the eight day clock—his finest piece of furniture—was greatly damaged by the steam. Its wheels were so clogged with dust and soot that they were brought to a complete stand-still. What was to be done? It might have been sent to a clock-maker, but that would have cost money, so George undertook to repair it. He succeeded so well that the neighbors sent him their clocks to be cleaned, and he soon became the best clock-doctor in the neighborhood. There was, as yet, nothing very promising in his career, but he was getting ready for a more extended sphere of usefulness.

It was while Stephenson was employed as brakesman at Willington that his only son, Robert, was born. It was a great joy, but it was soon turned into

sorrow by the death of his wife. This was a terrible blow, and he long lamented his bereavement. In the midst of his grief he received an invitation to go to Scotland, to superintend an engine. Having left his little boy in the charge of a worthy neighbor he started off, with his kit on his back. In Scotland he received good wages, and succeeded in saving more than a hundred dollars. He did not, however, get along very well with his employers, and at the end of a year he trudged back to England, on foot as he had gone. On the way a poor farmer gave him a night's lodging. Many years afterwards he sought out his host, who discovered before he left that he had entertained an angel unawares.

Reaching home, Stephenson found that his father had met with a serious accident, which had entirely destroyed his sight. The other sons were as poor as he; but George paid his debts—amounting to about seventy-five dollars, and provided a comfortable cottage in which his aged parents lived for many years, comfortable and respected.

About the same time George was drawn for the army, and had to pay a considerable sum for a substitute. Thus, almost at a stroke, his hard-earned savings were swept away. He thought of emigrating to America, but could not raise the necessary money. Then he again became a brakesman, as usual eking out his earnings by mending clocks. He even cut out the pitmen's clothes for their wives to make up; and for many years afterwards these were clothes worn at Killingsworth which were said to have been made after "Geordy Stevenson's cut." But besides all this he studied and perfected himself in the art of making draughts of machinery.

During all this time he never wavered in his intention of giving his boy a good education. Every penny he could save he set apart for this purpose. The boy showed himself exceedingly clever, and seemed to take naturally to science and mechanics. Though it is not our intention to follow the career of Robert Stephenson, we may say that his father lived to see him the foremost engineer in England.

At last an opportunity arrived when George was enabled to distinguish him-

self. His employers had bought a poorly constructed engine, for the purpose of clearing a pit of water; but though pumping was kept up for twelve months, it failed to accomplish its purpose. One day one of his fellow-workmen asked George whether he could do anything? He replied that he could pump out all the water in a week. This was reported to the firm, and they determined to give him a trial. In a week he had made the necessary alterations in the engine, and had cleared the pit.

This event may be regarded as the turning-point in his career. He had gained the confidence of his employers, and after a while he was made their engine-maker at a salary of £100 a year. His inventive genius had now found its proper field, and he made so many inventions that it would be tedious to enumerate them. The most important of these was a locomotive engine, which was found, on trial, to be greatly superior to the clumsy contrivances which had been hitherto devised. It was, in fact, the first engine to run on smooth rails. He also discovered the steam-blast, which, by turning the waste steam up the chimney, increased the draught of the fire, and thus greatly extended the capacity of the boiler to generate steam.

About the same time he contrived a safety lamp, for the benefit of miners; and, though the priority of invention was awarded to Sir Humphrey Davy, his friends thought he had been unjustly treated, and made him a present of £1,000.

Stephenson was now appointed Chief Engineer of a proposed railway, and accomplished the work in the face of the most determined opposition. The people along the line were so hostile that many of the surveys had to be performed by stealth. His greatest achievement in this direction was the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, during which he performed feats of engineering, which in those days were considered wonderful. As he could not get properly constructed engines, he took the £1,000, received for the safety lamp, and founded a locomotive manufactory, which soon grew to large proportions, and secured him a handsome fortune. There was now no obstacle in

the way of his further advancement. He was acknowledged as the head of the railway system of Great Britain, and at the invitation of the king of Belgium he inaugurated the first railroad in that country. He also made a journey to Spain for a similar purpose. Wealth and honors came pouring thick upon him, but he remained to the last the same simple, unpretentious, Christian man. Once, in his old age, he was asked to give a list of his titles, in order that they might be affixed to his name in a work that was to be dedicated to him. His reply was characteristic: "I have to state," said Mr. Stephenson, "that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after, and I think it will be as well if you merely say, 'George Stephenson.' It is true that I am a Belgian knight, but I do not wish to have any use made of it. I have had the offer of knighthood of my own country made to me several times, but would not have it. I have been invited to become a Fellow of the Royal Society, and also of the Civil Engineers' Society, but objected to the empty additions to my name. I am a member of the Geological Society; and I have consented to become the President of a highly respectable Mechanics' Institution at Birmingham."

During the latter years of his life Mr. Stephenson resided on a fine estate at Tapton, devoting much attention to horticulture. Even here his inventive genius could not rest. He made his melons grow in gauze baskets, thereby greatly increasing their size and flavor, and trained cucumbers to grow in glass tubes, so as to prevent them from getting crooked. Travelers from distant countries sought him out to present their respects. Hating foppery and frippery above all things he frequently reproved young men for their weakness in this direction. One day a youth desirous of becoming an engineer called upon him, flourishing a gold-headed cane. Mr. Stephenson said: "Put by that stick, my man, and then I will speak to you." To another extensively decorated young man he said: "I hope you will excuse me; I am a plain-spoken person, and am sorry to see a nice-looking and rather clever young man like you disfigured with that fine-patterned waistcoat, and all these chains and fang-

dangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things when at your age, I would not have been where I am now."

Mr. Stephenson would never acknowledge that he was a genius, or that he had done anything, which other men, equally laborious and persevering, could not have accomplished. The whole secret of his success in life, he said, was his careful improvement of time. To the young men about him he frequently said: "Do as I did—persevere!" He perfected the locomotive, by always working at it, and always thinking about it. A few weeks before his death, which occurred in 1848, he remarked at a meeting of engineers: "I may say, without being egotistical, that I have mixed with a greater variety of society than perhaps any man living. I have dined in mines among miners, and I have dined with kings and queens, and all grades of the nobility—and have seen enough to inspire me with the hope that my exertions have not been without their beneficial results—that my labors have not been in vain." His whole life was an exemplification of the words of Solomon: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

The life of such a man as George Stephenson is full of encouragement. There are few young men, at the present day, who are required to grapple with such difficulties, and there are probably few who can achieve such great success; but every one should determine to make the most of the abilities which he possesses. These talents have not been given in vain, and no one has a right to bury them. However insignificant they may appear, they must be put to "the exchangers," (Matt. 25: 27); for the Lord expects to receive His own with usury.

"My brethren," said a Western clergyman, "the preaching of the Gospel to some people is like pouring water over a sponge—it soaks in and stays. To others it is like the wind blowing through a chicken coop. My experience of this congregation is that it contains more chicken coops than sponges."

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

BY N. C. H.

A beautiful tale the Arabs tell
Of that land far over the seas;
Where the mingled sweets of Araby swell
On the wings of the voiceless breeze.

They tell of a mountain clothed with vines
That never grow yellow and sear;
Of a vale on which the sun ever shines,
Never setting from year to year.

And there a garden of richest flowers
Delighted the eye with its bloom;
And the zephyrs stole from its fragrant bowers,
Deep freighted with sweetest perfume.

And in the garden a maiden dwelt,—
A maiden fair as the day;
But with all her beauty and grace she felt
Unhappy, and wasted away.

For, deep in her breast, she felt a void
No beauty or fragrance could fill;
The bloom of the garden her spirit cloyed,
And she faded ceaselessly still.

Then came an angel with airy flight
From the place where the Houris dwell,
And from her bright pinions a mellow light
With a golden radiance fell.

She placed in the heart of the maid a flower
Far fairer than any around;
And the maiden's life, from that happy hour,
New meaning and gladness had found.

"Though," said the angel, "the roses fall,
And the world be enwrapped in gloom,
This flower shall bring a solace to all,
And shed o'er the earth its perfume."

The maiden looked up—her guest had fled
To the regions of rest above;
And the old sad pain of unrest was dead,—
Her heart was the temple of Love!

'Tis thus the Bedouin's story goes,—
The dream of some poet's mind;
But out from the myth a truth there flows—
The sweetest to human kind.

Within our bosoms still blooms this flower,
That angels erst bore from above;
Still hover they 'round, with mystic power,
To cherish the Flower of Love!

The following homiletic hint is reported as having come from President Lincoln: "I don't like to hear cut and dried sermons. No, when I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees."

THE MISTRESS OF A HUNDRED ISLES.

BY REV. EDWIN A. GERNANT.

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now, the
ear."—*Childe Harold*.

You should go to Venice to know how like
a dream reality may be.—*Willis*.

Few tourists remain long enough in any Italian city to gain more than one impression of it. Should this happen to be unfavorable, they are for the most part too ready to cry "desolation," or, at east, to ascribe to the place itself the cause of their inevitable disappointment. A three days' sojourn is, under the most favorable circumstances, but a poor preparation for anything like a just judgment of its attractions. It is therefore not without considerable shrinking and diffidence that we venture to resume our narrative, and to tell of our experience in the far-famed city of the gliding gondola and moonlight serenade. However, if distance does lend enchantment, and if, as Emerson would have us believe, time invariably "dissipates to shining ether the solid angularities of facts," our effort may not be altogether presumptuous.

It was nearly one o'clock on a hot August afternoon when we left Milan for Venice, more than three years ago, yet the whole scene is as vivid to our recollection as an event of yesterday's occurrence. We can still recall the fat and greasy old Italian woman, our *vis à vis* the greater part of the ride. "Fair proxy" she "for a fresh young demoiselle." It was nearly dusk when we reached our journey's end. To have come to Venice by railway seemed incongruous. We confess to having felt it so. It would certainly have been more the thing to have crossed by steamer from Trieste. However, we made the best of our unpoetical approach. Fortunately, for some distance before our arrival we found the road-bed crossing islands and canals, and arms of the sea. The last looked very pretty in the shimmering sunlight. Thus we were gradually prepared for the wonderful difference between the main land and the city itself, and thus

we entered Venice, the queen of the Adriatic.

Only a few steps from the station to the quay, with the swarming fleet of long black gondolas. No sooner was it discovered that we were among the strangers and desired to embark, than we were at once surrounded by porters and beggars.

"Never heeding their cries, nor their calls,
nor their bawls,"

we hastily stepped into one of the most inviting of these strange historic boats, and a few moments later found ourselves floating down a narrow channel between low flat banks. As yet there were no houses to be seen, except in the distance. And although ours was only an ordinary gondola, and although there was nothing on either hand to attract the eye, it was nevertheless a very pleasant experience—this first ride on the canals of this sad old city.

A majority of our young friends have probably never seen a gondola. For their benefit a description may not prove amiss. Imagine a long, narrow boat (thirty feet is the average length, we believe). In the center is a hearse-like cabin or awning, into which four persons can with difficulty be crowded. Each end is finished off with a beak, or thin curved piece of steel, which at the prow rises considerably higher than the cabin. It is a gloomy-looking craft, painted black, according to the ancient law of the city. The "gay gondolier" stands near the stern, and wields but one oar. His skill is much more admirable generally than his person. The latter is indeed no more interesting or inspiring for the most part than that of the average London "cabby." Nor is their demeanor any more mild and romantic. They are quite as sharp in driving a bargain, and equally vehement in exclamation when one happens to cross another's path. They propel their boats with remarkable rapidity, seldom if ever grazing the sharp angles which they are obliged to make whilst guiding their vessels through the intricacies of the smaller canals.

Let no one imagine, however, that we did not enjoy our first ride in this strange, weird-looking vehicle. There

was something indescribably fascinating in the novel experience, and as our gondola stopped in front of the Hotel della Monaco, we were reluctant to leave it.

The quotation from Byron at the beginning of this sketch is misleading. Though the chivalric songs of old are no longer heard, the modern arias and choruses of French and Italian operas now frequently come stealing across the unruffled waters. Of the *Canti d'Gondolieri Veneziani* alone an interesting volume might be written. Whilst bravely fighting the mosquitoes that first night in Venice, we lingered entranced by the casement of our open window. It was nearly midnight, yet evidently none too late for some belated gondolier, who broke the silence with the well-rendered tones of a charming canzonetta. The effect was so delightful, that we will let Goethe describe a similar experience. "Idle and alone in his barque, awaiting his company or his fare, he abbreviates the night and breaks the silence of the Lagune. Solitary in the heart of a crowded city, he sends his voice over the tranquil mirror; and the sleepy canals, the calm of the heavens, the splendor of the moon, the shadows of the lofty palaces prolonged on the water, the distant moaning of the Adriatic, the noiseless gliding of the sable gondolas, which move like spirits hither and thither—no rattling of wheels, no echo of footsteps, only the fitful and unfrequent splash of an oar—all these circumstances impart an indescribable charm to these well-renowned melodies."

Such an experience is peculiar to Venice, and we have therefore endeavored to do it at least partial justice. The softness of the language, of which an English writer says that it "melts like kisses from a female mouth," and the rich round tones of the full-chested gondoliers—every part complete, now swelling in perfect chorus and anon rising in clearest solo and well-matched duet—have much to do with the general effect. Still it must be heard and felt to be appreciated. We can only wish that the fair reader may once enjoy a night in the justly-named "City of Song." Nor can we better conclude our recollections of its gondola attrac-

tions than by subjoining a probably very free rendering of one of the most popular of these moon-inspired melodies. It is called "Un Ziro in Gondola," and was composed in 1834 by the celebrated George Sand.

"Away with sad thoughts and come, come with me,
Away in the gondola to the deep blue sea,
We leave the canals and the islands behind;
We fly o'er the wave with the speed of the wind.

All golden and cloudless the sun goes down,
And over the Lido uprises the moon.
Her pale light expands on the silvery wave,
A mirror as pure as a woman in love.

The zephyr of evening plays with your hair;
How gently it kisses your forehead so fair!
You are lovely, and youthful, and fresh as a flower—

Tears, apace, come to all—but now is love's hour.

The Venus of Greece, in a sea-shell once seen,
Was thee, in thy gondola, fairest, I ween."

Fully one-half the charm of a place consists in its history. This is especially the case with European cities. In our own country, where we are but beginning to make history, we are apt to forget this universal truth. Let us not fail to remember it in considering the attractions of a city like Venice, which boasts of having been the undisputed queen of a thousand years.

During the fifth century of the Christian era the Roman Empire was hastening towards decay. The whole country was overrun by barbarians. Attila, "the scourge of God," threatened the northern provinces with his invading hordes. There were a number of small islands along the coast of the Adriatic sea. Long and narrow strips of land protected them from the violence of the never very fierce waves. Between them and the mainland lay a huge bed of soft mud, more or less submerged. To the terrified inhabitants of the northern provinces these islands secured a safe retreat, and thither they accordingly fled, building houses and busying themselves more and more from year to year in the work of reclaiming land from the shallow waters around them. Thus gradually the little village of refuge assumed the proportions of a stately city. Of their subsequent prosperous history, as well as of their decline and fall, we shall have more to say in our next.

THE DEATH OF TIBERIUS. (A. D. 37.)

After the German of Emanuel Geibel.

BY THE EDITOR.

At Cape Misenum, on the shore, there stands,
 Amid the laurel groves, a stately mansion,
 With halls and colonnades in wide expansion,
 Busts and mosaics, brought from distant lands.
 Full oft at night a festive garb it wore,
 When, in the dance, the silver-footed maidens
 The Thyrsus swung in gentle, rhythmic cadence,
 And boys, with ivy crowned, the goblets bore ;
 And there was feasting there, and revelry,
 Until the morning dawned, across the sea.

But now 't is silent. Here and there a ray
 Of light falls from a window. Slaves assemble
 Around the portal, whisper low and tremble,
 While litters come and couriers haste away ;
 And men inquire of each, with bated breath :
 " What is the message ? Is it life or death ?
 What says the leech ? " " He says, ' The end is nigh.' "
 The hoary Tiger now, at last, must die."

There, in the taper's twilight, Cæsar lay
 On purple pillows. Paler now than ever
 His face, by ulcers torn. His eye had never
 Shone with such brightness. ' Neath his locks of gray
 The temples swiftly throbbed, with fever's heat.
 The aged leech was there ; while at his feet,
 Macro, the steward, knelt—the last to bring
 A servant's tribute to a dying king.

Now wildly starting up, with dreadful cry,
 And from his couch the purple garments flinging,
 " Ice ! Give me ice ! " the monarch cried up-springing,
 " Ho, Greek ! Now help me quickly, or I die !
 I feel Vesuvius within my breast—
 Ah, how it burns ! Say, can'st thou give me rest ?
 But, oh ! more dreadful still is recollection.
 I curse my thoughts and yet they will not cease.
 O, give me Lethe ! Give the draught of peace,
 That quickly puts an end to all reflection !
 " Tis useless—for I see them there again.
 See ! One by one the dreadful shapes come hither,
 Like clouds of smoke, now here, now driven thither.
 Avaunt ye, all ! I exorcise in vain.
 I see their gaping wounds, I hear their cries,
 Sejanus, too, is here, again to taunt me,
 Drusus, Germanicus, have come to haunt me,
 To gaze upon me with their glassy eyes.
 " Who bade you come ? Could not your dwelling hold ye ?
 Stay in the grave, whose cerements still enfold ye !

Why must you come again to torture me?
 'Tis true I killed you, but it had to be.
 We played at dice. Why did ye lose the game?
 Ye paid the forfeit. I am not to blame."

The leech gave him the cup; and to his bed,
 With all the contents drained, the king fell fainting:
 Then glanced around, and in a whisper said:
 "Where are they now? Pray, tell me, have they fled?
 Those direful shapes that fancy has been painting?
 Perchance they were but vapors; but, believe me,
 They often come to torture me at night.
 I'll tell thee all . . . Ah! 'tis a dreadful sight!
 It cannot be that fancy should deceive me.

"I once was young, confided in my star,
 Believed in men, but soon the youthful vision
 Had passed away, while laughter and derision
 Alone were left—I saw things as they are.
 I saw that men are base ignoble creatures.
 From lofty trees I plucked the fruit they bore,
 But found a worm still gnawing at the core;
 And everywhere I gazed, the stony features
 Of basest selfishness grinned in my face.
 "Fiercer than beasts, the worthless human race
 Is only known by boundless love of money,
 And lips all dripping with deception's honey,
 While in the breast the basest passions play.
 Where is the man who would not fain betray
 His dearest friend? Show me, forsooth a brother
 Who does not yearn, at heart, to slay the other;
 A wife who would not poison with a smile.
 All are alike. All hearts are full of guile.
 "I grew like them. As fear alone could tame
 These raging beasts, I poured a brimful measure
 Of woe upon them. It became my pleasure
 To persecute them all with sword and flame.
 I waged a war with man; his dying rattle
 Was sweeter music than the sound of battle.
 Now, even horrors fail to please my sight,
 And tortured sore by every ray of light,
 Remorseless still I gaze into the night."
 He ceased, with failing voice and panting breath.
 Cold sweat rolled from his brow. The mask of death
 Spread o'er his bloodless features. Macro saw
 The dreadful change, and braved the monarch's ire.
 "Pray shall I call," he said, approaching nigher,
 "Caius, your grandson, called Caligula?
 Your illness grows apace."

But he: "May curses fall
 Upon thee, serpent! Ha! Is that thy plan?
 I am not dead. Caius is, like them all,
 Fool, liar, scoundrel—least of all, a man.
 But, if he were, no hero's hand could save

Rome and the world, for all is desolation.
 Though to enrich the soil he slew the nation,
 No fruit would ripen on its barren grave.
 If there were gods, no gods could make it grow,
 And can this silly boy? Not Caius—No!
 Spirits of vengeance that so oft annoy me—
 Furies of hell, commissioned to destroy me—
 Let them, and Chaos my successors be.
 Theirs be my sceptre!"

In his agony

The king sprang from his couch. With steps uncertain
 He sought the window, tore away the curtain,
 Down through the darkness, with a trembling hand,
 He threw the emblem of his royal power.
 And then fell back unconscious.

At that hour

A soldier, musing, might be seen to stand
 Upon his watch, within the court below,
 Blonde-bearded, tall. As though it ran to meet him,
 The ivory sceptre fell; and rose to greet him,
 Rebounding at his side. He did not know
 Its meaning then, and seized it with his hand.
 Then, musing still, he saw a distant land.
 In yonder vale, where Weser's waters pass
 Through gloomy woods he saw the tree-tops tremble,
 In council, there, beheld his friends assemble,
 Where every word was bright as burnished brass,
 And weighty as the battle-axe in fighting;
 Where hands were true in friendship, as in fighting.
 He thought of one who, 'neath the cottage door,
 Waited to greet her lord with fond caresses;
 He saw her seated, with her amber tresses,
 Twirling the spindle as she did of yore,
 Thinking of him. Upon the green at play,
 His little boy was fashioning a spear.
 His eye so blue, so bright, devoid of fear,
 It flashed amain, as though it sought to say,
 "Give me a sword, and all the world is mine!"

Then, suddenly, beyond the rolling brine,
 The soldier's eye beheld a wondrous sight.
 To orient lands the scene had strangely shifted;
 There, on a cross, he saw a martyr lifted,
 And, in its grief, the sun refused its light.
 He with the watch had stood which, one sad day,
 The shameful cross had guarded with their lances,
 And still he saw the martyr's patient glances,
 Wherein an untold wealth of mercy lay.
 But now—how strange!—above his native land
 The cross, at length, in glory seemed to stand,
 And countless tribes, beneath that emblem bright,
 In armed array across the plains were streaming
 Like angry floods, while on their banners gleaming,
 Appeared the Crucified, enthroned in light.
 He started up. A rumbling—low, uncertain—
 Came from the palace, for the king was dead;
 But gazing far beyond the morning's red,
 He saw the rising of the future's curtain.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

BY REV. I. E. GRAEFF.

IN ancient times valor and virtue were regarded as the same thing, but in these days it is understood that there may be a broad difference between them. It is possible to be very brave, and yet to lack all the elements of moral courage. To elevate and save men is true valor, though but little credit for heroism may be given to those who devote themselves to so noble a work. Man is made, not for fame, or for glory, or for success in life, but for honest sympathy, for self-denial, for self-sacrifice, for that kind of large-heartedness which dares to do right in the face of danger and contumely. It is this sort of bravery that will overcome and win laurels that are not liable to fade.

Self-sacrifice is the key-note of Christianity. Those who were moved by its spirit have never been self-seekers. They gave themselves to others without regard to glory or fame. Many such have received no reward but the consciousness of having done well and nobly. Many of them passed away without receiving the approval of those whom they served. Perhaps the bravest and the best of them were rewarded with ingratitude—perhaps they were compelled to sow in tears; still they looked for a day when they should come bearing their sheaves with joy. Let no one say that their hope was without foundation, since their works do follow them.

It is the province of all to cultivate and give expression to this kind of nobility and courage. All are intended to honor themselves with this sort of glory, timid women as well as bold and brave men. Some of the most delicate and frail are fighting the hard battle of life with an endurance which the heroes of a thousand wars could never surpass. On the arena of Christian sympathy and devotion scores of such make a full display of the higher glory of moral bravery. It is on this high level that woman has taken her firm stand, and has helped the cause of humanity with a giant hand.

Florence Lees was a young girl when

she lost a brother in far off China. He died in the naval hospital at Shanghai. During his illness he was nursed by strangers. This aroused in the heart of his devoted sister a strong desire to follow the example of Miss Nightingale and other English women in the Crimea, and devote herself to the business of nursing. She revealed her design to the Bishop of Winchester, who told her she was too young to enter on such a mission, and advised her to wait till her mind was matured. She did wait a few years, but her heart was full of determination and hope. Miss Nightingale was asked for advice and she gave it, and assisted Miss Lees in getting the necessary training. She entered St. Thomas's Hospital, and commenced preparing for the work in which she meant to spend her life. After this she entered King's College Hospital, and continued her course in that institution. Then she went to Holland, Denmark, Germany, and France, for the purpose of perfecting her education. At Kaiserswerth, in Germany, she passed through the practical training of a nursing deaconess, and received a certificate of efficiency. Then she went to France. M. Hasson, the Director-General of civil hospitals, gave her permission to work in the chief hospitals of Paris under the charge of Roman Catholic sisters. She was associated as a "Sœur Postulante" with the Augustinians, the Dames of St. Thomas de Villeneuve, and the Sœurs de Charité of St. Vincent de Paul. With these she worked harmoniously. Personally the kindness of the sisters to her was beyond words. They treated her more as a sister and friend, than as one separated from them by creed, country, and secular life. From them she learned lessons of quiet cheerfulness under difficulties, of hope and trust in an all overruling Providence, and a firm self-denial and utter giving up of self to Him whose divine charity she aimed to imitate.

Miss Lees got her last and most valuable training through the kind permission of Gen. Lebœuf, the French Minister of War, to work in the French military hospitals. The late Michel Levy, the director-general, took great interest in her. He had been associated with Miss Nightingale in the Crimea,

and for her sake he made Miss Lees pass through a course of training unusually severe; but the practical experience she gained in this manner, at the Val-de-Grâce, was so valuable that, in the course of her eventful after-life, she never failed to gratefully remember it. Such was the long and severe training of this brave young woman, for the work of Christian self-denial to which she had determined to devote her life.

She had returned to her native land. Soon war was declared between France and Germany. The newspapers were full of the results of sanguinary battles. The young nurse's heart was touched. She set out for the Continent, accompanied by some German ladies. She passed through Belgium to Cologne, where she saw the wounded soldiers lying in rows along the station platform. Then she passed on to Coblenz and Treves, and finally she reached Metz, which was her station. The journey was a rough one after she left the steamer. In the midst of the confusion she had lost her baggage, but she was there herself to enter upon her work with a heroism that shines brightly side by side with the military valor of the campaign. Marshal Bazaine had taken refuge in Metz. Prince Frederick was investing the city. Miss Lees was appointed to an hospital at Marangue, in the rear of the investing army, where she found miserable quarters in an old barn. She slept on a bit of sacking filled with straw. There was little medicine and less food. The principal disease among the soldiers was typhus fever, occasioned by the dampness of the trenches. The hospital had twenty-two beds, and these were always full.

Certainly the nurse of this field-hospital had no light task before her. When the men were brought in fever-stricken, they had first to be cleaned. And, coming out of miry trenches, they were so incrustated with dirt that it required scraping before they could be washed, after which the hard work of nursing by night and day took its beginning, and all this in the midst of the most depressing circumstances. The men sometimes became furiously delirious. One night she was alone. She heard a noise up-stairs. She went up and found a delirious soldier trying to

force the door. The poor fellow wished to go home to his "liebe mutter." Calling another patient to her help, and, telling the delirious one he would go home the next day, he was prevailed upon to take his bed again. Another delirious soldier was searching for a knife under his bed-fellow's pillow. The nurse got hold of it and hid it. Such were her trials when left alone to take care of her patients as best she could. No wonder that she entreated the surgeon, when he came round, that she might not again be left alone in the hospital at night.

She continued her labors in that place for many weeks. At last Bazaine surrendered; his prisoners were sent into Germany. Miss Lees had done her work at Metz, but her self-imposed task was not ended. She was taken to Hamburg, where she was put in charge of a hospital of wounded soldiers, under the superintendence of the Crown Prince of Prussia. After her return from Germany, she made a voyage to Canada and the United States, to inspect our hospitals here in America. She made this journey in 1873, and visited Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Cleveland, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Annapolis. Later she became Directress of the Westminster Nursing Association, and continued to make herself useful in her good work.

Thus, then, we have a brief statement of the life of this model Christian heroine. Her life may be regarded as a specifically exemplary one. She rose above all that is merely personal and national, to the high and broad level of a common humanity. She did not remain at home to nurse the invalids of her own people, neither did she follow these into foreign lands and foreign wars. But she went among the sick of other nations, and risked her own life in ministering to them. This may be called Christian self-sacrifice in the highest sense. There is nothing of home sympathy in it. It looks entirely like a pure offering on the altar of Christian love. It is hard to see how, in the life of sinful mortals, there could be anything more like the sinless life of Jesus.

Still Miss Lees must not be held up

as the only Christian woman who has made a sublime display of the loftiest heroism. She is but one among many, young and old, rich and poor, who have done deeds of a like character. Neither is this sort of noble bravery only of modern birth. The godly women of all ages in the kingdom of God were moved by the same springs, and did works of the same kind. Pious women were the companions of the Saviour, and stood by when He died on the cross. Others after them caught the same spirit, and ministered for Jesus' sake to both friend and foe. Thus public beneficence took its course and grew immensely.

Epimenides, an ancient philosopher and poet of Crete, was called to Athens to stay the plague. It is said that he succeeded in arresting the pestilence, and that he refused any reward for his services beyond the good-will of the Athenians towards the inhabitants of Gnosus, where he dwelt. This was showing an excellent spirit. Other ancient heathen philosophers have given evidence of similar high and generous motives. Yet all classic heathendom, with all its masterly genius and public spirit, failed to create a system of public beneficence, and, in the whole brilliant catalogue of its great masters, there is not a single character like the one we have just glanced at in the history of Florence Lees. To bring about such exhibitions of personal purity and self-denial, it was necessary to lift the human mind out of the sphere of the merely secular, and to give it a baptism from the presence of the Most High. Hence the ancient Hebrew had a system of public charity, while classic pagandom had nothing but occasional individual generosity to grace its brilliant record. Hence also the history of the Christian era is so largely made up of the deeds of men and women, who were not only generous but full of self-sacrificing charity, regardless of all personal considerations. The humane impulses of our age have had their origin in the sublime ideals of the Christian life, and the various energies of mankind have thus received an inspiration higher and nobler than that of either philosophy or art.

It is no doubt true that much of the

heroic philanthropy of modern times does not run on a higher level than that of heathen benevolence, and much of the large-heartedness of our day would hardly bear comparison with the royal generosity of some of the ancient heathen sages. Yet we have the true light and a better faith than the ancients had, and therefore we have individual characters which loom up immensely above all pagan greatness and goodness, and a system of public beneficence, such as the world with all its wisdom could not have until the very God of peace brought it down and gave it to man. Christian heroism is not bravery simply, nor is it simply generosity, but it is bravery and generosity combined in the spirit of faith and love to both God and man. It is different from other heroism, because it is more divine, more heavenly, and even more human, than any valor can be which is not the offspring of the life of Christ in the world.

We have looked at a star of the first magnitude in the Christian heavens. Let us not forget that there are many smaller stars, shining perhaps less brightly, but shining still with a Christian light before men. Not all have the same gifts, though all are inspired by the same Spirit. There are thousands in Israel who could not do the work of Florence Lees, even if they had the will. She evidently was fitted, both by nature and grace, for her peculiar mission. But her example should encourage every one to use his or her talents in some good and noble work.

She was in doubt when she first conceived the idea of becoming a nurse, but she began to prepare for such a mission, being full of faith and hope, and history has already recorded her success. Let others have faith and hope and endurance, in some Christian work or mission, waiting for their reward as those in days gone by have done, and that reward will as surely come as it has come before. Christian heroism, inspired by Christian hope, shall never be confounded.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there.
Must go upon their knees.

EARLY GERMAN LITERATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

The early English literature of America has been carefully studied. No such labor of love, if we except a few scattered addresses and essays, has yet been performed in behalf of the sturdy German pioneers who, more than a century ago, sought to create an American literature in their native language. A brief sketch of their labors may, therefore, not prove uninteresting to our readers.

It was in 1730, the year in which Benjamin Franklin founded the Philadelphia Library, that the celebrated printer was visited by several Germans, wearing long beards, and dressed like Capuchin monks, who commissioned him to print a German hymn-book. This was no small undertaking; but "Poor Richard" was not the man to neglect an opportunity of turning an honest penny, and he succeeded in completing the volume, though it is not surprising that its typography should not have been greatly to his credit.

The book itself was a small 12mo., printed in Roman characters, and consisting of mystical, poetical compositions, emanating from the curious sect of "Seventh-Day Baptists" which, under the leadership of Conrad Beissel, had recently founded a monastic establishment at Ephrata, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. They were Pietists of the extreme mystical school, and a schism from the sect of "Dunkers," founded in 1708, by Alexander Mack.

This peculiar people appears to have been very fond of hymnology, for, in 1732 and 1733, they issued two similar volumes, which, if not possessing a high order of literary merit, are at least interesting as expressing the peculiar chiliastic views and aspirations of their authors.

By this time, the Germans in Pennsylvania had become very numerous, and naturally required more books in their native language than Franklin, with his limited facilities, was able to provide. Their wants, were, however, well met by Christopher Saur (or Sower) who, in 1739, founded a printing estab-

lishment at Germantown, which became the most extensive in the colonies. After the death of the elder Saur, in 1758, the business was conducted by his son, who bore precisely the same name.

For about forty years, the Saur, father and son, managed their affairs with eminent success, printing not only German books, almanacs, and newspapers, but also various publications in the English language. The whole number of their German books and pamphlets, of which many are sufficiently curious, was probably not less than two hundred. Their first publication was issued, like Franklin's earliest German books, in the interest of the Ephrata Society. The principal title, translated, reads: "Zion's Hill of Incense, or Mountain of Myrrh," Germantown, 1739. This was the earliest book printed in America in German characters.

The most important enterprise of Christopher Saur,* the elder, was the publication of a 4to. German Bible, of which the first edition was printed in 1743. This, it will be remembered, was the first edition of the Bible in a European language which had yet appeared in America, and its publication must have been regarded as a stupendous undertaking. A second edition appeared in 1763, and proved so profitable that the publisher felt justified in devoting a part of the proceeds to the gratuitous circulation of the "Geistliches Magazin," which is said to have been the earliest American, religious periodical. A third edition of the Bible was printed in 1776; but, as many of the unbound sheets were seized and made into cartridges at the battle of Germantown, it is now quite rare, and known as the "Cartridge Bible."

In the mean time, the monks of Ephrata had not been idle. Having quarrelled with the elder Saur, whose wife had left him and joined their order, they, in 1742, imported a press from Germany, and began the publication of a series of volumes, principally devoted to the propagation of their pe-

* The family name appears in various forms. The earliest appears to be Sauer, but in German publications it was generally printed Saur, and finally it was anglicized into Sower.

culiar tenets. Among these were "The Song of the Solitary Turtle Dove," "The Pleasant Odor of Roses and Lilies in the Valley of Humility," and "Miraculous Melodies of Paradise"—titles which were, no doubt, intended to be exceedingly attractive, but whose sweetness is cloying to our modern taste. More important than these were translations of the "Pilgrim's Progress," printed in 1754, a huge folio on "Baptist Martyrology," and a history of the order called "Chronicon Ephratense."

Unwilling to suffer the German book-trade to pass entirely out of his hands, Franklin, in 1749, formed a partnership with John Boehm, a German printer, and soon afterwards published several German books, among which was a fine edition of Arndt's "Wahres Christenthum," a work which has been a favorite with pious Germans all the world over.

There were many other German publishers, besides those we have mentioned; so that the whole number of German books, issued in Pennsylvania during the last century, may be safely stated at more than five hundred. Nor should it be forgotten, that some of the best German writers sent their manuscript to the Fatherland, to be published there. This was especially the case with the Lutheran, Reformed, and Moravian missionaries, whose Reports, as published in Europe, were voluminous and valuable.

The greater portion of the publication of this early period consisted, as we have seen, of sermons, or of moral and religious essays:

"Dull, doubtless, but with here and there a flash."

We must not, however, neglect to notice the very creditable poetical compositions of Helmuth and Kunze, and the scientific labors, at a somewhat later period, of Muhlenberg, the botanist, and of Melsheimer, the entomologist.

There has been a very general impression that German Pennsylvania, in its earlier days, at least, was a sort of Bœotia, given over to hopeless ignorance, and despising literature and art, as proper works of the devil. The facts of the case, we think, will hardly justify such an impression. The wonder is not that

the German pioneers did so little for literature, but that, in their poverty and isolation, they succeeded in accomplishing so much.

SCHOOLS IN JAPAN.

BY MASATAKA YAMANAKA.

[The following article was written, at our request, by Mr. Yamanaka, a Japanese student in Franklin & Marshall College. We have left it unchanged, so that our readers may be able to judge of the progress which the writer has made in the acquisition of the English language. There are still, of course, imperfections; but we think there are few persons who, under the circumstances, would have done so well.—ED. GUARDIAN.]

Common schools in Japan are conducted usually in private dwelling-houses rather than in suitable school-houses, and are almost in every other square.

When the children become six or seven years old, although it is not compulsory, they commence to go to school where they learn to write and read Iroha, the alphabet or Phonetic syllabarium, from which the words are composed, is the first lesson. It is of more recent invention than the ideographic system of Chinese hieroglyphic symbols which came into use in the 2nd centuries A. D. Prior to these it is supposed that the Japanese possessed an ancient form of writing to the time of the introduction of the study of Chinese written language. It has certainly not been used for many centuries and there are no books now remaining written in this character. This alphabet is said to have been invented by Kibi-Daishi, a man of high rank in the time of the emperor Kojin Tenno in the 7th centuries A. D. is known as the Hirakana, consisting 47 letters. In the course of time, these characters were rendered more complex by the addition of variations; and then another alphabet or simpler form was introduced which is known as the Katakana or side-letters. Some schools are open to both sexes, the others only to the male sex. Each scholar own his own desk a yard long, a foot wide, and a foot and half in height, and also a box for keeping

books, papers, writing implement in, which are generally varnished or painted in red. The teacher comes behind scholars and take hold of their hands, instruct them how to make and read these characters individually once in the morning, they continually study the same lesson a duration of three days. Then they write their lessons for finishing in neat papers which are made from the bark of mulberry trees, but write on one side only on account of their thin papers; the teacher gives them marks accordingly, and at the end of school year he gives a banquet to the scholars and also gifts according to their grade such as Indian ink, writing brushes, papers, and fans so on. Schools take in at 8 o'clock in the morning and continue until at the noon, but those who misbehaved during the session are kept in as long as they do not obey the orders of teachers, sometimes are kept in the whole afternoon without having a dinner. Teachers in Japan are very highly respected, not only by their scholars but also by all who are generally the best scholars among all the classes of people. Children are taught especially morality, the duty of a man, and obedience to their parents such as are the principle branches of instruction in schools. But those of wealthy parents have also a private tutor, whose duty it is to watch over them when out of school and is always with them wherever they go. He is rather a guardian than a teacher.

Those who wish to continue the studies, go to high schools where they are taught the Confucian literature, philosophy, logic, history, political economy and poetry, etc. The education is not neglected, although there are comparatively a few who receive a high education and the majority of children, as soon as they become 14 or 15 years old learn a trade so that they can assist their parents in making a living.

There are also gymnasiums or schools for exercise as well as the intellectual training of youth. The exercises consist of horse racing, targeting, wrestling and boxing, using the spear and sword, shooting the bow and arrow so as to cultivate physical strength and thus to make the youth able-bodied soldiers when their military services are needed.

Public schools including the high schools, colleges or universities are now established in cities and towns throughout the empire. They are founded precisely the same as the school system in the United States.

THE INDIAN BRAVE AND THE MISSIONARY.

BY REV. J. MAX HARK.

About a century and a quarter ago, the little Moravian town of Nazareth was a centre of missionary influence and activity among the Indians of Pennsylvania. From here the brethren went forth in every direction through the primeval forest to preach the glad tidings of a crucified Saviour to the fierce and untamed natives. And God so graciously blessed their efforts, that entire Indian villages throughout the State were converted into true Christian congregations. The history of those times is like a thrilling romance. Incidents like the following may be found on many a page of the records of that heroic period.

Along the ledge that skirts the southern border of the Long Meadow, which stretches its velvety expanse of green eastward from Nazareth, there wound in those days a little path worn by the feet of the Indian hunter. It led through forest and glen to the banks of the Bushkill or Lehigh creek, where, some two miles from the town, stands an old stone grist-mill, which then belonged to the brethren. Here Indians and white settlers would often assemble to listen to the words of life from the mouth of some missionary brother from the town.

One evening in the perilous times of the French and Indian War, about the year 1757, as the sun was just sinking to its rest in the western hills, and flooding the landscape with a purple, hazy light, a painted warrior might have been seen stealthily creeping along this secluded path. Every now and then he stopped and bent his ear to the ground. No sound was heard but the distant barking of the gray squirrel or the twang of the nighthawk's wing as he circled swiftly over the meadow.

Again and again the young brave

stopped and listened intently. A dark and sinister scowl was on his dusky face. The fresh notches cut into the stock of his long rifle showed that he had already laid low in death by it no less than eleven foes. Only one more was wanting to complete the dozen to make him a captain in his tribe. He had vowed that day not to return to his lodge without the number complete, and knowing that one of the preachers from Nazareth was to come to the mill that night, he had determined to waylay him on his path.

Suddenly his trained ear detects the sounds of approaching footsteps. It is the tread of a white man too. With quick and panther-like movement he glides into the shadow of a hazel thicket, and with rifle cocked and primed, stands ready to carry out his murderous design.

The footsteps come nearer. The sound is heard, too, of a sweet hymn softly chanted by devout lips. A few steps further and the missionary's form appears clearly outlined on the hill against the golden evening sky.

Now is the warrior's time! Why does he not fire? Why does he hesitate so long?

Look at him! His rifle rests by his side! He is bewildered and confused. He has recognized in the missionary the same preacher whom months before he had seen on the banks of the distant Mahoning, and there heard telling the story of the cross, and pleading even with him to accept the meek and lowly Jesus as his Saviour. The recollection has dimmed the youthful warrior's eyes for the moment, and he cannot shoot.

But it is only for one moment. The next, fierce ambition again asserts its sway. He grasps his rifle and stealthily follows the unsuspecting brother into the dark glen just ahead. Here another opportunity offers to slay his victim. But again the youth's heart fails him. A third time ambition hardens the heart for the bloody deed. But a third time conscience unnerves him, and he lets the opportunity pass. It is a terrible struggle between the good and the bad in his soul. Finally, however, the evil seems to conquer. Ambition reproaches him for womanly weakness and unworthy cowardice. To strengthen his fierce

resolution, he runs his hand over the eleven notches of his rifle. "Only one more and I am captain!" he murmurs. With an oath he hastens forward now, calling on the "Great Spirit" for ever to palsy his arm if again it refuses to fulfill the deed.

With an effort he raises his rifle. He takes a steady aim. He is just about to pull the trigger, when lo, the weapon itself drops from his grasp! His right arm sinks helpless to his side. It is palsied! Or at least to him it seems as though it were.

The missionary, all unconscious of the fate he has escaped through God's gracious interposition, still chanting his hymn of trust and praise, goes tranquilly on his way, and reaches the old stone mill in the "Vale of Peace."

The young warrior never became a captain of his tribe, but soon after was converted to Christ, and lived many years a fervent and faithful assistant in the missionary work of the Brethren's Church among the Indians.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

FROM THE CHINESE.

Where *spades* grow bright, and idle *swords*
grow dull;
Where *jails* are empty, and where *barns* are
full;
Where *church* paths are with frequent feet out-
worn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where *doctors* foot it, and where *farmers* ride;
Where *age* abounds, and *youth* is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people, and well-governed state.

LONGFELLOW aptly says: "The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came."

OUR CABINET.

WORDS OF CHEER.

We feel very grateful for the kind words which our exchanges have so freely bestowed upon THE GUARDIAN and its new editor. These cordial greetings encourage us to persevere in a work which is, in every sense, a labor of love. It is very evident that THE GUARDIAN has made many friends, and we sincerely hope that it may be our privilege to retain them, and to increase their number.

There is, indeed, no reason why THE GUARDIAN should not be a welcome guest in every Sunday-school and in every Christian household. It has never been engaged in religious controversy, and its highest endeavor has been to be faithful to its beautiful motto. Though published under the auspices of the Reformed Church, many of its friends and subscribers belong to other Christian churches, and we have every reason to believe that the latter have always been satisfied with the manner in which it has been conducted.

We call upon the friends of THE GUARDIAN to aid in increasing its circulation. Many Sunday-schools subscribe for a copy for each teacher, paying the subscription out of the general treasury. The expense is not great, and the effect is found to be excellent. The teachers are bound to the school by an additional tie, and are greatly aided in their work. Many of them preserve the numbers, and subsequently have them bound into volumes, as mementoes of their labors in the Sunday-school cause. There are many additional schools in which this plan might be successfully introduced. To the young, especially, and to every Christian family, THE GUARDIAN seeks to be a faithful friend. After its long and

faithful service it must not be allowed to suffer for want of adequate support. At present its prospects are bright and cheering, but by a little labor its influence might be greatly extended.

OUR BOOK SHELVES.

We have recently read "The Artist and His Mission; A Study in Aesthetics, by Rev. William M. Reily, Ph. D., Professor of Ancient Languages in Palatinate College." It is a book of the utmost value to all who desire to study Aesthetics, in the proper sense of that much abused word. If the tastes of our people were properly cultivated, according to the principles laid down in this volume, they would be less ready to be led astray by pretended "apostles of the beautiful." We hope that Prof. Reily's book may enjoy an extensive circulation.

From D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, we have received "The Might of Right, from the writings of William Ewart Gladstone, selected by E. E. Brown." This book is one of the "Spare Minute Series." It is not intended for consecutive reading; but, as its title indicates, is made up of selections from the writings of England's greatest statesman. "Spare minutes" could hardly be better employed than by opening the book almost anywhere, and reading the excellent sentiments which it contains.

The same firm has sent us "So as by Fire," by Margaret Sidney; a story which has been read with pleasure by several members of our family. As this book has already been approved by the Sunday-school Bureau, it is not necessary that we should say anything further in its praise. We are also indebted to Dr. J. Z. Gerhard for

the Annual Report of the State Lunatic Hospital at Harrisburg, Pa., of which he is the efficient superintendent.

HONORABLE FAMILIES.

Nearly all families have worthy and unworthy members; but when a bad man springs from an honorable family the whole community is surprised, while there is equal surprise at the appearance of good men in certain other connections. These facts are so fully recognized that they have been deemed worthy of the attention of our courts of justice. They do not depend on rank and station, but they do in a great measure depend on Christian culture and education. It is, therefore, within the power of every father and mother to build up an honorable Christian family. "Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

The *Ledger* recently contained an article on 'The Pennsylvania Germans' which, all things considered, was kindly and appreciative. It was, at any rate, vastly in advance of many articles on the same subject, which appeared in various periodicals in former years. It is, however, fully deserving of the following strictures, which appear in a communication published in the *Lutheran and Missionary* of January 19th:

"In your clipping from the Philadelphia *Ledger* on the Pennsylvania Germans, I observe the common vice of the articles on this subject. The most stress is laid on the odd and striking features of say the Ephrata brethren, the Moravian brethren, the Lancaster sects—to the neglect of the great body of plain, hard-working and orthodox Lutherans and Reformed, who form the population of so many counties in eastern Pennsylvania.

"I do not know of a single satisfactory treatise on this subject. The Scribner article describes Ephrata and Bethlehem. Mrs. Phoebe Gibbons puts these copies into her appendix and makes the Lancaster county sects her main theme. Prof. Stahr has written in vindication of the Pennsylvania Ger-

man dialect in the *Mercersburg Review* of 1870.

"The only account which does justice to their manners and morals is one by Dr. Rush, written in 1789, and brought out with notes by Prof. I. D. Rupp in 1875. The other necessary materials might be found in Rupp's various writings, and in fugitive pieces like Rev. C. Z. Weiser's articles in the *German Reformed Messenger* of 1868. There is room for an interesting and valuable treatise by one with sufficient personal acquaintance to give a sketch that should not be a caricature. Now that our *Review* is begun, this ought to be forthcoming."

It is very pleasant to read these kind words with reference to the labors of several of our personal friends, and we thank the writer for them. We believe, however, that the literary materials for the study of the Germans of Pennsylvania are considerably more extensive than is generally supposed; though it is true that they consist mainly of pamphlets and fugitive articles which have never been collected into volumes. Surely, however, Prof. O. Seidensticker, of Philadelphia, deserves recognition for his labors in this field, especially as it was he who directed the attention of the poet Whittier to the Germans of Pennsylvania, and thus suggested that beautiful poem, "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim."

It is, however, by no means an easy task to secure the general recognition of the merits and importance of the Germans of Pennsylvania, as all who have attempted it must have discovered. May we be permitted, as an illustration, to relate an incident from our personal experience? We had been for some time a correspondent of a Boston periodical, reviewing new books, and devoting especial attention to the history of literature. All our articles were cordially received, and were well rewarded. At last we ventured to try the editor with an article on the early literary efforts of the Germans of Pennsylvania. The general character of the article may be surmised from a brief essay on the same subject in the present number of THE GUARDIAN. It was, however, much more elaborate, and was precisely in the style of several ar-

ticles which had just been published in the same periodical. In a few days the article was returned with "the editor's sincere regrets that the present crowded state of his columns, in consequence of the approaching holiday season, would prevent the publication of this very interesting article."

We cannot say that we were disappointed, for we expected nothing else. If the editor had been sincere in desiring to publish the article in question, he might have laid it aside for a future occasion; but he knew that his readers did not wish to be told, among other things, that the Germans of Pennsylvania, in some of the years immediately preceding the Revolution, published more books than all the rest of the colonies combined. That was "the milk in the cocoa-nut."

We propose soon to publish a number of articles on the books our fathers read. If we should appear to give undue prominence to the minor sects, it will simply be owing to the fact they were first in the field, and published more books than the orthodox churches. The Reformed and Lutherans possessed an extensive literature before their immigration, and imported nearly all the books they needed; while the mystical sects were full of new-born zeal, and wrote many books for the purpose of spreading their peculiar religious notions. We will, however, try to do justice to all classes of literary laborers.

NAMES OF PLACES MISPRONOUNCED.

It is curious to observe how frequently the names of places are miscalled by railroad officials. On the North Pennsylvania railroad there is, for instance, a station called Bingen. The name is beautiful; derived from the old town in Germany which furnished the title for Mrs. Norton's noble ballad, "Bingen on the Rhine." Of course, it ought to be pronounced with the *g* hard: Bingen. Travelling that way, some years ago, we repeatedly heard the name announced: "Bin-jen! Bin-jen!" It put us in mind of "Old John Brown, who had a little *Injun*" It is, however, but just to say that this error has since been corrected.

On the East Pennsylvania railroad,

near Allentown, there is a thriving town which was named by its Moravian founders after the village of Emmaus, to which the two disciples were going, on the day of the resurrection, when they saw the Lord. It should be pronounced in three syllables—Em-ma-us. We would like to know by what authority it is now spelled Emaus, and pronounced by railroad conductors, with an indescribable drawl, "Ee-maws." Somewhere in that region there was once a guide-board, at a cross-road, which directed the traveler to "Amouse." That was bad enough, but the modern form is hardly an improvement. We think the citizens of Emmaus should protest against the corruption of this ancient and honorable name.

MODERN CONVENIENCES.

One of our friends is erecting a fine house. Some time ago he remarked to the master-builder, who is a good, honest German, that he was inclined to have certain modern conveniences, but hesitated on account of the expense. The builder reflected a moment and then replied: "Well, sir, I will tell you how dat is. Dem tings is very expensable; but wen you don't get 'em, den you ha'nt got 'em." There was a good deal of truth in that remark.

A LETTER IN RHYME.

Mrs. Martha J. Nevin, of Lancaster, has kindly permitted us to copy, for THE GUARDIAN, the following rhyming letter, playfully addressed to her by one of her youthful companions, more than half a century ago. For freedom of style, point and spirit, it is certainly superior to most of the friendly communications of the present day; and its facile rhymes prove that the writer possessed unusual talent. We are sure our readers will thank Mrs. Nevin for affording them this literary treat:—

COMPETENCE, August 17, 1825.

I've a notion, dear Martha, to write you in rhyme, just to amuse you and pass away time. Though our vale of Pequea presents nothing like news, still we may think and say what we choose. No engagements or weddings to excite your surprise, nor anything like it that I can surmise,—and a letter, you know, that is written in prose, without love or marriage,

how dull it all goes! It is just like the falling of rain on a platter, or an anodyne taken when something's the matter; to keep wide awake is quite out of the question, when there's no sly hint or some cunning suggestion.

For my part I always like something to tell—more than, I love you and hope you are well,—something that's brilliant, hid so in the dark as just to emit an occasional spark, to keep the inquisitive puzzling fair on the rack of suspense till she finds what is there.

Now, a riddle, dear Martha, would come in good play, and amuse you, I think, this dull, rainy day; and, as one of my own, I will give you my *word*, that in speaking and reading is frequently heard. 'Tis completely a paradox when I shall say, that though absent 'tis present; though present, away. Seven letters is all that my word does require, to give the two meanings that you may desire. It is not by transposing that they are obtained, but by justly dividing the answer is gained. Take it just as it stands, without any changing, and attempt to pursue it, you'll never cease ranging. The expression's oft used when things we can't find, and the word that is wanted is now here disjointed. And the lassie that gives the true answer to me, shall receive the new gloves that I keep for a fee.

On the morning, dear Martha, I left you in L., to return to Pequea, I was not very well, having caught a slight cold by hoisting the sash in the room where we slept; don't you think it was rash? But precept on precept we often receive, when a word of her counsel we seldom believe; we still go on hoping, with incautious tread, till we step on the verge of the danger we dread, hugging closely our rights, which are dear as our lives, and losing perhaps the thing that we prize. Yes, then we are ready to open our arms, and receive the friend kindly who'll quell our alarms. Alas! sage experience is tardy and slow, and 'tis only her counsel we're willing to know. However, we'll hope it was all for the best; as our dreams were so sweet and refreshing our rest,—when, perhaps, from excessive great heat on that night, we might both have exhaled and escaped out of sight. Then imagine our friends when they'd hear of the news, that both Martha and Mary were seen in the dews, refreshing the roses and sweet'ning the air; but would this compensate for the loss of the pair? No! gloomy and sad would be their lone hours, and the tears we would shed might rest on the flowers, as sparkling dew-drops reviving each leaf, while the hearts of our friends would be bursting with grief. Here the pen of a Darwin might write a sweet tale, while that of friend Mary would certainly fail. So, adieu to vain writing, and let me attend to the things, my sweet Patty, I wish you to send.

Really, leaving so much of my wardrobe behind looks exceedingly like taking leave of my mind. Here the adage that "actions speak louder than words" is the only theme, for there's nothing else heard,—its sound in my ears has hardly dispersed, ere the very same aying again is rehearsed. Sometimes I will

sit quite silent and dumb; and at other times answer them gravely and grum: "And suppose I did leave my comb and my braid, I see no cause why so much need be said." ("And your riding-dress, too," whispers a voice; "and was that, sister Mary, also your choice?") "Come, be done with your frowning and give us a smile, then perhaps we'll desist from teasing awhile." But if so they continue from morning till night, I must surely run off to get out of their sight; take the first invitation that I can procure; for who could such terrible plaguing endure?

Now, should any one call my package to take, please to put up my comb in a way it won't break; though perhaps 'twould be best to leave it just so, for I know in the crown of a hat it would go; and our good Mr. Babbit has promised to call on my dear sister R., then you can send all. But if aught should occur to prevent his intention, then my tresses must flow in a way I can't mention. Now, to speak in good earnest and throw away fun, I like myself more since comb I have none; and now am convinced that I wore too much hair, and look ten per cent. better since my forehead is bare.

Pray, what do you think of us kindling a blaze, and sitting close round it, in warm August days? 'Tis the best means we know to dispel the damp weather, and keep us all laughing and talking together. How charming, dear Martha, to sit round the fire, and enjoy all the blessings that we could desire! But the arm-chair is empty; and what did I say? "Enjoy every blessing," when father's away? No, the thought of his illness and absence together, makes cloudy and dull the sunniest weather.

Now, I'll finish my letter in pity for you, and, with much love to friends, will bid you adieu; and with truest affection, dear Martha, for thee, always believe me thy friend.

M. E. B.

"TO WHAT BASE USES WE MAY RETURN."—It was stated several years ago, that the remains of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, had been discovered in the parish church, at Whitchurch, Shropshire, England. It was this Talbot who is one of the dramatis personæ in Shakspeare's play of King Henry VI.—"The great Alcides of the field, valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. * * * Great Mareschal to Henry the Sixth, of all his wars within the realm of France." On examining the skull it was found to be filled with some substance, which, on closer inspection, proved to be the nest of a mouse, containing a litter of three young ones. The mouse had found its way into the interior of the skull through the hole made by the battle-axe which slew the stout old warrior.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

LONGING FOR CHILDHOOD'S JOYS.

BY REV. J. O. JOHNSON.

It is natural for the mind of the weary and of the aged to revert to the scenes of early life. The old associations are sacred and dear to the heart. The familiar forms and voices of our childhood's companions remain pictured in the memory; and in the midst of business cares and anxieties we long for one cup of innocent joy, such as we quaffed in the golden days of youth.

"Oh! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day."

Impelled by ambition, man ever seeks a higher place and greater wealth or fame; but each hour finds his foothold less secure; and when he most needs the rewards of all his strivings and endeavors, the bauble reputation bursts, enemies thwart his plans, and disappointment destroys all his joy. Then he longs for a return of the happy state of his boyhood.

"Happy is the boy! did he know his bliss,
'Twere ill exchanged for all the dazzling gems
That sparkle in ambition's eye;
His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
The cherub smile of innocence and health,
Sorrow unknown, or if he shed a tear,
He wipes it soon."

One who was a poet amongst poets, and the king of poets, experienced this longing for the joys and innocent delight of childhood, when he exclaimed: "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate." David, when he uttered these words, was not only thirsty, but he was weary of politics and war, and longed for a return of childhood's peace, freedom from care, and innocent pleasure.

The youngest son of Jesse was named David, the beloved, the darling. With the other boys of the village little David played about the streets of Bethlehem, but especially at "the well at the gate," from which reservoir the inhabitants were supplied with water. This was a favorite resort for the boys, we may imagine; and here the little shepherd lad many a time slaked his thirst. He never forgot this ancient well and its cooling draughts.

Many years afterwards he was a fugitive from king Saul, who sought to take his life. Surrounded by his little band of devoted friends, and panting in the wilderness, he longed to be free from all dangers and cares of State, and to taste again of childhood's joys and pleasures.

A thousand years later a lineal descendant of this many-sided king was born in Bethlehem, and a "Fountain of living waters" was opened for the thirsty souls. Many have been the weary ones who, in suffering and distress, have cried out: Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of life which flows from the well opened at Bethlehem, when the Saviour was born.

The words express the longing of hearts that have once "tasted the good word of God," but have since hewed themselves out broken cisterns that can hold no water. In the possession of their first love their full cup ran over; but now their hearts are full of sadness, and the earth seems a barren wilderness. If they sing at all, it is in the minor key of lament over wasted years.

They long for a refreshing draught from the well of living water. They hear one saying: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." It is the Son and Lord of David whose voice calls to thirsting souls.

HOW TO TREAT "CRANKS."

"How shall I treat the cranks who visit us and insist on making speeches?" recently inquired the Superintendent of a city Sunday-school. By "cranks" he meant weak-minded men who imagine that they have a special gift, and wander from one school to another, without a commission from anybody, for the purpose of "speaking their piece." Generally their harangues are simply shallow and tedious, but occasionally one may be found, whose erratic notions may do positive harm. We remember one of the best specimens of this class, who used to visit us occasionally for the purpose of giving our school, as he said, "a bit of pious exhortation." He always addressed his audiences as "Beloved." Once the Superintendent ignored his presence, and dismissed the school without inviting him to speak. The visitor started up in high dudgeon, shouting, "Ho, Beloved! Hey, Beloved! Sit down! I have something to tell you." We sat down, of course, and were detained for half an hour, listening to his rambling and incoherent talk.

On another occasion, one of the class said to a superintendent, "I wish you would allow me to address your school. I have a *new story*, which makes my speech very interesting."

It is hard to lay down a rule for the treatment of such cases. Nothing can, however, be lost by courtesy. "Crank" are generally exceedingly sensitive, and a little extra attention will go a great way toward keeping them quiet. On rare occasions, when your visitor is known in the community, and respected for his piety and general conduct, it may be advisable to allow him to say a few words to the school, in the hope of thereby preventing greater evils; but in such instances he should be made to promise before speaking that he will occupy no more than, say, five minutes, and at the end of that time he should be politely reminded that his time has expired. It is, however, much better to establish a rule prohibiting all promiscuous addresses, and to abide by it. This, of course, does not exclude all proper explanations and announcements. Where such a rule exists, you can truly tell your visitor that your order of ser-

vices leaves no room for addresses. If he should show displeasure it will be a certain proof that he is not a proper person to address the school.

"DANDELION."

"My heart leaps like a child's when first
I see them on their lowly stem,
As from still wintry fields they burst,
Bright as the blue skies over them,
Sprinkling with gold the meadowy green,
Where Spring's approach is earliest seen.

"Bright horologe of seasons—they
Proclaim the floral calends here,
Revealing when the woods away
Spring flowers and singing birds appear,
Through open aisle and mazy bout,
To lure the feet of childhood out.

"O! days of love and trust and truth;
(The morning sky is strangely bright!)
O! loved companions of my youth;
(How darkly closes in the night!)
Again the fields spread free and far;
Beyond them still the woodlands are.

"O! days of love and trust and youth;
(The flowers were bright upon the lawn!)
O! loved companions of my youth;
(How many, like the flowers, are gone!)
Nor flower nor child goes down in vain,
Ye both shall rise and bloom again.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE young lady students of the Presbyterian College in Ottawa, Canada, learned a few days ago that a poor woman, who obtained a living for herself and children by washing, was laid up by sickness, and the next morning they went to her house, did the washing and ironing for her, and sent the clothes home. That was a good exhibition of muscular Christianity. A little more of it would do good.

SPASMODIC piety was illustrated in a New Hampshire meeting by an incident which met the case. A dweller in the region of summer boarders, who, during the leisure of winter, was a constant attendant on religious meetings, and an earnest exhorter therein, but during the boarding-season worked seven days a week, remarked that if he ever went to heaven he must die in the winter.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

LESSON X.

March 5.

Christ Stilling the Tempest. MARK iv. 35-41.

Commit to memory verses 35-41.

35. And the same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.

36. And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships.

36. And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.

38. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake

him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?

39. And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

40. And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?

41. And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?

OUTLINE: } 1. CHRIST IN THE STORM. Vs. 35-38.
2. JESUS' POWER OVER NATURE. Vs. 39.
3. CONFLICT OF FAITH AND FEAR. Vs. 40-41.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"Be still, and know that I am God." Ps. 46: 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Ps. cvii. 29.

INSTRUCTIONS.

The other side—of the Sea of Galilee. It is oval-shaped, and about thirteen miles long and six wide. *A great storm of wind*—sweeping down the mountain gorges, and stirring up the waters. *Asleep on a pillow*—the Son of Man, weary with incessant labor. *Carest thou not?* The question of troubled souls. *Rebuked the wind*. This implies that a hostile power was at work. *A great calm*—Nature submissive to her Lord. *Fearful*. In the conflict between fear and faith, fear triumphed for a little while. The words of Jesus restored their faith again.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 10. Will God suffer such disobedience and rebellion to go unpunished?

Ans. By no means, but is terribly displeased with our original as well as actual sins; and will punish them in His just

judgment, temporally and eternally, as He hath declared: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the Law, to do them."

QUESTIONS.

Verse 35. How had Jesus spent this day? What did He propose to do in the evening?

36. On what sea did they sail that night? Did the multitudes go along? Were there other ships, besides that which bore Christ and His Apostles?

37. Was this an unusually severe storm? Were any of His disciples accustomed to the dangers of this sea? Which four, especially? Could not their skill keep the boat from filling with water?

38. Where was Jesus during the storm? Why did he sleep? What did His disciples do and say?

39. Did Jesus become excited, like the terrified disciples? What did He do to the

wind? What did He say to the sea? What was the effect?

40. What made the disciples fearful? Had danger, for the time being, weakened their faith?

41. Of whose power, instead of the storm's, do they now stand in awe? Would the wind and sea obey a mere man? Do storms beat upon all of us in this life? Whose presence and power do we then invoke? Does Jesus help and save, when His people seem to be perishing? Which storms are most dangerous—outward calamities, or the passions of the heart? Are you prepared to cross the sea of life "*to the other side*?"

LESSON 10. March 5th, 1882.

TOPIC: Christ is Lord of Nature.

Hitherto we have seen Jesus in conflict with the stormy passions of men and evil spirits, and asserting His sway over them. In this lesson we see His calm repose amidst the storms of nature, His power over its forces, making the sea a calm, and quieting the fears of His disciples.

I. CHRIST IN THE STORM. Vs. 35-38. The weary Son of Man sought repose, which He could not find in Capernaum. Friends and foes kept pressing upon Him, and now He finds it necessary to escape from them for a season. He must also take His Apostles apart from the multitude, and instruct them in the duties of their office. "Let us pass over unto the other side,"—that is, from Capernaum, to the eastern shore of the sea of Galilee. Besides He went to seek the lost sheep that were there, and preach the gospel in other cities.

The sea of Galilee is oval-shaped, and about thirteen miles long and six wide. Nestled at the foot of the mountains of Lebanon, it was at times calm; but at other times storms swept down through the gorges, and lashed its surface into an angry tempest.

Some of the Apostles were experienced sailors, but the storm that evening baffled their skill and strength alike. The foaming waves leaped over the sides of the little ship, and it began to fill with water. The crew was in imminent peril, and the floods of fear began to fill their breasts.

One alone remained calm, and He was asleep in the hinder part of the vessel. The storms of nature did not disturb the Master of earth and sea.

The experience of the disciples in the storm-tossed ship was a blessed one for them, and for the Church in all times. The ark of salvation has often been beaten upon by the hostile world, and her inmates have well nigh despaired; but the Lord is ever with them in the storm.

The Apostles seemed to chide Jesus, "Carest Thou not that we perish?" The words imply that they believed in His power to help them, but that they doubted whether He really cared for their safety.

How often do tempest-tossed souls ask

the Master: "Carest Thou not that we suffer?"

II. JESUS' POWER OVER NATURE.—

Vs. 39. How calm was Jesus amidst the convulsions of winds and waves! He rebuked the wind, as though it were subject to a hostile power. Some have thought that the tempest was raised by "the prince of the power of the air," and hence it called forth the Master's rebuke. But we need not attribute the tempest to Satanic opposition; for "stormy wind fulfilling His will" is part of God's government of the world. In nature and history there are storms as well as calm; and God ever controls both for His glory and for the good of His people. The "rebuke" was only the command of the Ruler to His subjects. He rules the raging of the sea. When the waves thereof rise, He stills them.

III. CONFLICT BETWEEN FAITH AND FEAR. Vs. 40-41. So prone are we to walk by sight, rather than by faith, that our hearts are often agitated by doubts and fears. Danger awakens fear, and faith suffers partial eclipse. But notice Jesus' words: Why are ye fearful? I am with you; be not dismayed. "Where is your faith?" (Luke 8: 25.) They had enough of it left to lead them to call upon Him, but not enough to trust Him fully. Belief, rather than assured confidence.

The outward perils of life bring doubt and fear; but when Christ gives us the victory, our faith becomes strong, and the fear of Him supplants our fear of all else.

Notice two important lessons relative to Christ's Person:

1. His sleep evinces the reality of His *human* nature.

2. His power to silence the agitated wind and sea, proves the reality of His *Divine* nature and power.

THE REV. DR. JOHN HALL, of New York, made an energetic protest on Sunday night last against the tendency to designate churches in the city by the name of their pastors. "It has become common," he said, "to speak of his own congregation, for example, 'Dr. Hall's Church.' 'I tell you, I hate the very name. I am a servant and not owner of the church.'"

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

LESSON XI.

March 12.

Power over Evil Spirits. MARK V. 1-20.

Commit to memory verses 18-20.

1. And they came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes.

2. And when he was come out of the ship, immediately there met him out of the tombs, a man with an unclean spirit,

3. Who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains:

4. Because he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him.

5. And always, night and day, he was in the mountains and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones.

6. But when he saw Jesus afar off, he ran and worshipped him.

7. And cried, with a loud voice, and said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus thou Son of the most High God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.

8. (For he said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit.)

9. And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many.

10. And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country.

11. Now there was there nigh unto the mountains a great herd of swine feeding.

12. And all the devils besought him, saying,

Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them.

13. And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine; and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea (they were about two thousand), and were choked in the sea.

14. And they that fed the swine fled, and told it in the city, and in the country. And they went out to see what it was that was done.

15. And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind; and they were afraid.

16. And they that saw it told them how it befell to him that was possessed with the devil, and also concerning the swine.

17. And they began to pray him to depart out of their coasts.

18. And when he was come into the ship, he that had been possessed with the devil prayed him that he might be with him.

19. Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to the friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.

20. And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him: and all men did marvel.

OUTLINE: { 1. EVIL EFFECTS OF SATAN'S INFLUENCE. Vs. 1-9.
2. THE CAPTIVE DELIVERED. Vs. 10-20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

He healed all that were oppressed of the devil. Acts 10: 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." 1 John iii. 8.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 1. Better "Gerasenes"—twenty miles east of the sea of Galilee, in the country of Gilead. 3. *Tombs* were hewn in the sides of rocks and hills. Lepers and demoniacs sought shelter in them. 4. *Mania* gives increase of muscular strength. 9. *Legion*—6,000 soldiers; a numerous, solid host, well armed. 11. *Swine* were raised, to sell to Roman soldiers. Not eaten by Jews. 12. They do not say: make us good, but send us into swine! Compare v. 15 with 3-5. 17. A sinful prayer. 18-20. A grateful soul. 20. *Decapolis*—ten cities, east and southeast of the sea of Galilee.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 11. Is not God also merciful?

Ans. God is indeed merciful, but also just; therefore His justice requires that sin, which is committed against the most high

majesty of God, be also punished with extreme, that is, with everlasting punishment, both of body and soul.

QUESTIONS.

Verses 1-5. Into what country does Jesus next go? Who met Him? Was he alone in the tombs? See Matt. 8: 28.

3-4. How were tombs made? Who made their homes in these tombs? What gave the demoniac such great strength?

5. What was the condition of this poor sufferer?

6.-7. Did he recognize the presence of a superior Being? How did he show his fear and reverence? Was it the man, or the evil spirit within him, who thus adjured Christ? Was there, then, a *double, divided* state of mind and will?

8. Do Jesus' words recognize this twofold personality? What are His words?

9. What does He ask the man? Why?

Ans. In order to help him to recall to his own mind his *former* state, with all its happy associations. Would this aid in his cure? Would it be a "coming to himself?" How many are a *legion*?

10-13. Is it natural that "unclean spirits" should wish to enter into *swine*? Does sin make man brutish?

14-17. Describe the man's new condition, v. 15. What prayer did the multitude make? v. 17. Do you wish Jesus to depart from you?

18-20. With whom does the renewed heart love to be? Is it right to tell our friends what God has done for our souls? Did love and gratitude prompt this man to publish the miracle?

LESSON 11. March 12th, 1882.

TOPIC: Christ Destroying the Works of the Devil.

In our lesson to-day we see the violent disorder in human life, caused by Satan's influence and power, as in the last lesson we saw the disorder in nature. There the sea was agitated by the wind; here the depths of the soul are troubled by demoniacal influence, and the mind and the will are under its power.

NOTE.—On the lesson-leaf, place a period after "Gerasenes," and then read: The land of the *Gadarenes* is twenty miles south-east, etc. *Gerasa* is the place where Jesus landed, not *Gadara*.

I. EVIL EFFECTS OF SATAN'S INFLUENCE. Vs. 1-9. Ancient tombs were hewn out of rocks; and in these mountain retreats lepers and demoniacs sometimes sought shelter. Two of the latter kind of unfortunate persons met our Saviour and His disciples near the eastern shore of the lake. St. Mark mentions but one, whilst St. Matthew tells us (8: 28), that there were two; one may have been silent and passive, and hence is not specially referred to by St. Mark.

In lesson second we have tried to explain the nature and effects of demoniacal possession. This man's strength was supernatural, as not even chains could bind him. "Neither could any man tame him." He was a wild man, *crying, and cutting himself with stones*. What a shipwreck was this!

Vs. 6-7. Supernatural intelligence alone could recognize Jesus afar off, for His own disciples did not at that time know fully who Jesus was. This unfortunate man paid Him the homage of worship.

But he recognizes the wall of separation between himself and Christ. *What have I to do with Thee?* Notice the double action of the demoniac: a distinction between the *possessed* and the *possessor*. The man "worshipped" Jesus; but the *evil spirit* cried out, "torment me not." The devil fears a worse torment.

V. 8. These words of Jesus recognize a two-fold personality also: a "man," and an "unclean spirit."

V. 9. The question, *What is thy name?* is addressed to the man, to bring him to self-consciousness, to help him to call to mind what he had been,

and thus long for a deliverance from the power of the devil. But the evil spirit uses the man's organs of speech, and answers the question: *My name is legion*, for we are many. I am a host, or the head of many wild powers.

Vs. 10-14. The request of the demons is characteristic. They did not wish to be sent into the bottomless pit, (Rev. 20: 31). They prefer God's fair earth—even if they must dwell in swine!

Thus evil meets its own overthrow, for now this legion was cast into the abyss. The Lord destroyed the works of the devil, indeed.

II. THE CAPTIVE DELIVERED. Vs. 15-16. Freeing the man from Satan's power was the calming of the troubled soul—a miracle not only of power, but of *mercy*—a giving of deliverance to the captives.

See the contrast between the man as he was, when under the devil's power, and as he now is, under the influence of Jesus! No longer running, and crying, and naked, and bleeding with self-inflicted wounds, but "sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind." That is what Christ by His gospel and Spirit is doing every day for sinful men.

V. 17. The owners of the swine suffered loss; and the other inhabitants joined them in asking Jesus to depart out of their coasts. It was a wicked prayer. Certain kinds of business are injured by Christ, whenever He comes in gospel power. Then traffickers in sin denounce Him, and bid His disciples depart with curses.

Vs. 18-20. Here we have the picture of a grateful soul. He no longer wishes to dwell in the old tombs—the old haunts—but prays to be with Jesus. He was full of gratitude for his great deliverance. But Jesus bade him go home, and work as a missionary among his former companions, and proclaim what the Lord had done for him. Then, too, in that home there were sad hearts, mourning over his deplorable condition. How it would relieve and comfort them to see him in his right mind!

Thus, before Jesus left the ungrateful people, He placed a preacher among them, whose testimony set all hearts to marveling. Great good is done by Christians telling how great things the Lord hath done for them.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

LESSON XII.

March 19.

Power over Disease and Death. MARK V. 21-43.

Commit to memory verses 21-23.

21. And when Jesus was passed over again by ship unto the other side, much people gathered unto him; and he was nigh unto the sea.

22. And, behold, there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and when he saw him, he fell at his feet,

23. And besought him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live.

24. And Jesus went with him; and much people followed him, and thronged him.

25. And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years,

26. And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.

27. When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind and touched his garment.

28. For she said, If I may touch but his clothes I shall be whole.

29. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague.

30. And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?

31. And his disciples said unto him, Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?

32. And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing.

33. But the woman, fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth.

34. And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.

35. While he yet spake, there came from the ruler of the synagogue's house certain which said, Thy daughter is dead; why troublest thou the Master any further?

36. As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe.

37. And he suffered no man to follow him, save Peter, and James, and John the brother of James.

38. And he cometh to the house of the ruler of the synagogue, and seeth the tumult, and them that wept and wail-d greatly.

39. And when he was come in, he saith unto them, Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.

40. And they laughed him to scorn. But when he had put them all out, he taketh the father and the mother of the damsel, and them that were with him, and entereth in where the damsel was lying.

41. And he took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha cumi; which is, being interpreted, Damsel (I say unto you), arise.

42. And straightway the damsel arose, and walked, for she was of the age of twelve years. And they were astonished with a great astonishment.

43. And he charged them strictly that no man should know it: and commanded that something should be given her to eat.

OUTLINE: { 1. JAIRUS' DAUGHTER RESTORED TO LIFE. Vs. 21-23 & 35-43.
2. A SICK WOMAN HEALED. Vs. 24-34.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"I have the keys of death and of Hades."
—Rev. 1: 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Be not afraid, only believe." Mark v. 36.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 21-23. Again in Capernaum. *Synagogue*—a place of worship. These three verses are directly related to v. 35, etc. 24-34. *Sickness*, the lot of mortals. Some diseases are incurable. Christ shows that He is an Almighty Physician. *Hem of his garment* (Luke 8: 44). The under garment fits close to the body; the upper was square and worn loose, somewhat like a shawl. It was the *border* of this one which she touched. Jesus knew, but he asked, just as your teacher asks you, to draw out a confession. *Daughter*—tenderness of address. 35-43. Hired mourners made an objectionable *ado*; this, Jesus silenced. *Something to eat*. The living need food; the new-born soul also needs spiritual food.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 12. Since, then, by the righteous judgment of God, we deserve temporal and eternal punishment, is there no way by which we may escape that punishment, and be received again into favor?

Ans. God will have His justice satisfied; and therefore we must make this satisfaction, either by ourselves or by another.

QUESTIONS.

Verses 21-23. Who sought Jesus' help? What was he? Had he faith in the Lord?

24-29. How long was this woman sick? Could human skill, or medicine, help her? Of what Physician did she hear? By doing what, did she expect to be healed? Was she healed instantly? Did the cure take place without her knowledge? (See v. 29—latter part).

30-34. Did not Jesus know who touched His clothes? Why then did He ask? Did she hesitate to make a confession? Did Jesus' look help her to overcome all shame and fear? What made her whole?

35. What sad news was brought?

36. What did Jesus say to Jairus?

37. Who followed into the chamber of death?

38-39. How does Jesus regard *display* of grief, and noisy tumult, in the presence of death? What beautiful words does He speak? Is death, then, an evil or a good, to a child of God?

40. Why did He put out "the scorners?"

41-42. Could He bring the dead to life? By what power?

43. Did Jesus seek notoriety, or secrecy? What does life need for its support? Does the *new* life also need the bread of heaven?

LESSON 12. March 19, 1882.

TOPIC: Disease and Death Subject to Christ.

Our lessons have been teaching us "how great our sins and miseries are," and also "how we are delivered" from them. Sin brings sickness, suffering, death and everlasting punishment. Our lesson for to-day presents various aspects of sickness, suffering and death, and also shows us the Good Physician, who not only heals, but brings back the departed spirit to reanimate the lifeless body.

Death is the extreme penalty of sin; its wages; its ripe and bitter fruit. Hence restoring the dead to life is Christ's highest miracle; especially as seen in His own resurrection from the dead. "He was declared to be *the Son of God with power* by the resurrection from the dead." He has the keys of death and of hell—of hades, the invisible world; and at His command the departed spirit of Jairus' daughter returns to earth.

I. A DISTRESSED FATHER'S EARNEST PLEA FOR HELP.—The lesson contains an account of two miracles. Verses 21 to 23 introduce to us a ruler of the Synagogue, whose daughter was sick. Jairus was one of the board of elders or presbyters, who believed in Jesus. His pressing need and great sorrow led him to throw himself down at Jesus' feet in earnest entreaty, *Come and lay Thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live.* Here was strong faith, which prevailed; for Jesus *went with him.*

II. A SICK WOMAN HEALED. Vs. 24-34.—On the way to the house of Jairus there was a detention caused by the press of the multitude. Many thronged Him, but one touched Him in faith—a woman who had been ill for twelve weary years. v. 25. Many physicians had tried in vain to heal her, but she only grew worse; and besides, she had spent all her living and was now poor. v. 26.

In her deplorable condition she heard of a new Physician, and could not come near Him, except in the throng. Here was a faith that overcame all obstacles. v. 27. *For she said*—that is, to herself. It was a secret expression of her faith. *If I may but touch His clothes; that is,*

the hem of His garment, according to St. Luke, 8: 44. The Jews paid a superstitious reverence to the *fringe* and tassels of the long outward garment, and the woman shared this superstition. v. 28.

According to her faith it was done unto her. Straightway she was *healed of that plague*, v. 29. And she felt within herself the healing power.

The miracle was wrought *in secret*; and it was now to be made known. The cure did not result from any magical virtue in His clothes; He consciously put forth the power to heal: *Knowing in Himself*, etc., v. 30. He asked the question, not to gain information; for He knew who had touched Him; but to lead the woman to make an open confession—to "make known how great things the Lord had done for her" as in the case of the restored demoniac in the last lesson. Those who seek and find the Lord and His blessings in *secret*, must confess them openly before men. His eyes rested upon the woman; and when she saw that she was known, she *fell down before Him, and told Him all the truth*, vs. 31-33.

Then He bestowed His benediction upon her, v. 34. How many thousands have been encouraged by this history to draw near to Christ, and touch Him by faith, until they, too, felt within themselves that they were cured of spiritual disease. *Daughter*—not only a term of endearment, but expressive of the new relation in Christ's spiritual family.

III. THE DEAD RAISED TO LIFE. vs. 35-43. No sooner was the woman healed than the sorrowful message is brought: *the maid is dead; why trouble ye the Master?* What a blow to the sorrow-stricken father who was coming with the Healer! He was too late. His heart begins to sink in despair, when Jesus speaks to him reassuring words: *Be not afraid, only believe*, v. 36.

These words are addressed to all sin-sick souls: your Saviour has come; fear not. Taking His three most intimate disciples into the house with Him, He put out the hired mourners, and silenced the excessive weeping and lamentation, vs. 38 and 39. Their weeping was un-subdued by resignation and hope.

Jesus calls the death of the good a *sleep*. He does not deny the *reality* of the child's death; but He intimates that it shall be followed by a resurrection, as sleep is by an awakening, v. 39.

They laughed him to scorn. Knowing that she was really dead, and not believing in a resurrection. So the infidel world ever mocks that precious article of our faith: I believe in the resurrection of the body, v. 40.

Talitha cumi—in the ordinary dialect of the people, meaning: *maid arise*, v. 41. The word was sufficient; she not only arose, but was able to walk, v. 42. With her life, her strength also returned.

IV. THE RESTORRD LIFE NEEDS NOURISHMENT, v. 43. See Quarterly Notes. The *soul* that is raised to newness of life needs the bread of life.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

There are teacherless classes; he must see that in some way they are supplied. He draws from the adult classes; he consolidates a teacherless class with one whose teacher is present, or he sets a bright boy or girl of the class at its head. Too often he sees no way of caring for some important class except by teaching it himself. He teaches it—and this is within itself a good work—but for the time he *ceases to superintend* his school.

He next turns his eyes to the officers. He sees that the secretary and the librarian are in their places and attending to their duties. He goes to his infant school (if in a separate room), not to distract the attention of the scholars, or to annoy the teachers, but to show his sympathy with both, whilst seeing that all is right, and to assist if assistance is needed. He turns again to the main school and quietly oversees its working. He guards the classes from interruption from without, and, at the same time, is on the alert to remedy internal difficulties. It is well that he keeps a roll-book of his own, with the names of the teachers, if the school is large; or teachers and scholars, if it is of moderate size. He may move slowly and noiselessly along the aisles (boots that squeak are

not lawful in the school), and run his eyes through the several classes as he passes them, with a smile of kindly encouragement for scholar or teacher, should either look up. If a frisky boy or volatile girl is disturbing a class, the eye of the superintendent will bring order. If an arm around a neighbor's neck, or from an adjoining class, is administering a sly twist of a comrade's hair, a tap of the superintendent's finger will bring the offender to terms.

But here is a class whose teacher has "run dry" in fifteen minutes. He was not at the teachers' meeting, and has not got himself filled with the lesson, and so has little to bestow. His boys are reading their papers, or are entertaining themselves and annoying their neighbors. The superintendent takes a seat in the form. He kindly asks how the class is getting on, and tests their progress by asking a few questions on the lesson, calling for the golden text and the catechism. If the teacher be not very stupid, the result of these questions will probably show him that his work was not all done when he closed his teaching that day.

After seeing thus that all is moving as it should, the superintendent takes his seat where he can still overlook his little army, and compose his thoughts for a few warm words with which he is to follow the "teaching hour."

—W. Teacher.

SHRINKING.

Time was, I shrank from what was right,
From fear of doing wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

So when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er;—
I know them; yet though self I dread,
I love His precepts more.

—J. H. NEWMAN.

LESSON XIII. March 26, 1882.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

Quarterly Review.

CENTRAL TRUTH { The Father work-
eth hitherto, and
I work. John 5:17.

GOLDEN TEXT { Jesus, * * * who
went about doing
good and healing all
that were oppressed
with the devil. Acts
10: 38.

KEY-NOTE for the whole Quarter:
I must work the works of Him that
sent Me, while it is day. The night
cometh, when no man can work. John
9: 4.

NOTE.—Our twelve lessons have
shown us Jesus always at work—never
idle, never even resting.

CATECHISM.—Q. 13. Can we our-
selves then make this satisfaction?
Ans. By no means; but, on the con-
trary, we daily increase our debt.

SECOND PART—REVIEW.

Recite in concert—

I. The SUBJECT* of the first lesson.

II. The CENTRAL TRUTH of the first lesson.

III. The GOLDEN TEXT of the first lesson.

IV. The TOPIC† of the first lesson.

*The same for all the Sundays of the
Quarter.*

* The subject stands at the top of the Scrip-
ture Lesson.

† The topic is given at the top of the Quar-
terly Notes.

THIRD PART.

I. School recite in concert, or boys
and girls alternately, the Catechism,
first thirteen Answers.

(Sing a Hymn).

II. QUESTIONS ON THE LESSONS.—
The Superintendent may add others, or
substitute.

Who was the Forerunner of Christ?
What did he do besides preaching?
What occurred at Jesus' baptism?
Whither did He go after His baptism?
Did He overcome Satan for us?

How old was Jesus when He began
to preach? What were the opening
words of His preaching?

What fishermen did He call?

What miracle did He perform on
those who were possessed of devils?
Whom did Jesus cure of a great fever?

Who said: "If Thou wilt, Thou
canst make me clean?" Who was let
down through the roof of the house?
What did Jesus say to him?

What *publican* did He call to be an
Apostle? Who need a physician? Of
what were bottles made in ancient
times?

For whom was the Sabbath made?
Who is Lord of it? Whom did He
heal on the Sabbath, in the Synagogue?
(3: 1-5).

How many Apostles did the Lord
choose? How many can you name?

What did His kindred say of Him?
(3: 21). What wicked charge did
His enemies bring against Him? (3:
22). What is the unpardonable sin?
Who are the true brethren of Christ?
(3: 35).

What is the first Parable of Jesus?
What kind of soil is your heart? How
does the seed grow? *Ans.* (1) Silently,
(2) Gradually, (3) Greatly. To what
little seed is the Kingdom of God
likened?

What did Jesus do to the stormy
sea? What to the demoniacs in the
cemetery?

Whose dead daughter did Jesus bring
to life? etc., etc.

LESSON 13. March 26th, 1882.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

Quarterly Review.

TO SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS.—The review ought to be made interesting and thorough. Take sufficient time to make yourselves familiar with the twelve lessons. Read carefully the first five chapters of St. Mark, and notice that they present us a series of pictures of *Christ at Work*. The central truth for the quarter is applicable to all the lessons. "I work." Jno. 5:17. The golden text brings out the same truth. It is St. Peter's declaration of the Saviour's manner of life: "He went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil."

II. Part.

THE SUBJECTS of the twelve lessons are:

1. The Beginning of the Gospel.
2. Jesus in Galilee.
3. Power to Heal.
4. Power to Forgive.
5. The Pharisees Answered.
6. Christ and His Disciples.
7. Christ's Foes and Friends.
8. Parable of the Sower.
9. The Growth of the Kingdom.
10. Stilling the Tempest.
11. Power over Evil Spirits.
12. Power over Disease and Death.

THE TOPICS.

1. Preparation for the Saviour's Work.
2. Jesus begins His Work.
3. Picture of Jesus as the Healer.
4. Forgiveness of Sins.
5. The Lord and the Sabbath.
6. Workers for the Kingdom of Christ.
7. Hindering the Lord's Work.
8. The Teacher, the Word, and the Hearers.
9. Growth of the Saviour's Work.
10. Christ is Lord of Nature.
11. Christ destroying the works of Satan.
12. Disease and Death subject to Christ.

THE CENTRAL TRUTHS.

1. Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, the Son of God.
2. Christ calls us to serve Him.
3. All Men seek for Thee.
4. The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive Sins.
5. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.
6. If ye continue in my Word, then are ye My Disciples indeed.
7. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.
8. Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God.
9. Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.
10. Be still, and know that I am God.
11. He healed all that were oppressed of the devil.
12. I have the Keys of Death and of hades.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. Behold, I will send my Messenger, and he shall prepare Thy way before Thee.
2. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.
3. I am the Lord that healeth thee.
4. To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses.
5. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.
6. Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye might go and bring forth fruit.
7. He that is not with Me is against Me.
8. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.
9. There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the tops of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.
10. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.
11. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil.
12. Be not afraid, only believe.

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NO. 4.

LESSONS OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

BY REV. J. A. PETERS.

Up, and away!
Thy Saviour's gone before.
Why dost thou stay
Dull soul? Behold the door
Is open, and His precepts bid thee rise,
Whose power hath vanquished all thine
enemies."

"All that is good,
Thy Saviour dearly bought
With His heart's blood
And it must there be sought,
Where He keeps residence, who rose this
day.
Linger no longer then! up, and away!"

So sang the saintly Herbert, whose
muse drank so deeply of

"Siloah's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

It is a pæan of victory, and breathes the language of buoyant hope to "all who through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage." Scepticism, in its derision of Christianity, has at times, thrown out the taunt that "the Christian Church is founded upon an empty tomb." Apologists of the faith have not only submitted to the taunt, but have always gloried in the fact. Nothing in the whole body of Christian revelation, save the fact of Jesus Himself, has been more precious to the Christian consciousness. In the judgment of St Paul, the resurrection of Christ is the very corner-stone of the whole fabric of Christian teaching. "If Christ be not risen then is our teaching vain." Hence, the historian in his chronicles of the missionary activity of the primitive church, is careful to record that "with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus." Indeed, wherever they preached the good tidings of salvation—whether at Jerusalem, at Antioch, or at Athens; in the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch, or

of Cornelius; in their defense before Felix or Agrippa—this was the gist of their teaching. In their estimation the great text of evidential value was "Jesus and the Resurrection."

The *locality* of the holy sepulcher, which tradition has pointed out as the place where "they laid the body of Jesus," is enveloped in uncertainty. When we come, in the light of historical criticism, to test the various theories on this question, which have been suggested by controversial explorers in Palestine, we find that the reliable evidence for any particular theory is exceedingly scanty. All that we do know with any degree of absolute certainty, is contained in the sacred record itself. There we learn that the place was "nigh to the city;" there was a garden in the place where Jesus was crucified; the sepulcher was in the garden, it was a rock-cut tomb, and it was "without the gate." So far does faith lead us, but no further. May God in His wise providence have any design in leaving men in this uncertainty? It looks very much like it.

We are taught by high authority that it is possible to "know Christ after the flesh only." Men may learn habitually to think of Christ, as one who belongs only to human history, and may gather up everything that can illustrate His appearance among men. The idioms of Eastern speech, the scenery of the lakes and hills of Palestine, the flora, the climate, the customs of the unchanging East, all these are sometimes thus summoned by great intellectual skill, that they may place vividly before our imagination the precise circumstances which surrounded the earthly life of Jesus. But, here too often the appreciation of that life really ends. Where Christ is *now*, *what* He is, whether He can be approached by us—these are points from which they who know Him after

the flesh only, may either turn away their thoughts, or contemptuously dismiss as theological speculations. But what saith the high authority to whom we have referred? "Even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet, now, we know Him so no more." Does not this very uncertainty, then, in regard to many of the geographical sites in the historical life of our Saviour, admonish us that "Christianity is a religion which expresses itself not through the voices of rustling forests, nor the clefts of mysterious precipices, but through the souls and hearts of men; a religion, which was destined to have no home on earth, least of all in its own birth-place; which has attained its full dimensions only, in proportion as it has traveled further from its original source, to the daily life and homes of nations, as far removed from Palestine in thought and feeling, as they are in climate and latitude; which alone of all religions, claims to be founded not on fancy or feeling, but on fact and Truth."

The sepulcher is empty—of this we are assured, and now He who rose therefrom should be a more attractive center of interest to us, even as He was to the first disciples. On the morning of the resurrection the significant inquiry of the angels, put to the devoted women of Galilee, who had brought their spices to anoint the body of the Lord, was "Why seek ye the living One among the dead?" The question turned their hearts and thoughts into another channel, so that "they returned from the sepulcher," and announced the glad tidings "to the eleven, and to all the rest." Nor was it long ere those scattered sheep were all found by Him, in that higher sphere of life into which He had risen.

It is very significant that the church, in the lessons of her yearly cycle, has appointed so early after Easter the Gospel lesson of the Good Shepherd. Scarcely less significant is also the fact, that among the earliest frescos, which covered the walls and ceilings of the burial chapels, in the catacombs of Rome, was Jesus symbolized in the same character. In what harmonious accord are these facts with acts of the risen Saviour during those mysterious forty

days, that immediately followed His resurrection! Truly, did He then manifest His right to the title of the Good Shepherd! As we combine the narratives of all His various appearances, which are distributed through the Gospels, we have a complete and consistent picture of Him in that character. His sheep had been sadly scattered by the scenes of the arrest, the trial, and the crucifixion, their hearts were all trembling, and full of fear—and consequently His first task was to administer comfort, and re-assurance. To Mary Magdalene; to the other women—Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and Salome, to Peter, to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, and then to the ten apostles, in the absence of Thomas, did He successively fulfil this mission. "All hail!" or "Peace be unto you!" were the comforting words by which He calmed and re-assured their troubled souls. Then on the following Lord's day did He tenderly bring back to the fold Thomas, the one sheep who had gone astray, and was in danger of perishing. In Jerusalem and the vicinity, was this work accomplished. Then, when the flock had been re-constructed in its completeness, He sent them into Galilee, where He had previously appointed to meet them. There on the mountain which He had pointed out, He once more gives His apostles their commission, explains it, and adds the promise, "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." And as the end draws nigh, He brings them back to Jerusalem, where they are to "wait for the promise of the Father." Then, in the last appearance He bids them farewell, and takes His departure only to return in a higher, and more abiding presence in the mystery of Pentecost, to be in them, and all His sheep "evermore as a well of water springing up into everlasting life." As in those days, in which He tarried upon the earth to gather His scattered sheep, so, through the ages is He ever the Good Shepherd, gathering His dispersed sheep into His fold, in order that they may "hear His voice." May we so hear His voice as to pray indeed that prayer, which His church has placed upon our lips for the Lord's day of the Good Shepherd: "Let Thy

great love constrain us to rise up, forsake all, and follow Him; that as we have been redeemed by His blood, so we may walk also in the light of His holy example, and be joined to Him evermore as the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls."

But, while the resurrection of Christ is a fact in human history, how much more is it? In the judgment of the earliest disciples, its crowning glory is that it is a principal spiritual energy in the human soul. For this reason Christians are said "to walk in newness of life," that they are "risen with Christ," that they are "quickened together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," and much more to the same import. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." Wonderful declarations these are! Surpassing any that the human reason, in its most sublime flights, has ever imagined! But what is the simple design in them all, save to impress us with the solemn fact how *real* our holy religion is! As the resurrection of our blessed Lord, was the real rising of a body that had been really dead, so should our Christianity be a real power, in moulding our character and life. The old thoughts, the old associations, the old sources of our spiritual danger are the grave clothes, which should be left behind us forever in the tomb of sin. They are the bandages, which, too often alas! so surely and sadly fetter the liberty of our own risen life.

And, moreover, in the resurrection of Jesus there is a further characteristic, which is also exemplified in every heartfelt Christian life. His resurrection *lasted*. It was not a movement from a lower to a higher point in the same sphere, not simply an elevation; but a transfer from one state to another, which continued, an exchange of the coldness and stillness of death for the warmth and undecayed energies of life eternal. He did not rise that, like Lazarus, He might die again. "Behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hades and death," was His message to John on Patmos. Sin was conquered then once for all. And, hence, His last and greatest apostle, recognizing in this fact the reflection of what a

healthy Christian life should be, now admonishes all God's children. "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Whilst "in many things we all stumble," ("it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me,") yet, surely we should take prayerful heed ever to keep ourselves "innocent of the great transgression" of relapsing into our old fallen state. Such a noble life—a harmonious and symmetrical growth in grace and knowledge, as it is so graphically depicted in the apostolic epistles, is surely not imaginary. When "the books shall be opened," in the world to come, and "the dead shall be judged," it will be then apparent that the church has enshrined the lives of many, who were once dead and lived again, who made every day of their lives here upon earth the round of a ladder, by which they have climbed into glory. The names of these, the Church militant has inscribed in her annals with the prefix "saint," and some she has not so distinguished. But no matter. "In that day," when the final sifting shall take place, the Good Shepherd will know *all* His sheep, whether they have been known to earthly fame or not, and shall say unto them: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you!"

Such are some of the lessons which the Holy Sepulcher, stripped of its prey, has to teach us for "the life that now is." But, has it anything to tell us of "that which is to come?" In trying to solve the problem of a future life, the wisdom of the world has been divided into the two schools of "materialism," and "agnosticism." But, somehow, the common sense of men, to say nothing of the religious instinct impressed upon man's very being, has ever protested alike against the doctrines of both. We are creatures of hope by the very terms of our nature. Explain it, as we may, it is a fact beyond question that the human soul must to a large degree live in and for the future. And, "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." But, it is only the resurrection of Jesus that fully reveals to us the precious truth that it is *not merely*, in this life that we have hope.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His great mercy begat us again unto a living hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead!" Through heaven's gate left open when Christ re-entered, the ear of faith may hear those inspiring words, "Because I live ye shall live also?" To the Christian the grave is no longer the dark prison-house of despair, nor is death any longer the "king of terrors." Since Christ is now "the first fruits," the one is the peaceful couch of all who sleep in Him, while the other is the gate of our existence which is life, untrammelled by the dark shadow of sin.

Rich as are the manifold gifts of Christ to the Christian already in this world, His greatest gift is still to come. It is the glorified body of the resurrection, in which we shall be clothed for the great hereafter. He will gather up what death has left; He will transfigure it with the splendor of a new life; He will change our body of humiliation, that it may be fashioned like unto the body of His glory.

"The grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigured Lord, with lightning form
And snowy vest. Such grace He won for thee,
When from the grave He sprang at dawn of morn
And led, through boundless air, thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track where saints newborn
Might fearless follow to their blest abode."

In view, then, of the significance to humanity of our Lord's resurrection from the dead, it is not strange that the church fathers were wont to speak of the festival of Easter, in terms of such glowing affection. "The great day of the Lord," "the Lord's day of joy," "the queen of days," "the feast of feasts, and assembly of assemblies," "the crown and head of festivals,"—these were some of the titles they made use of in its commemoration. Were they only the outbursts of an exuberant rhetoric? Far from it. Rather were they the glad notes of joy, as faith began to discern the dawning of that eternal morning, which is to break upon the

"new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." Then shall the problem of the ages, "If a man die shall he live again?" be solved forever. The former things shall have passed away; and all they who are "risen with Christ" shall "be ever with the Lord!"

"We believe in the life everlasting!"

WINTER'S FLIGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Old Winter finds the days too long;
He's frightened by the robin's song;
The sights he sees, the sounds he hears,
Fill all his soul with gloom and fears.
He flees the sun's benignant light;
His shadow seems a dreadful sight;
He wanders o'er the sprouting grain,
And cries aloud in grief and pain:
"Where is my robe, like silver, white?
My hat adorned with jewels bright?"
For shame he can no longer stay,
And, like a beggar, runs away.
Then rings a shout from young and old,
From air and waters, field and wold;
The pewit cries, the insect hums,
The cuckoo calls, the beetle drums;
And, as to speed him on his way,
The frog croaks loud ere Easter Day.
—From the German of Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

THE MISTRESS OF AN HUNDRED ISLES.

II.

BY REV. EDWIN A. GERNANT, A. M.

"Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies;
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire.
Pointing, with inconstant motion
From the altars of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies,
As the flames of sacrifice."

—Shelley.

Founded as a city of refuge Venice soon became not only populous but powerful. At an early period we find her carrying on an extensive trade with the Levant. Island after island was reclaimed from the quiet waters. Canals and bridges took the place of streets and roads. The towns of Padua, Verona and Vicenza, together with many other adjoining settlements, gradually became subject to the dominion of the enterprising, aggressive Venetians. In 697 the first constitutional government was es-

tablished; the name of Paulacius Anastasius begins the historic list of the Doges. The subsequent history of Venice discloses a long era of unexampled prosperity. In the direct highway of commerce between Europe and the East, ships from every trafficking nation under heaven were wont to resort in her sheltered harbors. Her influence and importance now steadily increased. Her greatness may to some extent atone for the cruelty of her government during the political crusades of the middle ages. It was then that she reached the zenith of her glory. Under Enrico Dandolo, probably the most valiant of all her doges, the republic in 1204 conquered Constantinople, divided the Byzantine Empire, and claimed for herself the shores of the Adriatic. This success was indeed dearly bought. The fierce opposition of Genoa, her most formidable rival, was productive of long and bitter wars, resulting, however, in the complete overthrow of the enemies of the proud queen of the sea.

The close of the fifteenth century found Venice at the summit of her magnificence and power, with a population of more than two hundred thousand souls, the centre of the commerce of the civilized world, she was admired, respected and feared by all Europe.

“———; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless
East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling
showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity
increased.”

Vanitas Vanitatum! Venice declined and fell.

The discovery by the adventurous Vasco da Gama, of the Cape of Good Hope route to India, transferred her commerce into the hands of the Portuguese. No longer the indispensable ally of the maritime passes of Europe, the beginning of the sixteenth century saw the decay of her wealth and importance. Nor did her desire to maintain a friendly neutrality during European wars shield her from further humiliation. It was this very attitude that brought upon Venice the tyrannical dominion of Napoleon Bonaparte. Of her subsequent vicissitudes we need not speak. The heroic, though unsuccessful, revolt from

the Austrian yoke in 1848 will not soon be forgotten. In 1866 Venice again became an integral part of the united kingdom of Italy.

Much of the historic interest attaching to this ancient Republic is owing to the peculiarity and romance of its earlier government. The annals of the Doges prove conclusively that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. Instances of the most terrible cruelty and deceit go hand in hand with examples of unparalleled royal magnificence. Is it to be wondered at that so many are disappointed with the mistress of a hundred isles? The majority of persons know far more of the Ocean-Queen as she was ten or twelve centuries ago, than as she has been more recently or is even now. They know that she rose like Aphrodite from the sea, and that at one time it seemed hardly an exaggeration to say that

“Men built Rome—the gods Venice.”

And of this Venice the glory has long departed. That the city of to-day should suffer by comparison is only natural. Consider for a moment the pristine splendor of her navy. As late as the fifteenth century Venice had three hundred and thirty vessels of war manned by forty thousand seamen. And all this in addition to her merchant marine! No wonder that for many centuries she claimed the Adriatic as her own peculiar possession. What description has ever done justice to the probable splendors of the nuptials of the Doge with the sea? Then it was that the standard of St. Mark rolled out its purple folds over Candia, Cyprus and the Morea, and Venice was indeed undisputed mistress of half the eastern world. She claimed the Adriatic and counted not without her host. “Every year,” to use the language of an enthusiastic historian, “on the day of the Feast of the Ascension, with surpassing pomp, in the presence of all her nobles and people, and all the ambassadors of foreign lands, who by their presence recognized the act, she renewed that claim, by dropping a nuptial ring into the bosom of the deep, repeating the formula: “*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii.*” Nor was that perpetual dominion a mere affair of words. Woe unto those who affected to despise her claim. Her galleys were the keys to

that stronghold, and her Captain of the Gulf the only warder."

Let no one imagine the position of the Doge of Venice to have been desirable. At first, indeed, his power was almost absolute. But this was soon so curtailed that it seems marvellous to find that the office was only once refused. Nominally at the head of the state, his power and influence was no greater than that of any member of the council. "Powerless for good and passionless for evil, he was but a crowned puppet." Any ordinary citizen was far more free than the Doge. Practically he was a prisoner clothed in purple and exposed to view upon all state occasions. To all outward appearance he enjoyed the most regal prerogatives. Really his every movement was watched. Spies pried into the holiest of his family relations. He was allowed to read no letter privately nor to grant personal audience to any foreign ambassador, save in the presence of the councillors, nor to leave Venice without permission. Once a month his oath of office was solemnly read anew to him, and he was informed at the same time that upon his death his body would be publicly exposed for three days, and that then his relatives would be held responsible for all his failings and be obliged to satisfy all his creditors. Notwithstanding such careful espionage the poor Doge sometimes very nearly succeeded in eluding the cruel vigilance of the council. The conspiracy of Marino Faliero is a case in point, for it almost overturned the Republic. Almost, but because not altogether, among the medallion portraits of the Doges in the Ducal Palace, in the fifty-seventh frame, there hangs a black veil with this inscription: "*Hic est locus Marini Falieri decapitati pro criminibus.*"

In the beginning the Doge was elected by the people directly, subsequently by the council chosen by the citizens annually. But in 1297 occurred an aristocratic *coup d'état*, which is known as "The closing of the Council." It was then decided by the council itself that only those who had previously been members of that body could henceforth have seats therein. In other words, the Senate was no longer to be chosen by the masses. Self-existent and self-perpetuating, hereditary aristocracy thus

grew out of a democratic legislature, and five centuries later the Nemesis of fate appeared in the person of the Corsican Arbiter of Nations. In 1309 the creation of the famous "Council of Ten" completed the destruction of popular liberties, for although at first scarcely more than a necessary and innocent-looking committee of safety, it soon became a power, and above all law, above all authority, above all appeal, inferior only to the *Vehm-Gericht* of Germany.

"A power that never slumbered, never pardoned;
All eye, all ear—no where and everywhere."

The records of this secret inquisition are indeed terrible. And as we lingered in the shadows of the Bridge of Sighs, and peered into the cold and slimy dungeons of the adjoining prison, as we listened to our companion's graphic recital of many of the most historic horrors of those cruel days, and seemed to see the columns of the Piazzetta filled with the suspended, ghastly bodies of the Council's strangled victims, a feeling of awe, and perhaps, dread, made us hasten into the open air, glad to know that in Venice the ever-yawning "Lion's Mouth" no longer invited the secret denunciations of patriotism, of perfidy, of hate, of revenge.

THE YOUNG MAN'S IDEAL.

BY THOMAS A. FENSTERMAKER.

To the young man who, for the first time in his life, awakens to a sense of his position in the world, one of the most important considerations is the prize which he has set before himself. Deny it, or simply ignore it, we cannot rid ourselves of the influence which our aim in life has upon our actions, our hopes, and our achievements. The ideal of a man's life, is one of the most potent formative principles. Therefore it is that youth is always directed to the deeds of those who have earned a place in the remembrance of their fellow-men, and admonished to emulate, and if possible to outdo, those who have gone before. Men will point you to Washington, that you may learn how to become a patriot. Clay and Webster are models for the

young aspirant to the onerous duties of statesmanship. And for the last six months there has been no name oftener upon the lips of the instructor of youth than that of the late lamented President Garfield. All the virtues that can render a character lovable, and all the graces that produce a fragrant memory, are thought to cluster around the noble man whose too early death we can never sufficiently deplore. Press and pulpit have combined in effort to make this man the pattern for American youth; indeed, it has not been too much to assert that a realization of Garfield's life by any American lad is the highest position he can hope to attain.

I would not be thought of as disparaging the noble, humble life of our late chief; I should be the last to undervalue the position which the heroes of the past have attained; but a somewhat cursory review of the lives of some of those to whom hero-worship has so unquestionably been paid, has made me rather skeptical as to the ultimate value of such human patterns for the youth of our country, and especially the young of the church. After all that can be said in praise of the departed worthies whose deeds we will do well to emulate, it will be found that there were defects of character, possibly downright vices, that blemish our ideal. The follower of any man, whoever he be, must study his model in the twilight which a gracious charity throws around the deficiencies of the dead. It will not do to examine our leader by the broad, all-revealing light of day; we dare not listen to even all the best (let alone the worst) that his enemies can say of him. We should turn away disgusted, and the question, Is there any truth in man? would haunt our lips ever after.

But have you ever in sober moments reflected that there is a character whom you can imitate, with whom a closer communion will only reveal more and rarer beauties, and the development of whose life will furnish you the key to a perfect growth? Has it ever really taken hold of your inner life, that history gives us a pattern whose excellence is only heightened by contrast with the greatest and the best? The man of the world may set before his son the advice and practice of a Chesterfield; the orator may

seek to rival Demosthenes; the patriot may venerate the immortal Washington; the philanthropist may study Lincoln; but the boy who would grow up to equal or outdo any or all of these, needs to become acquainted with Jesus Christ, the dutiful son, the faithful carpenter, the earnest Rabbi, the loving healer, the God-man.

It is the fashion now-a-days, in some quarters, to look for patterns nearer home; it is said that the times demand a more cultured model than the reader in the synagogue who "never learned;" the culture-influence of art is thought to be more potent in moulding a man's life than the antiquated teachings of the Nazarene; and when in the wisdom of Providence a man is raised up head and shoulder above his fellows, *he* is pointed out as the proper one to pattern after. Ah, how blind is man! All along the pathway of human history stand the greatest and best of human kind as finger-posts pointing to the land of promise as the favored country where He lived who is to draw all men unto Him; the brightest star in the galaxy of fame leads but to the cradle of Bethlehem. Why then look, as for your final goal, to the finger-post that but tells the way? Were it not better far to go to the fountain for refreshing than stop by the way and rest content with that which has itself been nourished by the central spring? No; it will not answer for a young man to set up for his ideal even the best and purest men of history; he may by doing so walk in the van of popular opinion, but his corps will hardly respond to the roll-call after the victory beyond.

It is even thought in some quarters that it is a derogation of the dignity that resides in every boy, to think for one moment seriously of the question, *Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?* A solemn moment must be enjoyed in secret; and the deep longings of the heart after something better and higher and holier must be indulged in as if the rousing of such aspirations and their confession was a thing to be ashamed of. It seems to me, especially in this age of the world, one of the grandest and most inspiring sights to see a young man step forward in the dignity of his manhood, though humbly and lowly, to

the altar and there profess his faith in and allegiance to Christ. Decry such conduct as you may, repress the sentiments which struggle for utterance, and cast the imputation of insincerity upon them if you please, there is something far manlier, far nobler, far more exalting in it than in all the imbecile twaddle that would magnify a molehill into a mountain, or ask you to refresh yourself in the shadow of a blasted palm in the desert. For the youth of this land, as for any other country, not even the martyred Garfield can be a saviour.

There is undoubtedly a class of persons who are insincere in their protestations. Their life shows one principle of action quite at variance with their profession. That may offend; but it must be remembered that the pattern of such lives is not the Master, but rather His unworthy disciple, who was a thief, bare the bag, and carried what was put therein. A crowd of funeral-faced croakers is not an attractive body for any young man; but that need not worry him. I should rather pity the young man who is always complaining that the God whom he serves is thwarting his every impulse to enjoy the gifts of his Creator, than to take to task the merry-hearted one who can brighten the glow of the sunshine on the fairest day. Seasons of earnestness and seriousness are not incompatible with periods of joy and rejoicing. Has not the sagest of men as with the finger of God written to us, "There is a time for everything?"

Nor is it at all in the path of realizing the life which takes Christ for its ideal, for us to drag our slow length wearily along, and whine that the world is growing so very evil, reproach our Maker for keeping us so long in it, and silyly hint to Him in every sigh that it might suit us better to be taken hence. That has been put forth as a Christian life; but we find nothing like it in the history of our ideal. He was earnest, grave; did not the salvation of an entire world rest upon Him? He was solemn, serious, at times sorrowful; was not the weight of man's guilt on His shoulders? But He was affable, joyous, open to the innocent enjoyments of the young; did not children love to caress Him, as He took them up into His arms and blessed them? He could share in

the mirth of the marriage-feast, enjoy the society of Mary and Martha, as well as weep over Jerusalem, and pray that the cup might be taken from Him. No one need hesitate to take Christ for his ideal for fear that the proper enjoyments of life must be a sacrifice thereto; rather will he find them sanctified as he participates in them in the spirit of his Master.

To make Christ one's pattern and exemplar means, first, foremost, and altogether, to yield one's self to the direction of His Spirit. It involves the paradox of realizing freely two distinct lives,—Christ's and one's own. Neither does Christ become the individual Christian, nor is the individual absorbed into Christ. You will remain yourself; the nearest that you will ever get to Christ is to become Christ-like. And to realize in your own life the fulness of your ideal, it is essential that your life is from the beginning modelled after the life of Christ; not only that, but a prime necessity is that the development of your life should also go forward after the manner of Christ's growth. For the young Christian it is not only a most interesting study, but at the same time a most edifying one, to contemplate well the formative period of his Master's life. The mode of our Saviour's unfolding is the pattern of a right development; and it behooves especially every young man at this time, when so many smaller ideals are held up for his adoption,—it behooves every young man who would once for all set before himself a prize worth striving for, to consider the ideal of ideals, Jesus Christ.

LET every pious parent regard his family as a little school for the church, and act as a teacher designated by the Saviour, on purpose to train the children for His service, and we shall see a glorious result. Let parents neglect this duty, and their children will prove incompetent to meet the responsibilities awaiting them, and the parents must answer for the ruin that will ensue. The laws of Lycurgus required that all children of Sparta should be trained for the State. Jesus teaches His subjects to believe that children are a heritage of the Lord and to train for the church.

A LEGEND OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Tis said where Strasburg's glorious spire
 Its sculptured beauty lifts on high,
 One lovely, polished stone is found,
 Though now unseen by mortal eye.

Long years ago—when love and zeal
 Aspired the holy fane to raise—
 A peasant woman longed to aid
 In building up God's house and praise.

Over one stone her loving care
 For many a weary year was poured,
 Till, bowed with age, at last she brought
 Her finished offering to the Lord.

"Too late," the builder kindly said,
 "Your offering comes, no place below
 Is left in which your polished stone
 Its beauty to the world can show."

"Far up upon the lofty spire
 One little niche is left to hold
 Your gift, but ah! no human eye
 Your work of love can there behold!"

A smile lit up her old, worn face;
 "That niche is just the place for me—
 My stone will meet the eyes I love—
 The angels and my Lord can see."

Think you, among the priceless gifts
 Lavished on that cathedral grand,
 One gift of greater worth was given
 Than that brought by the peasant's hand?

Ah no! to win the praise of men
 Full many a treasure there was poured,
 While she a lifetime gladly spent
 To make her's only for the Lord.

The stone our love has polished long,
 In life's cathedral may not gain
 An honored place, but not for that
 Was love's work ever wrought in vain.

Be sure the waiting niche is kept
 For all work wrought by loving hands,
 Where the cathedral God has built
 In heaven's emblazoned glory stands.

—Hannah Allyn Heydon.

THREE QUEENS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Sorrow ascends to royal palaces and often changes a diadem into a crown of thorns. It is all nonsense to talk about being "as happy as a king," for there is no position in the world that is less conducive to happiness. The pomp and splendor of royalty soon become wearisome, and the flattery of a silly court cannot compensate for the loss of all

that is sweet in domestic life. In times of civil convulsion kings and queens are apt to be the first to suffer, and many royal personages might be enumerated, even in our generation, who have been driven from their thrones into exile and obscurity. Among the royal personages of Europe, who, like the psalmist of Israel, sought relief in song, three noble women deserve to be especially remembered. They were great sufferers and earnest Christians. It may not be in vain to give our readers a brief sketch of their lives, with specimens of their sacred poetry.

I. MARIA OF HUNGARY.

This queen was a daughter of Philip I, of Spain, and a sister of the Emperor Charles V. She was born September 17th, 1505, and was married at an early age to King Louis, of Hungary. Her literary acquirements were remarkable, and it is said that, though she could not speak Hungarian, she addressed the assembled nobles in excellent Latin. When she attended church she always took her Latin Bible with her, and referred to the Scripture passages which were mentioned in the sermon. Her profound study of the Scriptures early led her to sympathize with the Reformation, and she secretly corresponded with Luther. When the Turks invaded Hungary in 1526 her husband went forth to meet them, but he was killed in the disastrous battle of Mohacz, and Maria was left a defenceless widow. Luther then wrote her a consoling letter, and dedicated to her his exposition of several of the Psalms. As she could no longer consistently remain a Roman Catholic, she publicly accepted the Evangelical faith, but was so bitterly persecuted that she was compelled to flee to Germany. It was at this time of deep humiliation that she wrote her hymn, "*Mag ich Unglück nit widerstahn*," of which the following is a partial and imperfect translation:

"Can I my fate no more withstand
 Nor 'scape the hand
 That for faith would grieve me?
 This is my strength: that well I know
 In weal or woe
 God's love the world must leave me.
 God is not far; though hidden now,
 He soon shall rise and make them bow
 Who of His word bereave me.

"All has its day, the proverb saith,
This is my faith :

Thou, Christ, wilt be beside me,
And look in all this pain of mine
As it were Thine.

When sharpest woes betide me,
Must I then tread this path ? I yield.

World, as thou wilt, God is my shield,
And He will rightly guide me."

The later history of this unhappy queen is somewhat obscure. All her relatives were fanatical Roman Catholics, and no doubt, after she fell into their hands she had to suffer greatly. It was subsequently announced that she had become reconciled with the Catholic church, but the Protestants did not believe it. She died October 18th, 1558, at Cicales, in Spain.

II. LOUISA HENRIETTA, OF BRANDENBURG.

This celebrated poetess was born Nov. 17th, 1627, at the Hague, in Holland. She was the eldest daughter of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, and a grand-daughter of the famous Coligni, Grand Admiral of France, who lost his life for his faith at the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Her pious parents gave her an excellent education, but did not regard it as below the dignity of her station to become familiar with every kind of household labor. At the age of nineteen she was married to Frederick William of Brandenburg, who is called "the Great Elector," and who is properly regarded as the real founder of the kingdom of Prussia. Though he did not assume the royal title he was as really a king as any one of his successors. Louisa soon proved herself the worthy consort of a great ruler. Her marriage occurred just before the close of the Thirty Years' War, when Germany had been trampled by contending armies until it was almost ruined. The princess labored with all her might to improve the condition of her subjects. She introduced the cultivation of potatoes, and induced some of the best farmers in Holland to remove to Germany and establish model farms. Her popularity was so great that, it is said, almost every female child born during the first years of her reign was called "Louisa."

Though she and her husband were both earnestly attached to the Reformed

faith, they labored earnestly for the reconciliation of the two evangelical churches. They refused to promulgate the decrees of the Synod of Dordrecht, which they regarded as an apple of discord.

The domestic life of the royal pair was blessed by mutual affection, but apart from this, it has been said that their lives were "a chain of sorrows." Nearly all of their relatives died early, and some of them under most distressing circumstances. There was a succession of dreadful wars, and sometimes it seemed as though their enemies would succeed in destroying them. Their greatest grief was the death of their only son, who died in infancy. For eleven years they had no other child, and it seemed as though the House of Hohenzollern must become extinct. The people appreciated the complications to which such an event must give rise. There would be terrible wars for the succession, and the land must again be given over to ruin and desolation. Hence they, most unjustly, began to regard the princess with aversion, and many wished her out of the way for the good of the country.

All this preyed on the mind of the Electress Louisa. She prayed over it, and at last regarded it as her duty to make a formal application for a divorce. One day she appeared publicly before the Elector and said: "I beg leave to apply for a divorce. Take another wife who will bless the country with an heir to the throne. You owe this to the wishes of your people." The Elector, however, refused to accept the sacrifice, and replied: "As far as I am concerned I am determined to keep the vow which I made at the altar, and if it pleases God to punish me and the country, we will have to endure it. Louisa! have you forgotten the words of Scripture: 'What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.'" Then he gave her his hand and said, smiling; "Well! who knows what may yet happen?"

Greatly comforted by the unswerving affection of her husband, Louisa retired to her palace at Oranienburg, where she spent her time in prayer and deeds of beneficence. Her health gradually improved, and in the following year she had a son. Three years later a second heir was granted her, and the latter prince

was afterwards Frederick I, of Prussia, the direct ancestor of the present emperor. The prayers of Louisa were answered, and as a memorial of her thankfulness she established an Orphan Asylum, which is still flourishing.

Napoleon Bonaparte, it will be remembered, divorced his first wife, Josephine, as he claimed, from motives of public policy. How much better it would have been for both of them if they had followed the example of the great Elector and his pious consort.

The Electress died June 18th, 1667, soon after the birth of her sixth child, Prince Louis, of Cleves. Some of her death-bed sayings have been recorded. Once she exclaimed: "I am drawing near the harbor! I see the pinnacles of the celestial city! If I should get well it would throw me back into the stormy ocean." Just before her death she said: "I have passed with Elijah through the storm, the earthquake and the fire. Now I am waiting for the still, small voice." Her last words were: "I hear the still, small voice."

It is as the authoress of a number of hymns that Louisa of Brandenburg is best remembered. The best known of these are, "Jesus meine Zuversicht," and "Ich will von meiner Missethat," which are sung wherever the German language is spoken. The former, it is said, is always sung at the burial of a member of the royal family of Prussia. Some years ago the king presented to the church in which his ancestors used to worship a large bell, which he named "Zuversicht," bearing as an inscription the first two lines of her celebrated hymn, which may be rendered:

"Jesus, my eternal Trust,
And my Savior, lives forever."

This hymn has been so frequently translated that, in some form, it is probably familiar to most English readers. We give several stanzas, from a version by an unknown author, which though not very literal contains much of the spirit of the original:

"Jesus, my Redeemer lives;
Christ, my trust, is dead no more!
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
And His life I once shall see,—
Bright the hope this promise gives;
Where He is, I, too, shall be.
Shall I fear, then? Can the head
Rise and leave the members dead?

Ye who suffer, sigh and moan,
Fresh and glorious there shall reign;
Earthly here the seed is sown,
Heavenly it shall rise again.
Natural here the death we die;
Spiritual our life on high.

Only see ye that your heart
Rise betimes from worldly lust.
Would ye, there, with Him have part?
Here obey your Lord and trust.
Fix your hearts beyond the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise."

III. ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

This unfortunate queen was born in 1596 and died in 1662. She was the daughter of James I, of England, and the grandmother of George I. At an early age she was married to Frederick V, Elector of the Palatinate. Though her capital at Heidelberg was, in those days, one of the most brilliant in Europe, she was not satisfied because she was not called a queen, and her ambition proved her ruin. Her husband was regarded as the natural leader of the Protestant party, and when the Bohemians revolted against the emperor and chose the elector of the Palatinate to be their king, his wife induced him to accept the dangerous position. On this occasion she made the foolish speech, which took the rounds of Germany, that "she would rather eat sauer-kraut with a king than roast beef with an elector." She had her wish. Her husband was crowned king of Bohemia, but was only able to sustain himself in his new position a single winter. Hence he is called the 'Winter King' and his wife the 'Winter Queen.' While they were seeking a kingdom the emperor seized the Palatinate, and they were thus entirely deprived of sovereign power. After great difficulties and privations the royal pair escaped to Holland, where they subsequently lived in retirement.

The Bohemian rebellion was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, and the 'Winter King' and his queen were popularly blamed for having inaugurated it. It is, however, generally acknow-

ledged that if Frederick had possessed his wife's ability he might possibly have retained his throne. It is also said that the royal pair were sincerely devoted to the Protestant cause, but the fact that the Protestants were divided among themselves prevented them from receiving the support which was essential to success.

In her humiliation the unfortunate queen was capable of inspiring sentiments of chivalrous devotion. Duke Christian, of Brunswick, bound her glove on his helmet, after the fashion of a knight-errant, and swore a solemn oath not to make peace until he had restored her husband to the throne of Bohemia. He died without accomplishing his purpose. It was this prince who struck medals with the inscription: "*Gottes Freund, der Pfaffen Feind.*"

During her later years the 'Winter Queen' seems to have entirely given up her ambitious projects, and devoted her time to charity and devotion. She also wrote verses, which were generally of a religious character.

We give, in conclusion, a specimen of her religious poetry, which, it is said, was composed during her girlhood. It is tender and touching, though somewhat deficient in metrical form:

"This is joy, this is true pleasure,
If we best things make our treasure,
And enjoy them at full leisure,
Evermore in richest measure.

God is only excellent,
Let up to Him our love be sent;
Whose desires are set or bent,
On aught else shall much repent.

Let us love of heaven receive,
These are joys our hearts will heave
Higher than we can conceive,
And shall us not faint nor leave.

Earthly things do fade, decay,
Constant to us not one day;
Suddenly they pass away,
And we cannot make them stay.

To me grace, O, Father send,
On Thee wholly to depend,
That all may to Thy glory tend,
So let me live, so let me end.

Now to the true, Eternal King,
Not seen with human eye,
The immortal, only wise, true God,
Be praise perpetually."

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

BY S. E. DUBBS.

The temple scene in "Shiloh," where the Ark of God rested—Eli, the quiet spectator, and Hannah, the chief actress—awakens our sympathy, particularly when we contemplate the domestic affliction and grievance of the suppliant, now wrestling in the intensity of feeling, and the grace of a strong faith before the altar of Jehovah.

With what abandonment of her late grief, do we behold her leaving the temple, and in unspeakable peace, seeking the solitude and duties of home! Evidently God must have manifested His presence and promise to her, in the hour of her intercession before Him at His "footstool," and the words of promise spoken by His servant the High Priest, must have been the sign and seal of her future hope.

With this assurance she humbly awaits the realization of the divine promise. Not long was faith kept in suspense; the full glory of the wife, and the deepest consciousness of maternity blessed her, and she forgot the reproach of the childless.

Possibly, her heart was so filled with the higher emotions of gratitude and religious favor, as to render her wholly superior to the base and passion of carnal exultation over a domestic foe. Here as elsewhere, one cannot help admiring the true nature method of delineating character one meets throughout the Old Testament. No effort is made to present the bright side; but the virtues like fine streaks of light, are depicted here and there breaking in upon depraved human nature, that then as now, alternately conquers sin, or is conquered by it.

To Hannah, we can imagine that such a season of mental superiority had come, wherein inferior emotions—envy, contention, fickleness, vanity—strike upon the senses as spray dashes upon the rock, that neither repels nor greets them, but remains as immovable as truth itself.

And Hannah becomes in very truth a mother. Among the lofty hills of Ramah, she nursed the joy of her heart—her son, her first born! To her his

infant cries, and baby affection, were more than all the world besides. In vain did the world seek to lure her from the side of her boy. All nature seemed to wear a new garb of freshness, beauty and innocence—a mirrored reflection from the face of her child, and her own deep heart-joy.

How like a shadow at such moments must have swept across her memory, the remembrance, that only for a brief period was she to be in actual possession, of this treasure! That by her own act he was hers indeed by blood, but God's forever by promise. As the weeks lengthened into months, and months into years, the bonds that entwined mother and child grew stronger. And yet the hour came when all this must cease!—With her own hand she must lead her boy beyond the paternal roof, beyond his native hill, far from her watchful gaze, and motherly ministration, to consecrate and bear him to his divinely appointed mission.

Did not her heart misgive her? Would he be safe even in the very shadow of the Holy of Holies? How was it with the sons of Eli? Were not their lives spent amidst consecrated rites and ceremonies? And yet they were "Sons of Belial," and would be cast out.

But, then, Hannah was a prophetess, and her knowledge must have extended beyond the ordinary ken of mortals when she prophesied that Samuel "should be lent to the Lord all the days of his life." She felt assured that He who had chosen him, would also guard and guide His Priest, and Prophet, and the future Judge of Israel.

Thus did a woman's lawful desires and prayer of faith become a benefit, and blessing to her people and the world; and if she lived to see her son's greatness as Seer, and Judge of her people, she must have experienced even in this life the reward of the "mother's sacrifice."

Without the keen sacrifice of parting with nursling babes, mothers may at this age train their sons to the service of God, for the salvation of men. Conscientious soul-knowledge alone can prepare the soil for such a seed.

"We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike till it is made hot."

A BRAVE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

There is a very pretty story by Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," of a little girl who saved her father's life.

"It was in the time of Queen Mary, and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catherine Graham, and she was only nine years of age. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the Queen's apartments in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston, the Queen found the little Lady Catherine in St. George's gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole length of the picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression of the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so particularly. 'I was thinking,' said the innocent child, 'how hard it is that *my* father must die for loving yours.' The story goes that the Queen, pricked in conscience by the artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of Lord Preston, and gave the father back to the child."

TREMOR OF GREAT ORATORS.—Luther, to his last years, trembled when he entered the pulpit. The same was true of Robert Hall. Mr. Gough confesses that he is always in a tremor in coming before an audience. Many of the leaders of the House of Commons of England have given similar testimony. Canning said he could always tell in advance when he was about to make one of his best speeches, by a chill running through him caused by a fear of failure. Lord Derby, the father of the present Earl, when a young man, was one of the most impressive speakers in Parliament. He was known as the "Prince Rupert of debate," and seemed so self-possessed as to be incapable of embarrassment. But he said "When I am going to speak my throat and lips are as dry as those of a man who is going to be hanged." Tierney, whom Lord Macaulay called one of the most fluent debaters ever known, said he never rose in Parliament without feeling his knees knock together.

OUR CABINET.

RARE BOOKS.

Some years ago we were anxious to secure a certain rare book for a public library; and after a long search, one of our friends discovered a copy in the possession of an old gentleman in the country. It was tattered and torn, but all the leaves were there and it might have been rebound. Our friend at once offered a handsome price for the book, at the same time explaining the reason for which he desired it. There were, indeed, at that time, not half a dozen libraries in the country which would have cared to possess the book at all, and probably not one of them that would have paid more for the book than the price then offered. As our friend was known to be an honest man, and had no personal interest in the matter, it would seem as though the owner might have believed him, but the effect was directly the reverse. He became suspicious at once, and said: "No! If the book is worth so much to other people, it is worth just as much to me." Then he gathered up the fragments of the book, wrapped them up in a newspaper, and locked them up safely in his desk. That was the end of the affair. If the old gentleman is living the book may still be safe, but the probability is that it soon passed into the hands of people who did not know its value, and has long since been ground up in some paper-mill.

How much better it is to put such rare books where they will be appreciated. Some of *our friends*, we are glad to say are acting on this principle. Rev. Dr. W. K. Zieber, of Hanover, has recently presented to The Historical Society two extremely rare books. One of these is a copy of the Heidelberg Catechism in German, printed by Peter Miller & Co.,

Philadelphia, 1762. The other is an English edition of the same book, printed by Starck and Lange, Hanover, Pa., in 1810. These are believed to be respectively the earliest American editions of the Heidelberg Catechism, in the German and English languages. Dr. Zieber has also given us a number of other curious books, for which we are very grateful.

We are no less indebted to Mr. Henry Wirt, of Hanover, for a copy of Lampe's "Wahrheit's Milch," edited by Dr. C. N. Stapel, in 1762, by direction of the Reformed Coetus of Pennsylvania. It is interleaved throughout, and is full of manuscript notes by Rev. John Christopher Gobrecht. Until another copy is discovered we will believe this to be the only existing specimen of this very interesting edition.

A FORGOTTEN POEM.

Robert Browning is the most philosophical poet of England. The following poem, written by him in 1854, has recently been brought to light, though it is not included in any volume of its author's poems. It seems to have been forgotten; but, though lacking in harmony, it is worthy of preservation. Karshook means a 'thistle' in Hebrew. Ben Karshook is a stern old Hebrew rabbi, who in his peculiar way communicates important truths. He appears in others of Mr. Browning's poems, but nowhere more characteristically than in the following verses:

BEN. KARSHOOK'S WISDOM.

I

"Would a man 'scape the rod?"

Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,

"See that he turn to God

The day before his death."

"Ay, could a man inquire
When it shall come! I say.
"The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—"
"Then let him turn to-day!"

II.

Quoth a young Sadducee:
"Reader of many rolls,
Is it so certain we
Have, as they tell us, souls?"
"Son, there is no reply!"
The Rabbi bit his beard:
"Certain a soul have I—
We may have none," he sneer'd.
Thus Karshook, the Hiram's-Hammer,
The Right-hand Temple-column,
Taught babes in grace their grammar,
And struck the simple, solemn.

A REVOLUTIONARY LETTER.

Gen. William Whipple, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, from New Hampshire, was born in 1730 and died in 1785. The following letter was written by him to another signer, Dr. Josiah Bartlett. The original is in our possession, and we believe it has never been published. It gives a good idea of the state of affairs during the Revolution, and is therefore worthy of preservation:

Philadelphia, 16th Novr. 1776.

MY DEAR SIR:

The sudden and frequent movements of the armies render it impossible to give a just account of their situation. Howe has retreated from White Plains, by the last account was encamped on the bank of the river below Dobbs's Ferry, and by the disposition of his army, it is judged, intends making a descent on New Jersey. In order to counteract him, part of Gen. Washington's army (about 4 or 5,000) have crossed the river above him, and are now on this side ready to receive him; they are continually skirmishing in small parties in which we always have the advantage. By some accounts from deserters it is conjectured by some that a large detachment, say 10,000, will go to South Carolina. I wish it may be true—let them divide, if they dare. A fleet of about 100 sails left Sandy Hook last Wednesday, supposed to be bound for Europe.

A committee from the Massachusetts General Court arrived at the Camp about a fortnight ago, to commission the officers, etc. As that General Court has raised the pay of their soldiers 20 shillings per month, the General chose the matter should be laid before Congress before they proceeded to business; accordingly one of the Committee came here. This affair has perplexed Congress exceedingly. All the southern states think the encouragement paid to the soldiers much too

great before, and if this committee are permitted to follow their instructions, the pay of the whole army must be raised. This by no means could be consented to. Congress have therefore revoked their resolution for enlistment of the army during the war, and recommend the enlistment for three years only, as you'll see by the resolution transmitted by the President. I heartily wish this may have the desired effect. I really think they (the Massachusetts) were very wrong in raising the monthly pay. If they supposed the encouragement given by Congress insufficient, why could they not have increased the Bounty, or have pursued some measure that would not have affected the whole army? This affair has caused more perplexity and uneasiness than anything that has happened in my time.

One vessel has arrived since your departure, from France, with arms and ammunition only. Several others will soon follow her, with such articles as are at this time most wanted.

Harrison is arrived from Virginia. There has been a new election in Delaware. McKean and Rodney are left out, and the Farmer* is elected instead of one of them, but he has not yet taken his seat. Our colleague† is as well as can be expected; the operation of the small pox has kept him two days from Congress. I hope he will be able to attend in a few days.

Please to present my most respectful regards to Col. Weare, Dr. Thompson, &c. I will trouble either of them with a letter whenever they give me an opportunity. I want very much to hear from you, particularly as to your health, though I have no doubt the northern air and a sight of your family will do great things.

I hear a great number of Tories are sent into our state from that of New York. I hope proper care may be taken of them, as well as of those in our state. What think you of transporting them? This I would like exceedingly; but then I'm puzzled for a place bad enough to send them to. Scotland, indeed, might do; but the difficulty is, how to keep them there. But, to be serious, I think some very spirited measures must be speedily taken with these people, and I know of none that will answer the purpose so effectually as clearing the United States of them by some means or other. I can think of but two ways of effecting this; that is, death or transportation, and humanity inclines me to the latter. Indeed we had better send them to the enemy's army than to let them continue among us. On the whole I don't know but this would be a good piece of policy, to send not only the avowed Tories, but all those who are not active in their country's cause with their families, to Lord Howe, and let him make the most of them.

I have run on to a much greater length than I expected to when I took up my pen, by

* John Dickinson, the author of "The Farmer's Letters."

† Col. Matthew Thornton, delegate from New Hampshire.

which means I shall lose the benefit of a sermon, this forenoon, which I should charge to your acct. if I thought you could possibly reap any benefit from this lengthy scrawl; but as that cannot be the case I must put up with the loss and bid you adieu, assuring you that I am very sincerely

Yours,
WM. WHIPPLE.

GUARDIANS WANTED.

If any of our readers have spare copies of The Guardian for January and May 1880, we would be very much obliged if they would send them to the Editor, at Lancaster, Pa. They are wanted to complete sets. We will cheerfully pay a reasonable price for them.

A FAITHFUL READER.

We must add to our Roll of Honor the name of Mrs. Ann E. Faus of Unityville, Lycoming County. She says: "The Guardian has been a welcome visitor to our home ever since its first issue by Dr. Harbaugh, in Lewisburg. Every number has been perused with interest and carefully preserved, making the set complete. When I first commenced taking it I was but a girl; since then I have changed my name, and have a family who delight to read your excellent magazine." THE GUARDIAN is grateful for these kind words. It is well to have readers who can say, after so many years, "every number has been read with interest."

COL. HENRY BOUQUET.

The article by Rev. C. Cort, on "Col. Henry Bouquet," published in The Guardian a year ago last December, was republished in many of the secular papers of the state. The Historical Society of Penna., through one of its principal officers, sent the author a letter of thanks with a request for copies to be sent to parties in England who are engaged on a full biography of Bouquet. They also presented him a fine likeness of Bouquet, taken from a painting by Benjamin West.

Gen. Richard C. Dunn, Adjutant

Genl. of the U. S. Army also wrote Mr. Cort a very complimentary letter in regard to his article on the colonial hero, whose achievements have certainly hitherto failed to receive the attention which they richly deserved. We are glad that The Guardian had the honor of publishing an article which attracted so much attention.

In a document that has recently been published, it appears that Maj. George Washington spent some time with Col. Bouquet at Carlisle before the expedition started for the relief of Fort Pitt, and vainly endeavored to persuade him to take the old Braddock route instead of the one through Bedford and Ligonier. Failing in this Washington gave up his intention of accompanying the expedition, and returned to his home in Virginias, full of gloomy forebodings in regard to the fate of Bouquet and his little army of deliverance. Among the Washington papers is a letter to Col. Crawford—afterwards burned at the stake by the Indians—in which Washington predicts the surprise and massacre of Bouquet's army. But Bouquet proved equal to the emergency, utterly routing an immense horde of Indians after two days of desperate fighting, and thus relieving Forts Bedford, Ligonier, and Pitt.

Mr. H. A. Ratterman of Cincinnati, some time ago discovered the fact that in Switzerland Bouquet's name was Heinrich Strauss. When he entered the army he translated his surname into Bouquet, under the impression that in the latter form it would "better fill the trump of fame." It is well known that, in those days, such changes were by no means uncommon.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Mr. Daniel Schaffner, of Hummels-town, and J. R. Hilbush, Esq., of Mahanoy, are both in possession of complete sets of The Guardian. They are veteran subscribers who have never swerved from their allegiance. Surely, their names deserve to be placed on the roll of honor. One of them says: "The Guardian should go into every family. May it continue to live and go on in its way of doing good!"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

BE PROMPT.

Let no time be wasted. Unless it is generally known that the services will begin precisely at the appointed hour, teachers and scholars will be sure to become irregular and careless.

There should be no time spent by the officers during school hours, in selecting hymns, and reading-lessons. All this should be attended to before the opening of the school.

It is a good thing to have a black-board, or large slate, on which to write the numbers of the hymns, so that the scholars may be ready to join promptly in singing them.

There should be no appearance of haste, of course, but the order of exercises should move "like clock-work." As soon as children are left unemployed they instinctively feel that they might as well be somewhere else, and begin to long for green fields, and babbling brooks; surely, there is no advantage in detaining them longer than is necessary for worship and instruction.

To superintendents no less than to pastors, we commend the advice of Luther, in which he inculcated promptness, earnestness, and brevity:

*"Tret frisch auf!
Thu's Maul auf!
Hör bald auf!"*

THE ORPHANS.

Are we doing our best for the Orphans? Our hearts thrilled when we heard that they had lost their beautiful Home; and when we read Dr. Bausman's tender appeal, we all determined to do our best to relieve their necessities. Well! There have been

many responses to the call, and we have the assurance that the Home will be rebuilt. Many boys and girls, have offered up sacrifices which are rising up to Heaven as sweet incense on the altar of God. We thank the Lord that He has put it into the hearts of His people to do these liberal things; but the question still confronts us: Have we done our best?

Are there not many Sunday Schools, families, and individual Christians, who have not yet enjoyed the delight of making a special contribution to this noble cause? Can we rest satisfied without doing our part? Remember too that it is not enough to contribute to the rebuilding of the Home; we must provide for the constantly recurring wants of the inmates. We hope the Sunday Schools will not fail to do their full duty in this respect.

AN EXPLODED IDEA.

The exploded idea that the Sunday-school is only for little children seems still to exist in the minds of too many, especially of many of the numerous volunteer Sunday-school address-makers. In listening, or trying to listen, to the "few remarks to the dear lambs" with which twenty-five out of the sixty minutes of a school session were wasted, we have thought to ourselves, "Well, if many such baby-talks are made here, it is a wonder that any but infants come to the school at all!" At other times, where the scholars over fourteen years of age outnumbered the younger ones five to one, we have almost felt with the older majority like resenting as an insult the constant appeals to "My dear little friends," and "dear children," and the silly stories told in silly language and tone, in order to

"illustrate" a truth already clear and fully understood even by the youngest. Some superintendents even still have an evil practice of addressing the school as "dear children." If there is anything that boys and girls, to say nothing of men and women, dislike, it is to be talked to as if they were babies. It destroys all the good effects an address might otherwise have. It is, indeed, a little matter only, but it is one of no little importance. We all dislike condescension and a patronizing tone and manner addressed to us. And the younger we are the more sensitive we are.—*Moravian.*

MANNER.

One of the most prominent public men of our time said lately:

"I have lived sixty-three years in the world, and have come in contact with all ranks and quality of men; but I have never met one who, when I spoke to him with sincerity and courtesy, would not reply to me in like manner."

This testimony is the more valuable as it comes from a man who probably possesses more personal popularity than any living American, and who owes it to the magnetic charm of his sincerity and courtesy of manner.

Dorothy Dix, who visited almost every prison in the United States, said that she had never received once a rude word from a convict, no matter how degraded he might have been.

"I showed them that I trusted them by my manner," was her secret.

There is no personal quality which young people are so apt to neglect as this, of an attractive, magnetic manner, which is so much more potent and enduring a charm than the beauty of face and figure which they prize so highly.

HOME POLITENESS.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother, is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he

becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who continue to sustain and be interested in us notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habits of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and kitchen, as well as in the parlor—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile, and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.—*Sunday School Classmate.*

HASTY WORDS.

Half the actual trouble of life would be saved if people would but remember that silence is golden—when they are irritated, vexed, or annoyed. To feel provoked or exasperated at a trifle when the nerves are exhausted is perhaps natural to us, in our imperfectly sanctified state. But why put the annoyance into shape of speech, which once uttered is remembered, which may burn like a blistering wound, or rankle like a poisoned arrow? If a child be trying, or a friend capricious, or a servant unreasonable, be careful what you say. Do not speak while you feel the impulse of anger, for you will be almost certain to say too much, to say more than your cooler judgment will approve, and to speak in a way that you will regret. Be silent till the "sweet by-and-by,"—when you shall be calm, rested, and self-controlled.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean,
Will leave a track behind forevermore;
The lightest wave of influence set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in
our wake.

LESSON I.

Palm Sunday.

April 2, 1882.

The Mission of the Twelve. MARK 6: 1-13.

Commit to memory verses 10-12.

1. And he went out from thence, and came into his own country, and his disciples follow him.

2. And when the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue: and many hearing him were astonished, saying, From whence hath this man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto him, that even such mighty works are wrought by his hands?

3. Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses, and of Juda and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him.

4. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.

5. And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them.

6. And he marvelled because of their unbelief. And he went round about their villages teaching.

7. And he called unto him the twelve, and began

to send them forth by two and two; and gave them power over unclean spirits;

8. And commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse;

9. But be shod with sandals; and not put on two coats.

10. And he said unto them, In what place soever ye enter into a house, there abide till ye depart from that place.

11. And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city.

12. And they went out and preached that men should repent.

13. And they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE SAVIOUR REJECTED. Vs. 1-6.
2. THE TWELVE SENT OUT. Vs. 7-13.

GOLDEN TEXT: "He that receiveth you receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me." Matt. 10: 40.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 1. Thence, from Capernaum. *His own country,* Nazareth. *3.* Joseph was a carpenter, and Jesus had also worked at that trade. *Brothers and sisters;* perhaps children of Joseph by a former marriage. *6.* Villages, small towns near Nazareth. *7.* The twelve, the Apostles. *Two and two,* mentioned only by Mark. *8.* Nothing, "for the laborer is worthy of his hire." *Scrip,* a leather bag, or wallet, hung over the shoulder, to carry provisions. *Money,* brass or copper; they should not even take the smallest amount. *9.* Sandals, the commonest protection for the soles of the feet. *Two coats;* long garments; one was enough. *10.* Not go from house to house. *11.* Shake off dust, in token that all fellowship was at an end. *Sodom,* etc., the cities destroyed by fire.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 14. Can there be found anywhere one, who is a mere creature, able to satisfy for us?

Ans. None; for first, God will not punish any other creature for the sin which man hath com-

mitted; and further, no mere creature can sustain the burden of God's eternal wrath against sin, so as to deliver others from it.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE SAVIOUR REJECTED. Vs. 1-6.

Verse 1. To what place did Jesus go? What interest had He in this place?

2. What did He do on the Sabbath? Had He done the same there before? (See Luke 4: 16-24.) What effect had His preaching? What question did they ask? Could they deny "the mighty works?"

3. Were they prejudiced against Him because of His lowly trade and humble relatives?

4. What proverb did Jesus utter? Is it true everywhere, and at all times?

5. Why could He do no mighty work there? Can God save an unbelieving and unwilling soul?

6. What caused Jesus to marvel, or wonder?

II. THE TWELVE SENT OUT. Vs. 7-13.

7. To whom did He send the twelve? Matt. 10: 5-6. Did they all go together?

8. What command did He give them? From what were they to be free? Is self-denial becoming ministers?

9. Why not two coats?

10. Whence should they have their support? See 1 Cor. 9: 14.

11. What is meant by shaking off the dust? What shall become of those who reject the gospel? Had Sodom rejected the Saviour?

12. Did the Apostles preach a new doctrine? What had John and Jesus preached?

13. What success had the Apostles?

Keynote for Palm Sunday.—"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem. behold thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation, lowly, and riding upon an ass. * * And His dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." Zechariah 9: 9-10. These words describe Jesus' entrance into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday; and wherever the twelve and their successors go preaching, the great King comes in His power to bless and save. Let the Church receive her glorious King with glad hosannas.

LESSON 1. APRIL 2d, 1882.

Palm Sunday.

I. THE SAVIOR REJECTED. Vs. 1-6. Jesus withdrew Himself from Capernaum and went with His disciples to Nazareth, where He had been brought up, and which is called "His own country." As on a former occasion, mentioned in Luke 4: 16-30, He entered into the synagogue on the Sabbath day and taught. In His previous sermon at Nazareth He chose the beautiful text from Isaiah 61: 1, and thus signified that He was the Messiah. But the people were filled with wrath, and cast him out of the Synagogue. Once more His love for His kindred and acquaintances led Him to visit them and give them an opportunity to repent and accept salvation. Again they are offended. Their prejudice so blinded them that they rejected every proof of the goodness and power of Jesus. They thought that a poor neighbor of theirs could not be a great Teacher, and they despised His words, and hindered His works. Elsewhere His words produced *such mighty works*, (v. 2); but in His former home *the carpenter* was not allowed to set Himself up as a guide and teacher! They were offended at Him, v. 3.

Jesus then uttered a proverb, which is true of all places and times, v. 4. In all the walks of life great men are least esteemed at home; but when they have passed away, their own country and kin claim the honor of having produced the famous men. Seven cities claimed to be the birth-place of the blind poet, Homer, after he was dead; but whilst living he had to seek his daily bread amongst strangers. V. 5. *No mighty work*. This does not mean that He had lost the power of working miracles. The impossibility was not because "He was weak, but because they *were faithless*." In a moral sense, He could there do no mighty works, because it would not have been *consistent with the design and purpose of His Mission*. Then, too, the people, having no faith in Him and despising His claims of superiority, did not present themselves for healing and deliverance as they did in other places. Among the conditions to which Christ subjected Himself on earth was this, that He put forth His power of healing only as a means of *spiritual development*,

and therefore only to those in whom a germ of *faith* was awakened, and that, this being wanting He could not heal without violating the fundamental principle of His life. And where faith is wanting to-day and Christ is rejected, no mighty works are wrought in His name by the Gospel. His salvation is made available only where it is accepted.

V. 6. *He marveled*. The Omniscient One is yet surprised! "All such seeming contradictions are parts of the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh." He made himself of no reputation—literally emptied Himself of certain Divine prerogatives, such as foreknowing all things. Yet He could read men's thoughts, etc.

About the villages. In the surrounding villages there was not such widespread unbelief; and there He healed the sick and taught the people.

II. THE TWELVE SENT OUT. Vs. 7-13. We have already learned of the call of the twelve in lesson 6, first quarter. He now sends them forth, two by two, to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, Mat. 10: 5, 6. They were to minister both to the physical and spiritual needs of men; especially to free them from the power of unclean spirits, v. 7.

The spirit in which they were to go forth underlies the commands He gave them, vs. 8 and 9. It was that of self-denial, of comparative poverty. As they went to bestow spiritual blessings on men, temporal good was to be given them in return. They that preach the Gospel shall live by the Gospel. These commands of Christ ought to be sufficient to keep lovers of money out of the ministry. At the same time, when a minister trusts in the liberality of the church, his wants ought to be cheerfully supplied, so that he can give himself wholly to his work.

V. 10. The *worthy* are not those who deserve, but those who *desire* the blessings of the Gospel. With such the Apostles should abide; from others they should separate.

These instructions suited the circumstances of the times. The mission of the twelve was to a "narrow district of country, and extending only for a few weeks of time, in a mild and even climate, and under a simple state of society, so that elaborate preparations were not

necessary." A minister's circumstances should correspond with his surroundings to a certain extent. There is a mission to the lanes and alleys, and another to the main avenues. It is nevertheless true that "the noble enthusiasm of poverty" has accomplished the greatest works in the home and mission field. The work prospers in proportion as that spirit prevails. But the poverty, without the enthusiasm, is of no effect. "Silver and gold have I none," said Peter; but a spiritual fulness was not wanting.

V. 11. They that reject Christ and renewal in Him, must expect the doom of such rejection—the floods of sin, crime and judgment. Life and property, even, are insecure in wicked places; much greater peril awaits the soul at the final judgment.

Vs. 12-13. These words describe the work in progress. Success attended the efforts of the Apostles.

WHAT MAKES YOU SO PALE?

Probably a lack of fresh air and exercise out of doors. Housework is exercise, of course, but it has not the invigorating quality that a brisk walk in the open air has. I wish, dear Daisy, you would be persuaded to try for a month the effect of a regular walk every day, in the morning, which is the vital, exhilarating, delightful part of the day.

But walking without an object is very stupid, you urge. That is true enough. Have an object. Do the marketing. Undertake some of the family errands. Go to see the poor and the sick, the people who are in trouble or weighed with some infirmity. Carry the papers that you have read to Aunt Brown, who never sees a paper unless some one lends it to her. Ask to be included in the Visiting Committee of the Sunday-school, and look after absentees. That will give you an object.

Still, all the out-door exercise you can take will not make you bright and blooming if you do not eat the right sort of food. Tea and toast, coffee and warm biscuit, rich cake and pastry—above all, Daisy, the constant nibbling of sweets and candies will keep you pallid. You must eat wholesome por-

ridge, made of nutritious cereals; you must eat rare roast beef and steak and mutton chops, and plenty of fruit. And if you go to bed early, bathe in cold water once a day, keep your mind busy and your heart at rest, by leaving life and its orderings submissively with God, you will have what every woman needs if she would be useful and happy—good health and good looks.

A friend says, "Do tell the girls to rest, and not to wear themselves out by too much pleasuring, too much studying, or, indeed, by too much of anything."

And that is good advice, too. But the mothers need it quite as urgently as the daughters; possibly a great deal more.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

The following sketch is called "The Portrait of the True Gentleman." It was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantle-piece of a tapestried sitting-room:

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; Virtue is his business, Study his recreation, Contentment his rest, and Happiness his reward. God is his Father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the Saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends. Devotion is his chaplain, Chastity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasurer, Plenty his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter to let in or out, as most fit.

"Thus is his whole family made up of virtue, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a Man and a Christian."

Our life is but a Winter's day,
Some only breakfast, and away!
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed!
Large is his debt who lingers through the day;
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay!

—QUARLES.

EASTER SUNDAY.

LESSON II.

April 9, 1882.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. 15: 12-20.

Commit to memory verses 13-14.

12. Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?

13. But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen:

14. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.

15. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not.

16. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised.

17. And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.

18. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.

19. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

20. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE FACT OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.
2. THE GENERAL RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. 15: 20.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 12. He rose. Not merely came back to earth, or lived again, but rose to a new life—above the power of death. *Preached, etc.* This was done by all of the Apostles and Evangelists. *Some among you.* Not the faithful members, but certain men of a speculative turn of mind, questioned a *general resurrection* of the dead. **14. Vain**—empty, deceitful. **15. False witnesses;** witnesses who told untruth. **17. In your sins;** not saved by a living Redeemer. **18. Fallen asleep**—deceased believers. *Perished*—lost. **19. Miserable,** to be pitied. **20. First fruits**—the first who actually rose, to die no more; others are to follow.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 15. What sort of a mediator and deliverer, then, must we seek for?

Ans. For one who is very man, and per-

fectly righteous; and yet more powerful than all creatures; that is, one who is also very God.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 12. On what day of the week did Christ rise from the dead? Who first saw Him after He had risen? Who else? 1 Cor. 15: 5-8. Did any among the Corinthians deny *Christ's* resurrection, or only that of men in general?

13. Was Jesus truly Man? Has not a man, then, really risen from the dead?

14. If Christ had not risen, would preaching inspire any hope? Could the Crucified One, without first overcoming death, save others?

15. Had the Apostles testified that they had seen the Risen One? If the fact were that *no* dead arise, would that contradict the testimony of all early Christians? See ver. 16.

17. Why *yet in sins*? See Romans 4: 25, latter part.

18.-19. Who *sleep in Christ*? What has become of them? Revelation 14: 13. Is the believer's hope only for this life? Are Christians sometimes "miserable" in this life? Shall they be so in the next?

20. What declaration does St. Paul here make? What does the word first fruits imply? Is redemption for the *bodies* of believers? Rom. 8: 23. What three persons did Jesus restore to life? Was theirs a resurrection like that of Jesus, or rather a coming back to their former mode of life? Will sinners have the same risen bodies as the saints?

LESSON 2. April 9th, 1882.

Easter Sunday.

I. THE FACT OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. No event in the life of Jesus is better attested by faithful witnesses than His resurrection. His birth was private. His fasting and temptation He endured unseen; but His crucifixion and resurrection were witnessed by friends and foes. The guards at the tomb saw Him rise. Angels declared that He had risen; sincere women testified that He had conversed with them; and the Apostles were ready to seal their testimony with their blood, and did so: Read 1 Corinthians 15: 4-8, where the evidence is summed up. Notice, then, (1) There were *many witnesses* of the fact that Jesus rose from the dead. (2) They all agree that it was on the third day. (3) They do not report what others told them, but what they themselves saw as eye-witnesses. (4) They were all *reliable* persons. (5) They had nothing to gain by their testimony, but incurred the danger of death by bearing such witness. In short, they were neither *deceived*, much less *deceivers*.

V. 12. There were a few converts from heathenism to Christianity in the Church of Corinth, who said there was no resurrection from the dead. St. Paul proceeds to show that if this *general proposition* were true, the *particular* one, that Christ has risen, would fall also; and with its fall the whole superstructure of Christianity would lie in ruins. (1) *Preaching* would be vain, useless. (2) *Faith* would be a mere delusion, a grasping at a shadow, and not a clinging to a real Saviour, (vs. 13-14.) (3) The Apostles would stand convicted as being *false witnesses*, (v. 15.) And you have been believing false testimony. Vain is your faith; *ye are yet in your sins*, (v. 17.) You are not saved at all. And your friends that have died in the faith are not asleep in Christ, waiting to be awakened, but they have *perished*, (v. 18.) That is what your misbelief leads to. Yes, more, you convict us of being fools; for we, too, might enjoy ourselves in this life, instead of suffering persecutions for Christ's sake, if there be no resurrection. Why should we make ourselves *miserable* by hoping for a future life, (v. 19.) But, no, you are mistaken. *Now is Christ risen*, and we

are saved, v. 20. Faith giveth us the victory.

The resurrection of Jesus is the most joyful event in His life. All other events were followed by sorrow; this only by joy. For Himself it was joyful, because His labors and sufferings were ended, and His victory over sin, death and Satan was complete for ever; for His disciples of all ages it was joyful, because *their Redeemer lives* to die no more.

FAITH builds chiefly on the resurrection of Jesus, for thereby was manifested His innocence, His power and His Divinity. "He was declared to be the Son of God with power, * * * by the resurrection from the dead," Rom. 1: 4. Therefore believers trust in the Risen Redeemer.

HOPE, as a distinctly Christian virtue, is the offspring of the resurrection of Christ. The crucifixion filled all hearts with despondency; on Easter morning hope was revived, never to be beclouded again.

II. THE GENERAL RESURRECTION. In the Old Testament there were prophecies of the general resurrection. "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. * * * The earth shall cast out the dead," Is. 26: 19. But it was a thing unknown, and in its very nature, beyond comprehension. It was Christ who "brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel," 2 Tim. 1: 10. He foretold a general resurrection on several occasions. John 5: 28-29; and also His own resurrection. On three occasions He raised the dead to life—rather restored them to their former mode of life.

The resurrection proper is a rising to a new mode of life, freed from the ordinary limitations of the fallen life. As the soul rises to newness of life in regeneration, the body rises to a more glorious mode of existence after the resurrection. It will be free from the effects of sin—suffering and death. The resurrection of the body is not a *restoration*, but rather a *new creation*.

The general resurrection is the *result* of Christ's resurrection. He is the first-fruits, which implies an after harvest. "Because I live, ye shall live also." We "are raised together with Him." "Risen with Christ." Our Catechism,

Ans. 45, states the truth very clearly. "We are by His power raised up to a new life. And the resurrection of Christ is a sure pledge of our blessed resurrection."

NO TIME TO LOSE.

"We often speak of a 'long life' because it reaches to fourscore. But a little arithmetic will show that the actual working period of a life of three-score and ten is very short. We must deduct the twenty preparatory years of childhood and youth. This leaves 18,250 days. Of this abridged time we must deduct one-third for sleep, and that leaves only 12,000 days. It is hardly too much to say that fully one-half of this is consumed in eating, drinking, washing, recreation, exercise and other unproductive occupations. When all these deductions have been made, only 6,000 days of solid time are left for effective activities. So that a man of three-score and ten has only a working life of about fifteen years! Yet if those fleeting years are devoted to life's highest end—to serving God and the interests of our fellow man—they may work wonders. Bacon in his lifetime revolutionized philosophy; James Watt carpeted the stormy seas with steamships, and Morse made the ocean a whispering gallery."

"Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, by rising at four o'clock every morning, won enough extra time to prepare a commentary on every book in the Bible, and has taught ten thousand Sunday-school teachers how to teach God's Word. An eminent London physician prepared an able work while riding in his carriage to visit his patients. The young man in this house who has not learned the value of an hour is doomed to failure. On an hour often swings a destiny to eternity."

REV. DR. CUYLER.

"THERE is a very ancient precedent of judges going *circuit*. 'And he went from year to year in circuit to Bethel, and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in all those places.'—1 SAM. vii. 16."—*Legal Bibliography*.

THE SECRET OF GENIUS.

"They talk," said Tom Marshall to an intimate friend, "of my astonishing bursts of eloquence, and doubtless imagine it is my genius bubbling over. It is nothing of the sort. I'll tell you how I do it: I select a subject, and study it from the ground up. When I have mastered it fully I write a speech on it. Then I take a walk, and come back, and revise and correct. In a few days I subject it to another pruning, and then recopy it. Next I add the finishing touches, round it off with graceful periods, and commit it to memory. Then I speak it in the fields, in my father's lawn, and before my mirror, until gesture and delivery are perfect. It sometimes takes me six weeks or two months to get up a speech. When I have one prepared I come to town. I generally select a Court day, when there is sure to be a crowd. I am called on for a speech, and am permitted to select my own subject. I speak my piece. It astonishes the people, as I intended it should, and they go away, marveling at my power of oratory. They call it genius, but it is the hardest kind of work."

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

It is like a beautiful tree which bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for pilgrims on their way to the kingdom of heaven.

It is like a cabinet of jewels and precious stones which are not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope which brings distant objects and far-off things of the world very near, so that we can see something of their beauty and importance.

It is like a treasure-house, a store-house for all sorts of valuable and useful things, and which are to be had without money and without price.

It is like a deep, broad, calm flowing river, the banks of which are green and flowery, where birds sing and lambs play, and dear little children are loving and happy.—*Ex.*

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LESSON III.

April 16, 1882.

The Five Thousand Fed.—MARK 6: 30-44.

Commit to memory Verses 41-44.

30. And the apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught.

31. And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.

32. And they departed into a desert place by ship privately.

33. And the people saw them departing, and many knew him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto him.

34. And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd: and he began to teach them many things.

35. And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed:

36. Send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat.

37. He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, Shall we go and buy two hundred penny-worth of bread, and give them to eat?

38. He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes.

39. And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass.

40. And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.

41. And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all.

42. And they did all eat, and were filled.

43. And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes.

44. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE COMPASSION OF JESUS. Vs. 30-38.
2. HIS POWER TO SATISFY THE NEEDY. Vs. 39-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

“I will abundantly bless her provision; I will satisfy her poor with bread.” Psalm 132: 15.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 30. Apostles gathered together; returned after their mission, recorded in 1st lesson. They gave a report of their work. 31. Rest—needed retirement, and a conference after their labors. 32. Ship—boat. Desert place—not a barren region, but thinly peopled. 33. Outwent. Earnestness to be with Jesus made them travel rapidly. Afoot—by land around the head of the lake. 34. Compassion, love, pity, sympathy. Without a shepherd, neglected by their religious guides, the Pharisees, scribes and priests. 35. Far spent, evening. 36. Country, the farms, cultivated land. 37. 200 penny-worth: about \$30 00. A penny, denarius, is 15 cents. 38. Loaves—small cakes. 39. Companies, for convenience and order. 41. Blessed; same as “grace” at meals, and consecration of bread and wine in the Lord’s Supper.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 16. Why must He be very man, and also perfectly righteous?

Ans. Because the justice of God requires that the

same human nature, which hath sinned, should likewise make satisfaction for sin; and one who is himself a sinner cannot satisfy for others.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 30. From what did the Twelve return? What did they tell Jesus?

31.-32. What did they need? Where did they go to find it?

33. By whom were Jesus and the Apostles followed? How did these come?

34. What stirred the compassionate heart of Jesus? What did He do for the people?

35.-36. What request did the disciples make?

37. What reply did they receive? How much is a penny? 200 penny-worth?

38. How many loaves had the disciples? Was it enough for themselves?

39.-40. Why in companies? On what did they sit?

41. What did Jesus first do? What next? To whom did He give the food? Who gave it to the people?

42. How many ate of the food? Did they each receive merely a crumb?

43. Was anything left? What was done with it? What lesson does this teach us?

44. Were there more than the 5000 men? Who else?

Could the multitude have found provisions for themselves? Could the Apostles have satisfied them? Can any one but God create and multiply? Who is Jesus? Is His power as great as His compassion? Is there any need which He cannot satisfy?

LESSON 3. April 16th, 1882

First Sunday After Easter.

This lesson has furnished a theme for preachers and writers of all times; and it has encouraged and comforted the poor. Here we learn with what feelings Jesus regards the poor, what he is able and willing to do for them, and what part His servants are to take in relieving the wants of the bodies and souls of men.

I. THE COMPASSION OF JESUS. Vs. 30-38. The Twelve returned from their first missionary tour, perhaps by previous appointment, and now take a needed rest and hold a conference with their Lord and with one another. It is customary with the preachers of the word once a year to meet and confer with one another about their labors in the Lord's vineyard.

A *desert place*—thinly settled, where they might have a season of solitude. There was much grass in the place, (v. 39) and hence it was a pleasant retreat.—for a clerical vacation.

Many coming and going, because the passover was nigh at hand, and the people were on their way to Jerusalem, (John 6:4).

Came together. Christ could not be hid. Wherever He went He was sought after by men. "Neither care for things at home nor fear of danger abroad, neither the length of the way nor the lack of food and lodging," * * was able to retain the people from seeking Jesus.

He saw much people. He desired rest and privacy, but behold! a new crowd and new labor. *Without a Shepherd*. The scribes and priests cared little or nothing for the common people, and neglected to teach and guide them. Hence these neglected sheep were moved more earnestly to seek the Good Shepherd.

He began to teach. This showed His compassion for them. Unless a teacher has sympathy for his scholars he will not exert himself much. Let Sunday-school teachers try to enter into the feelings of their pupils, and teach them earnestly the way of life.

Vs. 35-36. *His disciples came*. Previously to this the Saviour had asked Philip privately, in order to "draw him out,"

Where shall we buy bread that these may eat? (John 6:5-6). Philip was of Bethsaida (Fishtown), where the Saviour now was. After Philip had conferred with the Apostles, they come and request Jesus to send the people away. Prudence suggested as much.

V. 37. *Give ye them to eat*. The duty of Christians is contained in this command. Give what ye have. Our *ability* is increased by its exercise. "How many persons, who thought they had no ability to teach a class of youth in the Scriptures, have gotten their ability by doing it!"

Shall we go and buy? They perhaps had in the treasury 200 pennies, or *denarii*—a denarius being about 15 cents. It was a day's wages. They were willing to spend this; but where could they get the bread for it? They had the will without the means. Our Lord knew all along what He would do. He was now teaching one of the best lessons.

II. HIS POWER TO SATISFY THE NEEDY. Vs. 38-40. *Saith unto them*. Inquire into your resources, that "their scantiness might enhance the impression of the subsequent supply, and cut off all suspicion of its being anything less than a miracle." *Five*—one cake for each thousand men! And that only a coarse *barley cake*!

He commanded them. A serene consciousness of power on His part to supply the multitude with food. He uses plan and foresight, to prevent noise and confusion, to save time and to secure any from being overlooked.

The whole transaction seemed to be left to the disciples; *they* made the men sit down, and *they* distributed the bread.

Green Grass. Here was a fulfilment of the 23d Psalm. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

He had taken. First we must give of our means to Christ; then He blesses it; and lastly, we distribute it to the needy. The Jews, like Jesus, always *blessed* their bread before they ate it. There is no excuse for the neglect of table prayer. *He broke the loaves*. It was to teach us that in the distribution of our goods we should expect His blessing, not in their entireness and reservation. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." The bread of life was also *broken* on the cross. *Did all eat*. None neglected

Christ's provision; none were hungry when sent away. "He hath filled the hungry with good things."

Twelve baskets—one for each Apostle. They received more than they gave.

"This showed that the miracle was performed upon the bread, and not upon the stomach." No waste is allowed.

1. Christ is the Bread of Life.
2. It is given through His ministers.
3. It is to be received. 42.
4. It is abundant for all.

A COMMON ERROR.

"In the following extract from one of Dr. Lorimer's lectures, attention is called to a mistake which doubtless every pastor has noticed oftener than he desires, among otherwise good people :

"Not unfrequently are Christians heard to speak of duties as crosses to be borne, and I am convinced that some among them regard their performance as a complete compliance with the law of self-denial. It is a cross to pray, to speak, to commend Christ to others, to attend church, to frequent the social meetings, and, indeed, to do anything of a distinctly religious nature. By the force of their will and with the aid of sundry admonitions they bring themselves up to the discharge of these obligations, but on the whole they think it should entitle them to a place in 'the noble army of martyrs.' I am sorry to dissipate the comfortable illusion, but I am compelled to assure them that they totally misapprehend the doctrine of our Lord. He said it was His meat and drink to do the will of His Father, and He never once refers to duty in any other way than as a delight. The cross was something distinct from it and incidental to it, but never to be identified with it; and if we look upon it otherwise, if we find no honest joy in the service of God, and if we fail to discriminate between that and the pangs and pains to which it may give rise, we shall fall infinitely short of the conception embodied in the language of Christ."

WHAT TIME IS IT?

What time is it?

Time to do well,

Time to live better,

Give up that grudge,

Answer that letter.

Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow,
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

Time to try hard

In that new situation,

Time to build upon

A solid foundation.

Giving up needlessly changing and drifting,
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?

Time to be thrifty,

Farmers take warning,

Plough in the springtime,

Sow in the morning;

Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing,
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.

Time to count cost,

Lessen expenses,

Time to look well

To the gates and fences,

Making and mending as good workers should;
Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is it?

Time to be earnest,

Laying up treasure;

Time to be thoughtful,

Choosing true pleasure;

Loving stern justice, of truth being fond,
Making your word just as good as your bond.

Time to be happy,

Doing your best,

Time to be trustful,

Leaving the rest,

Knowing in whatever country or clime,
Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.

—*Liverpool (Eng.) Mag.*

The *Congregationalist* gives the following, which is a warning: "As illustrating the importance of marking the date on pulpit notices, a story is current of a stranger in a certain pulpit who read the announcement of a funeral of a lady buried nearly a year before, and whose husband happened to be in the congregation with his second wife for the first time! The notice had been lying on the pulpit shelf all this time, and somehow got mixed with others given him for that day."

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LESSON IV.

April 23, 1882.

Christ Walking on the Sea.—MARK 6: 45-56.

Commit to memory verses 47-50.

45. And straightway he constrained his disciples to get into the ship, and go to the other side before unto Bethsaida, while he sent away the people.

46. And when he had sent them away, he departed into a mountain to pray.

47. And when even was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and he alone on the land.

48. And he saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind was contrary unto them; and about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them.

49. But when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out:

50. For they all saw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with

them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.

51. And he went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased: and they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered.

52. For they considered not the miracle of the loaves: for their heart was hardened.

53. And when they had passed over, they came into the land of Gennesaret, and drew to the shore.

54. And when they were come out of the ship, straightway they knew him,

55. And ran through that whole region round about, and began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard he was.

56. And wheresoever he entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch if it were but the border of his garment; and as many as touched him were made whole.

OUTLINE:

1. WEARY TOILING. Vs. 45-48.
2. TIMELY DELIVERANCE. Vs. 48-52.
3. AT THE DESIRED HAVEN. Vs. 53-56.

GOLDEN TEXT: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Isaiah 43: 2.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 45. Constrained, ordered, seemingly against their will. *Sent away*, affectionately dismissed. *46.* Into a mountain, getting that solitude which He had sought before. *47.* Even, late, about the beginning of night. *48.* Toiling, because of the storm. *Fourth watch*, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the night. *Walking upon the sea*, a miracle. *Would have passed by*, if not invited to tarry. *49.* A spirit, an apparition. *Cried*, "for fear" (Matt. 14: 26). *50.* It is I, the living voice assuring them of His real presence. *51.* The wind ceased. Another miracle. *52.* Considered not, understood not. *Heart was hardened*, sluggish and obtuse. *53.* Gennesaret, on the western side of the lake. *54.* They knew Him, the people on the shore knew Jesus. *55.* Ran, to tell that the Healer had come.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 17. Why must He in one person be also very God?

Ans. That He might, by the power of His godhead,

sustain in His human nature the burden of God's wrath; and might obtain for, and restore to us, righteousness and life.

QUESTIONS.

45. Why were the disciples on the dangerous sea? Did they willingly leave Jesus? What became of the crowds?

46. Whither did Jesus go? What to do? What new temptation did He have to resist? (John 6: 15).

47. What happened on the sea?

48. How could Jesus see in the dark? Did He wait long before coming to their relief? At what time did He appear? Why could He walk on the water? Did He intend to pass them by? What did He want them to do?

49. What is a spirit?

50. How did he quiet their fears? Did they know his voice? Who walked on the water to meet Jesus? (Matt. 14: 28-29).

51. What caused the calm? Was this miracle wrought by Jesus before?

52. What was wrong with the disciples? What blinds the mind and heart?

53.-55. To what place did they come? Did the inhabitants recognize Jesus? Whom did they bring to Him? What for?

56. What miracles did He now work? Who had touched the hem of His garment before?

LESSON 4. April 23d, 1882

Second Sunday After Easter.

I. WEARY TOILING. Vs. 45-48. Perceiving that the people who had been miraculously fed in the wilderness wished to "make him a King," (see John 6: 15), Jesus sent away the disciples by boat, whilst He dismissed the crowd. The Apostles were unwilling to separate from their Master, but He *constrained*, or commanded, them to do so. It was night when they started, and the wind was against them; hence their journey was dangerous, and their progress was slow. In the meantime Jesus was alone on the mountain, engaged in prayer. He has at last found that solitude which He craved, in order to hold communion with His Heavenly Father. Whilst the boat was struggling in the billows, He was praying for the frightened crew; not so much for their safety, perhaps, as for the preservation of their faith and courage. Thus "the Great Intercessor still lives, while His Church is tossing on the waves of Time."

Toiling is a feeble version of a Greek word, which signifies tormented. They experienced bodily pain and mental anxiety, owing to the contrariness of the winds. Those who go forth to preach the gospel, yes, all Christians, must expect to be buffeted by opposition and temptations; they must often work against the current, but their faith and courage must not fail; they must *endure hardness*.

Notice, Jesus left them toil thus during the long night, and only towards morning appeared to them, and delivered them out of their difficulties. So He frequently deals with the sick and suffering, coming to their relief in their greatest extremity.

II. TIMELY DELIVERANCE. Vs. 48-52. Jesus surely comes to the help of His people. He could have saved them without drawing near, but then they would not have known His mercy and power. Yet He set His face as though He would have passed them, giving them an opportunity of asking for His presence and help. His presence was a call to prayer.

V. 49. They did not recognize Him, for they had never seen one walk upon

the waves. They thought, naturally enough, that it was only an apparition—a disembodied spirit. This terrified them more than the storm had done. Their fears were highest when their Deliverer was nighest.

50. His well-known voice re-assured them; and His beautiful words, *be of good cheer*, etc., have been a solace to all troubled hearts. Now follows the history of Peter walking on the waves. His courage in attempting to walk on such a sea is more remarkable than the fear which overtook him as he gazed upon the tumult of the waves. (See Matt. 14:28-31.)

51. *He went into the ship.* This was a symbol of His perpetual presence in the Church. The winds ceased, and now the sudden calm filled them with amazement.

52. Only sincere and truthful men would record such damaging evidence against themselves. "There is much stupidity of mind and hardness of heart remaining unmortified in the best of saints."

III. AT THE DESIRED HAVEN. 52-56. *The land of Gennesaret* was the desired haven, which they quickly reached. Christ quickly brings His people out of trouble into rest. That morning Jesus attained His highest popularity. The people knew that the Great Healer had come, and they spread the news through all the country. Friends brought the sick from the houses, and laid them at Jesus' feet. But they sought bodily healing and benefits, rather than spiritual blessings. If ministers could dispense more of *earthly* good, the churches would be crowded with people who do not care for healing of their sin-sick souls. "This is the last scene in the *second* year of Christ's public ministry."

SECRETARY FRELINGHUYSEN, on a winter night, when the sleet was driving, saw a poor Irish woman struggling along the icy pavement with a heavy bundle in her arms, as he came out of his house on his way to a state dinner; and with characteristic courtesy invited her to take his carriage and tell the driver where to take her.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LESSON V.

April 30, 1882.

The Traditions of Men. MARK 7: 1-23.

Commit to memory verses 9 and 13.

1. Then came together unto him the Pharisees, and certain of the scribes, which came from Jerusalem.

2. And when they saw some of his disciples eat bread with defiled, that is to say, with unwashen hands, they found fault.

3. For the Pharisees, and all the Jews, except they wash *their* hands oft, eat not, holding the tradition of the elders.

4. And *when they come* from the market, except they wash, they eat not. And many other things there be, which they have received to hold, as the washing of cups, and pots, brazen vessels, and of tables.

5. Then the Pharisees and scribes asked him, Why walk not thy disciples according to the traditions of the elders, but eat bread with unwashen hands?

6. He answered and said unto them, Well hath Esaias prophesied of you hypocrites, as it is written, This people honoureth me with *their* lips, but their heart is far from me.

7. Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.

8. For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the tradition of men, as the washing of pots and cups: and many other such like things ye do.

9. And he said unto them, **Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own traditions.**

10. For Moses said, Honour thy father and thy mother; and, Whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death:

11. But ye say, If a man shall say to his father or mother, *It is Corban*, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me; *he shall be free.*

12. And ye suffer him no more to do aught for his father or his mother;

13. Making the word of God of none effect through your tradition, which ye have delivered: and many such like things do ye.

14. And when he had called all the people unto him, he said unto them, Hearken unto me every one of you, and understand:

15. There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man.

16. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.

17. And when he was entered into the house from the people, his disciples asked him concerning the parable.

18. And he saith unto them, Are ye so without understanding also? Do ye not perceive, that whatsoever thing from without entereth into the man, it cannot defile him;

19. Because it entereth not into his heart, but into the belly, and goeth out into the draught, purging all meats?

20. And he said, That which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man.

21. For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders,

22. Thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness:

23. All these evil things come from within, and defile the man.

OUTLINE: { 1. COMPLAINT OF THE CEREMONIALISTS. Vs. 1-5.
2. THE REBUKE OF CHRIST. Vs. 6-13.
3. THE TRUE PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE. Vs. 14-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Ver. 7.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 2. *Unwashen hands*, not dirty, but lacking a ceremonial washing. 3. *Tradition*, unwritten rules. *Elders*, who were with Moses. 4. *Market*, public places. *Wash*, baptize. *Cups*, drinking vessels. *Pots*, brazen vessels—household utensils. *Tables*, literally, couches on which to recline at table. 6. *Esaias*, Isaiah (29: 13). 11. *Corban*, a consecrated offering. 14. *Hearken unto Me*, listen no longer to these triflers. 15. *Defile*, make impure. 17. *Parable*, here means a dark saying. 19.-21. *Heart*—the fountain head of all that is bad and good. 23. *Defile*, make him morally unclean.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 18. Who, then, is that Mediator, who is in one person both very God, and a real righteous man?

Ans. Our Lord Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 1-2. Who came to Jesus? For what purpose? What fault did they find? Did this refer to cleanliness, or only to ceremonies?

3-5. What did all these washings (baptisms) signify? What is meant by tradition of the elders? What question do they ask Jesus? About what does Pharisaism chiefly concern itself?

6-7. What does Jesus call them? What prophet had also made the same charge? With what did they worship God? Why is such worship vain?

8-13. What two things are contrasted in 8, 9 and

13? What illustrates the false principle? 10-12.

14-16. To whom does Jesus next direct His teachings? Is real defilement that of the body, or of the heart? Which is most important, ceremonial observances, or morals?

17. What third class of persons now seek instruction from Jesus? Vs. 18-25. On what part of man does Jesus lay all stress? What are we to keep with all diligence? (Prov. 4: 23.) What proceed out of the evil heart? What does the heart need?

LESSON 5. April 30th, 1882.

Third Sunday After Easter.

I. COMPLAINT OF THE CEREMONIALISTS. Vs. 1-5. The lesson for to-day shows how religion may degenerate into mere formality and ritualism, when it is looked upon as a something external, rather than as the right attitude of the heart towards God. In the Pharisees and Scribes we see a punctilious observance of traditions of men, and a scandalous perversion of God's word. Their religion was ecclesiasticism rather than piety. Hence they never could comprehend the mission of Christ, or the meaning of His words. To them He seemed to be only a revolutionist, an innovator on ancient customs, a radical, bent on change. Hence, their constant complaints.

The specific complaint in our lesson is, that His disciples neglected certain table manners, v. 1-2. There was no neglect of cleanliness, but of a certain traditional custom. "It was laid down that the hands were first to be washed clean. The tips of the ten fingers were then joined and lifted up so that the water ran down to the elbow, then turned down so that it might run off to the ground. Fresh water was poured upon them as they were lifted up, and twice again as they hung down. The washing itself was done by rubbing the fist of one hand in the hollow of the other. When the hands were washed *before* eating they must be held *upward*; when *after* it, *downward*; but so that the water should not run beyond the knuckles. The vessel must be held first in the right, then in the left hand; the water was to be poured first on the right, then on the left hand, and at every third time the words repeated: 'Blessed art Thou who hast given us the command to wash our hands.'"

V. 3. *The tradition of the Elders* was regarded more than God's commands. The Elders were the ancient commentators, the teachers of the Mosaic law: Their tradition was at first handed down orally, but was afterwards written, and is found in the Talmud. The first part is called Mishna, or text, the second is Gemara, or commentary. It would take a lifetime to learn the latter.

Vs. 3-5. Mark gives this explana-

tion for the benefit of heathen readers. *Why walk not*, etc. "The common question of ecclesiasticism in all ages, which makes the traditions of the Church, not the Law of God, the standard of life."

II. THE REBUKE OF CHRIST. Vs. 6-13. *Esaias prophesied*. Isaiah, in describing the formalists of his day, drew an admirable picture of their children in the time of Christ. *Hypocrites*, actors, dissemblers, deceivers. Your words and acts do not indicate your real feelings and thoughts. *Vain* is such worship.

Vs. 8-9. "An unconscious desire to be rid of God's spiritual law is the true secret of all additions to the simple religion of the Bible."

Thus Jesus dealt a death-blow to mere ceremonialism, as distinct from a reverent observance of Divine ordinances by a pious heart. The true child of God keeps all of his Saviour's appointments, but does not come under bondage to a round of traditional rites imposed by men. The Reformation of the Sixteenth century was actuated by these words of Christ, when it threw off the intolerable burden of Papal ceremonies.

Vs. 10-12. Jesus singles out one example of many, showing how God's law and its real spirit and meaning was broken by substituting a tradition of man in its stead. *Honor thy father*. The command includes the whole duty of children to parents, even to feeding and clothing them in their old age and infirmity. But a son is too covetous to do this; and hence mutters a vow over all his wealth. *Corban*—it is a gift to God, and I dare not use it for man. But he keeps it for himself in the meanwhile. That is both a violation of the Law by means of sophistry and deceit, and a cruelty to parents. *Many such things* they did, v. 13. The complainers were now the *accused*, and stood convicted of wrong, and departed.

III. THE TRUE PRINCIPLE. Vs. 14-23. The Lord summons the people, and enjoins them to hearken unto Him. A symbolical act, by which He challenges the world to listen to His explanation of the law of God in its true spiritual meaning.

V. 15. *Nothing from without*. "Every creature of God is good," (see 1 Tim. 4: 4). "Not *physical* touch, but *moral*

action, makes a man truly impure before God." Men's lives would not be bad, if their hearts were good.

V. 17. His disciples had from youth been taught the doctrine of the Pharisees, and could not grasp the new doctrine of Christ. They now come for explanation of the parable—here used in the sense of enigma, or dark saying.

Vs. 18-23. Jesus unfolds His meaning fully, but even Peter did not comprehend it, and live up to it, until long after the day of Pentecost. How hard it is to break through old prejudices! Plato said "mortal things go in through the mouth, but immortal things go out;" that is, "there go forth words, the immortal laws of the immortal soul, by which the life of the reason is directed."

The evil heart inspires such words and acts as *defile the man*; the pure heart leads to such as sanctify even the body, (v. 21). *Thoughts*, calculations, purposes, plans. *Adulteries*—violations of the marriage vow. *Fornications*—violations of chastity by the unmarried. (See Matt. 5: 28). "If the heart be made pure, *lips, hands, feet, life, all*, will be hallowed!" Therefore "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

A MANIAC'S REPROOF.

Among the inmates of a Western insane asylum is a man who is often perfectly sensible, and when accosted at such times causes visitors to wonder why he is confined there. This inmate entered into conversation the other day with a caller, whose dress proclaimed him a clergyman. Said the madman: "It was too bad, was it not, the killing of Grant at Chicago?" "It was," said the minister, who followed the accepted custom of assenting to the statements of lunatics, for peace sake. "Hayes was assassinated at Cincinnati, was he not?" again asked the lunatic. "Yes," replied the clergyman. "And was not Queen Victoria murdered in her palace?" To this query from the madman the clerical visitor once more answered in the affirmative. The lunatic named one after another a dozen living royal personages, all of whom the clergyman was led to admit had been put

out of the way. Finishing his catechism, the madman turned on the clergyman, and said, fiercely: "Your dress shows you are a minister; but you are the worst liar I ever met."

A good minister out West preached a sermon on peace-making, and aimed at two deacons of the church who had long been at sword's points, and such was his eloquence and earnestness that directly after the benediction was pronounced, one of the deacons went over to the other and remarked, with tears in his eyes, "Brother Stiggins, after such a sermon there must be peace between us. Now I can't give in, so you must."

TELL HIM JUST WHAT YOU WANT.—If you want a scholar to learn anything at home out of next Sunday's lesson, be sure and tell that scholar just what you want him to learn, before he goes home this Sunday. If it is the Golden Text, or the memory verses that you want him to memorize, say so; ask him to memorize them, and when he comes next week see to it that you know whether or not he has done as you requested. If you want him to hunt anything up out of the lesson, put him on the track of it. Give him a plain question to find the answer to. Don't, don't complain of a scholar's not studying his lesson at home, when he doesn't know what you mean by studying his lesson—and you don't know yourself.

OCCUPY HIS THOUGHTS.—That boy in your class—twisting, wriggling, nudging the next boy, and pulling his hair, or pinching his arm, yawning, grinning, bothered to know what to do with his legs under the seat, looking round at the clock, pinning a piece of paper to a neighbor's coat-tail, the head-centre of all the mischief in the class—needs to be occupied. Do not give the devil standing-room in that restless brain. Direct your conversation especially that way. Give that scholar a job of questions that need answering. Tell him a long story, but keep him busy, never suffering him to go into business on his own account. Try this plan next Sunday. Give him a dose of occupation.

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NO. 5.

GERMAN SONGS OF SPRING.

BY THE EDITOR.

The poets of all nations have sung the songs of Spring. At this delightful season, when all nature rejoices, the best of these lyrics accord so fully with our feelings that we welcome them as we do the carols of the birds. We, therefore, hope to afford pleasure to our readers by presenting them with original versions of two German songs, which we believe have never before been translated.

Julius Sturm, the author of the first of these songs, is a native of the principality of Reuss. He was born July 21st, 1816, and was, in 1875, pastor of a congregation in the town of Köstritz.

THE SONG OF THE SWALLOW.

From a distant land,
From the ocean's strand,
On thy lofty pinion flying;
From the winter's rest,
To thy ancient nest,
Over hills and valleys hying;

O, Swallow, tell,
How thou knowest well,
That the bee once more is humming;
That from wood and lawn,
Old winter's gone,
And that summer, that summer is coming.

"I know not why,"
I hear thee cry,
"When I feel the spring's returning,
I cannot stay,
And I haste away,
I am drawn by a wondrous yearning."

"So, I take no rest,
While I seek my nest,
On my lofty pinion flying;

From the ocean's strand,
To my native land,
Over hills and valleys hying."

FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT, the author of our second song, was born at Peine, Hanover, April 22d, 1819. He is a distinguished orientalist, and in his German translation of the poems of Mirza-Schaffy, has been very successful in catching the spirit of Persian poetry. Recently he visited the United States, where his countrymen gave him an enthusiastic reception. The following is his song of spring:

"WHEN SPRING ASCENDS THE MOUNTAINS."

When spring ascends the mountains,
And sunbeams melt the snow;
When near the bubbling fountains,
The flowers begin to blow;
When winter's blast
Is hushed at last,
And all the rain and storm is past;
Then through the air,
The echoes ring:
"How bright and fair
Is lovely spring!"

When, 'neath the sun's caresses,
The glacier's fountains spring,
Soft grass the meadows dresses,
The woods with music ring;
When breezes woo
The fields anew,
The skies above are bright and blue.
Then through the air
The echoes ring:
"How bright and fair
Is lovely spring!"

'Twas then, thou fairest maiden,
I found the highest bliss;
Thy lips with sweetness laden,
First felt affection's kiss.
Then in the grove
Were sounds of love;
The brook sprang from the heights above.
We through the air
Heard echoes ring:
"How bright and fair
Is lovely spring!"

NOBLE DEEDS OF SEAMEN.

BY REV. I. E. GRAEFF.

The life of seamen may perhaps be justly regarded as rather rough. Physically it is often terribly severe, and morally sailors are no doubt largely degraded. Like soldiers in time of war they are deprived of the comforts and restraints of home, and hence are liable to become coarse and hardened in their manners. When we think about them we are apt to place them before our minds as a body of men, who lack the finer feelings and generous habitudes of cultivated manhood. But mariners are by no means all made of such hard material. The noblest qualities of the human heart have been developed on the sea, and no class of men in any pursuit of life have wielded a more potent influence in the progress of the nations. Let us look at the heroic deeds of some of them that thus we may be led to a proper estimate of the value of the life of sea-faring men in its relation to all the better interests of mankind.

It is no doubt still fresh in the memory of many that, not many years ago, a steamboat, running on Lake Erie, took fire. There were on board more than one hundred passengers, and these John Maynard, the man who stood at the helm, was determined to save, wherefore he stuck to his post with a will that has never been surpassed in the annals of heroic self-sacrifice. His object was to run the boat ashore, and he succeeded in doing this and in saving the lives of the passengers, but he lost his own life. The fire spread along the vessel until it reached him, and he was frightfully burned but never left his charge. His clothes shrivelled into pieces, and his body was literally roasted, but he never flinched though he knew it was certain death. This was heroism indeed, without any recklessness about it. By the sacrifice of his own life he saved the lives of a hundred others. If the deed of this helmsman did not give him a clear title to the glories of the better world, as some in their haste were tempted to say, it proved him at least to be a hero on whom the genius of Christendom did not bring its influence to bear in

vain. If he did not act consciously, in this last brave and noble deed, from Christian motives, then it may still be said that he was a first-class specimen of a generous enlightened humanity trained and guided by the social habitudes of the Christian world. And this last grand act of his life may be particularly taken as a sure proof, that the life of seamen is not destitute of the elements of the noblest manhood.

It would not be difficult to find numerous cases of a similar kind among our own countrymen, "who go down to the sea to do business in great waters;" for this Lake Erie martyr was not the only one among so many capable of being so nobly brave. We will however rather go abroad and select a few from among the noble and the brave of other nationalities, to fill up our story of the exemplary deeds of navigators, who have made a brilliant record for themselves and for mankind, in battling with the perils of the ocean in the cause of humanity.

In November, 1878, the French bark, *Mélanie* and the British ship *Annabella Clark* were lying near each other in the river Adour, off Bayonne. The *Mélanie* was laden with petroleum. Some of this took fire and the heat exploded the casks. Soon the entire ship was in a blaze. The burning petroleum ran through the scuppers into the sea, and the *Mélanie* was surrounded by a broad belt of fire before the crew could make their escape. Some of them jumped overboard, but others remained because they were afraid to face the double danger of fire and water. The crew of the *Annabella Clark* heard the explosion, and saw the fire leaping high into the air. Two of them determined to save the burning Frenchmen. Captain Moore and John McIntosh, the ship's carpenter, took a boat and hurried to the rescue. Their clothes were shrivelled and their hands and arms severely burned, yet they never halted till they reached the burning ship, rescued the French crew, and returned with them in safety to the *Annabella Clark*. All this was not done for money, nor for glory. No; one of these brave men ruined himself for life by doing this generous deed, and from what other motive could he have acted but from a high sense of

duty. John McIntosh, the carpenter, was so severely burned in the hands and arms that he was altogether unfitted for further work at his trade. He was carried to his home an invalid for life. In this he was but little more fortunate than John Maynard, the hero of Lake Erie, who perished in saving the lives of the passengers of his vessel.

If we had but these two acts of heroic seamen to guide our judgment, we might safely conclude that sailors are not only noted for great bravery, but that their lives are full of the fruits of the tenderest humanity. Men who forget self, home, and all, and sacrifice themselves without any selfish considerations whatever in rescuing others, deserve to be honored as the heroes of genuine goodness, no matter whether they develop their manly graces in the refined circles of home or in the dangerous highways of the great deep. Hence we will note at least one more case of Anglo Saxon royalty of character in connection with the story of a sad shipwreck, for the purpose of showing how the hearts of seamen throb with the most humane and generous impulses. This time it shall be the captain of an ordinary merchant ship, who shall stand as a man inured to a high sense of truthfulness and duty.

Captain Knowles is the man who meets this high ideal. Mr. Gladstone, the cultivated and broad-minded Premier of the English government, considers him a greater hero than Napoleon because his life was entirely untainted by selfishness. He is perhaps as good a model of seamanly gallantry and prowess as any that could be selected from the long catalogue of famous navigators. His ship was the *Northfleet*. He was sailing from London to Hobart Town with emigrants on board, and had anchored off Dungeness. It was near midnight and very dark. The lights of his vessel were burning, as a warning to other ships that might pass that way. Notwithstanding this precaution, the Spanish ship *Murillo* ran into her and cleft a great hole in her bottom. She at once began to sink. The Spaniard backed out from amidships and steamed away, without making the slightest efforts to save three hundred people in imminent danger of perishing with the

wreck. Captain Knowles set the pumps to work, sent up signals of distress, and carried himself all the way through this sudden and dreadful calamity like a man who knew both how to govern and how to protect those committed to his charge. When it was discovered that the ship must go down, of course excitement and confusion threatened to run high among the passengers. The captain commanded the boats to be let down and the women and children to be placed in them, and declared that he would shoot the first man who would dare to put himself in the way of the prompt enforcement of this order. One man moved towards the boats, and the captain, true to his word, disabled him by a shot from his revolver. The women and children embarked, two boats put away full of people. The ship rapidly settled down, the waves quivering about her, and she sank, her heroic commander going down with her. His wife, newly married, was saved, together with eighty five other persons—

“He went by steady choice into the deep,
Leaving his joyful whole of love yet new,
Because it was the thing he had to do.”

Now, then, if in this tragic story of the *Northfleet* we are not confronted with the genuine greatness of a Christian sea-captain, in the full round growth of what belongs to a character of that kind, then we may be at least allowed to suggest that there was in him a shining combination of the graces which make men worthy of bearing the Christian name. Evidently he was in possession of an iron will, by the force of which he kept men under his absolute control by a rigid enforcement of his commands, but then he tenderly cared for women and children and gave them the first chance to escape from a watery grave. Here we have heightened gallantry, parental tenderness, and unflinching firmness of will with admirable coolness and administrative ability, in grand manly unity, making a sublime sacrifice of self and of the stronger, in order that the weaker may escape and live. No wonder that Mr. Gladstone places the heroism of this royal seaman above that of the great Napoleon. A boundless will and military prowess made Bonaparte a first-class military chieftain. After over-

running Europe and forcing the kings and princes thereof to prostrate themselves before him in the dust, he wasted his force amid the snows of Russia, acting upon the principle that conquest made him and that by conquest he must sustain himself. The memory of it is unprincipled adventurer is still cherished on account of his astounding military genius, and his masterly achievements on the arena of war: but he had none of the tender gallantry and generous courage which shone so brightly in the last tragic act of the lamented Knowles. In him a strong will was allied with right motives, and therefore was as full of blessings, as, in Bonaparte combined with selfish motives, it was a prolific source of tyranny and mischief. All honor to the memory of such a hero, though the resting place of his mortal remains is in the wreck of his vessel at the bottom of the sea and not in the magnificent tomb of a royal mausoleum.

But if we should stop at this point in viewing the life of seamen, and not look beyond such individual cases as we have noticed, we would still have but a very partial view of what sailors really have done for the benefit and progress of mankind. To them belongs the honor of having made the greatest discoveries of new countries. The story of Columbus has been told at thousands of firesides for centuries, and from his day down the lists of exploring navigators have been constantly swelling, and the highways of commerce, and of travel, and of progress, have been opened to all the ends of the earth. To the mariners, who have pushed out into the unknown seas, and have discovered lines of communication with unknown continents, belongs the credit of having helped the race of human kind forward across the broad sea of human life towards the goal of a happier and more perfect state, just as they are ever carrying their freight through the deep water courses of the earth.

There was a time Spain was feared as mistress of the ocean, and when England stood in dread of her. That time was when she had bold and daring navigators, who pushed the interests and products of their kingdom into the councils and markets of other countries, and ad-

ded new territory to her royal domain. England has since risen to this supremacy on the seas, and has made immense progress in the development of her resources, while Spain has gone back to the position of a third or fourth rate European power. The reason of this decline was that, by and by, her great navigators died and the generations which came after them had not the spirit of their brave ancestors, and therefore the proud Spanish Empire was humbled and impoverished. But in England and other countries the heroic power which subdues the ocean and makes it a source of strength and prosperity, went on growing and expanding as the times rolled on. These events in national history explain the cause of the rise and fall of empires. Stagnation in physical adventure is sure to bring political and moral weakness, and where this increases there will be a corresponding decline in the prosperity and happiness of a people. All nature shuns stagnation as the messenger of ruin and death. Even inert matter is kept in motion on a large scale, to meet the ends of its existence. The stars in the heavens move with a speed which man, with all his mechanical skill, can never equal. Vegetation only lives while it grows. The animal world, high and low, yields to the pleasant necessity of action and movement. And surely man may not stand all the day idle without paying the penalty of the sluggard. Let him go down to the sea and learn lessons from its mighty waves. They roll from shore to shore in majestic perpetual motion, and bestow the elements of life and health as they roll.

But oh! thou glorious and beautiful sea,
There is health and joy and blessing for thee;
Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice,
Bidding me weep and yet rejoice—
Weep for the loved ones buried beneath,
Rejoice in Him who has conquered death.—

CAPTAIN HARE.

In this country we are boasting that we have gotten beyond the antiquated social and political inequalities of the old world. If we however yield to the notion that any of the ordinary pursuits of secular life are not compatible with the dignity of genteel manhood or womanhood, we are still in the old ruts of false distinctions. Hence the young should be told that they would far better go into

the hard school of sailors, or of farmers, or of mechanics, or of domestic servants, or of any kind of useful industry than be the mistaken dupes of that sort of sense of honor which rather begs or steals or sponges than earns an honest living by daily toil. We have already had a great deal too much of this kind of modern snob-ocracy in our national history, and it is very necessary that we should take good care that we may not have a dangerous and perhaps ruinous increase of it in the future. The spirit of the times demands freedom and equality. Let it be that sort of equality which gives opportunities to all to make themselves the intelligent co-workers with others in the great business of life, and that will be about all the freedom those will demand who have the will and the honor to take proper care of their own personal interests.

Ruskin says: "In the bow of the boat is the gift of another world. Without it what prison would be as strong as that white and wailing sea? But the nails that fasten together the planks of the boat's bows are the rivets of the fellowship of the world. Their iron does more than draw lightning out of heaven: it leads love around the earth."

There are other ties just as strong and effective.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TWO CENTURIES AGO.

BY REV. CYRUS CORT.

For some years past Americans have been celebrating centennial anniversaries of battles and of other important events that occurred a hundred years ago within the borders of the old thirteen States.

It is well to commemorate the heroic and patriotic deeds of those who helped to secure for us the blessings of civil and religious liberty. The spirit of grateful remembrance thus evoked will aid greatly in preserving the heritage of our forefathers amid the rage of faction and the machinations of demagogues. But while we have been engrossed with Revolutionary memories, a hundred

years old, we have not been doing justice to the older achievements of the many daring spirits who first planted Christian civilization on this Western continent.

We have been confining our observations too much to the narrow strip along the Atlantic coast. We think and talk about the Great West as though it had only recently been explored and inhabited by the white race. It sounds rather strangely to many persons, therefore, when they see it stated in the newspapers that arrangements are being made to commemorate during the present year, the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the great Mississippi valley. In the latter part of 1682 this settlement was made but it is probable that not one in a thousand of our people is aware of this fact, and still fewer have any definite idea as regards the locality. With the view of throwing some light on this very interesting subject, I have undertaken to write one or more articles for the Guardian.

In the Fall of 1682 La Salle, the great French explorer with forty soldiers under his command commenced building Fort St. Louis, on the summit of what is now known as Starved Rock on the South bank of the Illinois river seven miles below the present town of Ottawa, Ills. It was also known as Rock Fort and Lee Rocher. Around this Fort clustered the first settlement of white colonists in the Mississippi valley.

They were chiefly emigrants from the French settlements in Canada. They raised corn on the adjacent prairies and traded with the Indians. Some of them married squaws and adopted the habits and to a large extent the language of their swarthy neighbors.

The Colony was named Louisiana in honor of Louis XIV, King of France, who had given La Salle a patent under which he claimed dominion over the entire Mississippi valley from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. La Salle gave permits to certain parties to engage in the fur trade with the Indians, on condition that they should pay him a royalty for the lucrative privilege.

Blankets worth \$3 at Quebec, brought \$100 in furs, at Fort St. Louis.

The situation of Fort St. Louis was

one of remarkable strength and beauty, and it seemed as if nature had specially designed it for that very purpose.

Starved Rock (the meaning of which will appear hereafter) rises almost perpendicularly from the river for 136 feet and is separated from neighboring cliffs by wide chasms. On three sides this rock is almost inaccessible. On the fourth it can be ascended by a rocky pathway. The walls of this cliff are of gray sand-stone, and are partly covered with stunted cedars.

Starved Rock is circular in form and on the summit it has an area of about three-fourths of an acre. North of it is the village of Utica, and five miles West in full view are the flourishing cities of La Salle and Peru on the line of the Chicago and Rock Island R. R.

Fertile farms cover the prairies on every side where once roamed immense herds of deer, buffalo, and elk. This almost impregnable natural rampart was strengthened with palisades and earth works. A block house, store house and some dwellings were erected. Two leaning cedars on the margin of the cliff served as a platform for a windlass with which water was drawn from the Illinois river below. A small cannon was mounted on the ramparts, the French flag floated in the breeze, and Father Zenobe the Jesuit Priest, dedicated it, calling upon the Virgin to bless and keep it in the true faith, protecting it always against the enemies of the cross. Here the matins and vespers were daily chanted for a generation. Here the gay and happy Frenchmen oft "tript the light fantastic toe," at the numerous balls and wine-suppers, given by the garrison and colonists, during their 36 years of pleasant sojourn, and here too was enacted a tragedy that obliterated the powerful tribe of Illinois Indians as with the besom of destruction. But more of this anon. A few miles below Fort St. Louis on the opposite side of the Illinois river, was LA VANTUM as it was called at a later day, the great town of the Illinois Indians, the largest Indian town in the Mississippi valley. Chassagoac the leading chief had been converted by the Jesuit Missionary Marquette in 1673, when he and Joliet were on their return voyage after discovering and traversing the Mississippi

river for 1,000 miles from the mouth of Wisconsin to the mouth of the Arkansas. After displaying the wampum (a token of friendship) the explorers were kindly received by the Indians and hospitably entertained in his own lodge by Chassagoac. Next day all the Indians of the town, including 2,000 warriors and many thousand women and children, assembled on the river bank. Joliet planted a post and placed on it a portrait of Louis XIV. Advancing toward the post with a sod of earth in one hand and his sword in the other, he spoke thus in a loud voice: "In the name and by the authority of the most high Christian King of France, Louis XIV, I take possession of all the country from Canada to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the South Sea, and henceforth it shall be called New France." The French fired their guns and shouted "*vive le roy!*" Joliet then spoke of the great Chief across the big waters who would be their father and would protect them against their great enemies, the Iroquois.

Then the Indians beat their drums, clapped their hands and shouted for joy.

Father Marquette now came forward with a painting of Christ upon the cross. Raising the canvass aloft he said "This is the Saviour of the world, who died to redeem all mankind and is the ruler of earth and sky." Again the Indians rejoiced as before. Marquette succeeded in converting Chassagoac and many of his people who were baptized and enrolled as members of the Catholic church.

On the third day the explorers departed, Joliet for Canada and Marquette to engage in mission work at Green Bay. Finding the Winnebago Indians at Green Bay unwilling to embrace Christianity and believing that his death was near at hand, Marquette resolved to return to the Illinois Indians and establish a mission in honor of the Holy Virgin. After a perilous voyage in a canoe with his two French attendants, Pierre and Jacques, along the western shore of Lake Michigan, amid inclement winter weather, they ascended the Chicago river three leagues, and owing to Father Marquette's precarious health, they were obliged to build a hut and remain three months. The devout mis-

sionary was near death's door, but being very anxious to establish the Illinois mission before he died, he and his companions implored the Virgin to spare him. Soon the disease abated and in the early Spring, after converting many of the neighboring Indians, Marquette set out for the Illinois river. The spot where his altar stood is still marked by a mound of earth erected by the Indians over two hundred years ago. When Marquette arrived at La Vantum the Illinois Indians received him with great rejoicing. Chassagoac wept for joy and embraced the faithful missionary. He seemed indeed a heavenly messenger. Five hundred old chiefs and warriors sat on the ground around Marquette. Behind them stood 1,500 young warriors or braves, and back of all of these the squaws and papposes. Displaying a painting of the Holy Virgin and the Saviour, Marquette preached to this vast assemblage. The Indians clapped their hands and shouted for joy. He requested them to remove the temple erected to the god of war and to build one for the worship of the true God of Heaven. A large chapel with room for over a thousand people was erected in three days' time. It was made of poles and covered with deer and elk skins. Marquette dedicated it giving it the name of "The Immaculate Conception," the same that he had given to the Mississippi river some time before. He preached daily to vast crowds of savages for several weeks, and frequently baptized over a hundred at a time.

On EASTER SUNDAY the chapel was decorated with evergreens representing crosses, anchors, &c. Incense was burned on the altar and lights were burning in all parts of the building. Few if any elements of a Roman Catholic Easter were wanting. The woods far and wide were searched for eggs of wild-geese and turkeys, which were beautifully colored and given to the converts in token of Christ's resurrection from the dead. Thus was Easter observed over 200 years ago by the dusky savages in the heart of the great Mississippi valley hundreds of miles from any settlement of white men.

This was before William Penn set foot upon the soil of our good old Keystone State. On the third day after

Easter, Father Marquette set out for Canada with his faithful Pierre and Jacques, in order that he might receive the sacrament and die among his brethren. Before leaving he convened the Indians in the chapel again and urged them to be faithful to their Christian profession, promising to send them another priest to lead them in the way of salvation.

The Indians begged him to remain, but he assured them that his work was done and he could barely expect to reach Canada alive. Five hundred warriors in canoes and many on ponies accompanied Marquette as far as Lake Michigan and received his parting blessing. Near the mouth of St. Joseph's river the faithful priest died on his voyage and was buried by his devoted attendants. Afterwards his remains were removed by a vast concourse of converted Indians and buried beneath the little chapel of St. Ignace at Mackinaw. For many years his picture was nailed to the mast by French sailors and his aid invoked as patron saint when dangerous storms arose on the Lakes.

Thus passed away Jacques Marquette, a man of fine personal appearance, strong intellect, good education and of a distinguished and wealthy family of Leon in the north part of France. Honors, wealth and powerful friends were left behind in his enthusiasm to convert the savage heathen in a distant and unknown part of the world. His zeal was mixed up with much error and superstition, no doubt, but his fidelity, self-denial and heroic devotion to his own sense of duty are worthy of all praise and imitation. Another article is needed to tell of La Salle, Tonti, Pontiac, and the destruction of the Illinois.

ERRATUM:—A curious error occurred in the April number of The Guardian, in connection with the article of our cousin, Miss S. E. Dubbs. A sentence which was simply intended to occupy a vacant space at the foot of a column, was unfortunately printed as though it constituted a part of the article in question. The contribution must, therefore, be regarded as coming to an end before the final sentence.—ED. GUARDIAN.

ST. BERNARD'S HYMN.

"Jesu Dulcis Memoria."

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY REV. D.
Y. HEISLER.

I.

Thy memory, Jesus, O how sweet!
It thrills the heart with joy replete;
But far beyond all other things
Thine own sweet presence comfort brings.

II.

No lovelier song—in tone or word—
No strain more joyous e'er was heard,
No sweeter theme was ever known
Than Thou, dear Jesus, God's own Son!

III.

Blest Jesus—hope of those who mourn,
How gentle Thou to them that turn,
To those who seek Thee, O how kind,
But *what* to those Thyself who find?

IV.

Dear Jesus, Thou the heart's delight,
The fount of truth—of souls the light,
Exceeding far each earthly bliss—
Each fond desire that cherished is.

V.

Abide with us, O blessed Lord,
Illume us with Thy light—thy word,
Disperse the darkness of the night,
And fill the world with Thy sweet light!

VI.

When Thou dost come into the heart,
Thy truth enlightens every part—
The world's vain pomp is fading seen,
And Charity grows bright within!

VII.

Thy Love, dear Jesus, is most sweet,
Supremely winning, as 'tis meet,
A thousand times more precious—rare
Than ever we can here declare!

VIII.

Acknowledge Jesus—own the meek,
More earnestly your Saviour seek,
Strive ye His boundless love to know—
In seeking ye more ardent grow!

IX.

Thou art the fount of mercy sweet,
Of each true heart the brightness meet,
Dispel the cloud of sorrow's night,
And grant us, Lord, Thy glorious light.

BEGINNINGS OF THE REFORMED
CHURCH.

No. I.

BY THE EDITOR.

The ancient Israelites were solemnly commanded to relate to their children what God had done for His people in the days of old. This duty we believe to be incumbent, not only upon the church at large, but on every community of Christians. The Reformed Church has, for instance, enjoyed many marks of Divine favor, and has experienced many signal deliverances which one generation should relate to the other, "that we may know the hand of the Lord that it is mighty: that we may fear the Lord our God forever."

It is with this impression that we venture to offer our readers an account of the beginnings of the Reformed Church. We have no ambition to write a history, and hope to avoid controversial statements. No doubt, in these brief sketches, we will be compelled to omit some things which certain learned scholars regard as of great importance; but it must be remembered that we are writing especially for the young, and that we have no room to enter into minute details. As it is, there are, no doubt, some readers who will regard our articles as dry and tedious, but we trust there are others who will find them interesting, and who will thereby be encouraged to continue to walk in the way of their fathers.

THE REFORMED NAME.

The Reformed Church is older than its name. Its early leaders, as is well known, strenuously objected to being called after any individual teacher. In fact, they had no idea that they were about to establish a separate Christian denomination. They did not imagine that their work could in any way break the succession of the ancient church, any more than that a thorough scouring could be supposed to destroy the buildings in which they worshiped. As they insisted on the preaching of the pure Gospel they preferred to be called "Evangelical Christians;" but different names were given them in various

places. Finally, when a more distinctive name became necessary, some one in France, it is said, called the church "Reformed," and this name was generally adopted. It was felt to be appropriate, for the body of Christians which was called by this name claimed to be the old Catholic church *reformed*. For this reason, some of its strictest members, until a comparatively recent period, objected to the use of a capital letter in writing the name of the church. They wished to be known as the "reformed church," or more comprehensively as "the church reformed according to God's word"—and objected to any other title as savoring of sectarianism. "On the continent of Europe," says Dr. Mayer, "Reformed is the distinctive title of those Protestant communities which are not Lutheran, exclusive of Socinians and Anabaptists." These communities, as will be seen hereafter, differed from the beginning in minor matters, but held in a general way to the same religious system, and were evidently pervaded by a common life. In a certain sense the English and Scotch reformers may be regarded as belonging to the Reformed type; but, as Dr. Hagenbach says, "whoever is familiar with the peculiarities of the churches which they founded will find it natural that their names should be omitted" from a sketch of the history of the Reformed church. [See "Leben der Väter," preface, p. 9.]

THE ORIGIN OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

In its history the Reformed church has sometimes been supposed to bear a certain analogy to the river Rhine, on whose banks so many of its children have made their home. Like that beautiful river it has its source among the mountains of Switzerland, derives its tributaries from France and Germany, and flows on to fertilize the plains of Holland. As has already been indicated, the Reformed Church does not derive its origin from a single individual, but there are in its history certain plainly marked stages of development, which enable us to form a correct idea of its growth and advancement. These must be studied separately, as the geographer would separately examine three streams which unite to form a mighty

river. Zurich, Geneva, and the Palatinate were the places where these developments occurred, and from these places they may respectively be regarded as taking their names. Besides these great movements, it must not be forgotten that the Reformed Church gained strength, in Switzerland, by absorbing the Waldenses, an ancient mediæval body of Christians, the majority of whom, as will be seen hereafter, formally joined the Reformed church, though a minority has kept up its organization to the present day. The Polish branch of the Hussites, as we are informed by Bishop E. De Schweinitz, in his "Moravian Manual" was, in 1627, also "grafted upon the Reformed church of Poland, and in the next decade grew to be one with it."

THE REFORMATION IN ZURICH.

The Swiss Reformation was the result of a process whose beginnings may be discovered far back in the Middle Ages. The movement, like that of an Alpine glacier, may have been almost imperceptible, but it gradually became more rapid, until its progress could no longer be restrained.

Switzerland, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, it will be remembered, consisted of thirteen cantons, which were in fact independent states, though united by a league for the common defense. Since the beginning of the thirteenth century they had been, in part, at least, in possession of civil liberty, and these Swiss republics were naturally a thorn in the side of the kings of Europe. For nearly two hundred years the Swiss were involved in almost constant conflicts with the house of Austria, but their mountains constituted an impregnable fortress, and all the power of the empire was unable to dislodge them. The wants of the people were few. On their high Alpine pastures flocks could safely feed, and the numerous lakes furnished an abundance of fish. Switzerland might be blockaded, but the people cared but little for communication with other countries, and every attempt to penetrate their valley with hostile armies was sure to prove a failure. The Swiss were a warlike people, and if their battle-axes and cross-bows failed, they could roll down rocks on the head of the invader.

It was but natural that Switzerland should become a place of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted. Not only political offenders, but those who had exposed themselves to ecclesiastical censures, were glad to escape to the valleys of the Alps. The church of Rome, it is true, appeared to be nowhere more firmly established than in Switzerland; but it is also true that, on account of the political condition of the country, the church rarely attempted to press her authority to the utmost extent. Except in the cities the poverty of the people was regarded as an excuse for simplicity of worship, and there were many priests who sympathized with the sufferings of the refugees, if they did not venture to accept their doctrines.

It is not to be supposed that the kings and nobles of surrounding nations could favorably regard a country in which their authority was so thoroughly defied. The very existence of the Swiss league was a constant menace to royalty, and the rulers hated it with perfect hatred. They called the Swiss "*Kuh-mäuler*," (*cow-mouths*), because they were principally occupied in keeping cattle. Indeed, it is not too much to say, that the influence of the nobles had caused a wide-spread dislike for the Swiss, even among the lower classes: and this feeling will in part account for the evident unwillingness of the Germans to coöperate with the Swiss at the beginning of the Reformation. Without this prejudice, we feel assured, the doctrinal differences might have been more easily reconciled.

ULRIC ZWINGLI.

It is not necessary to relate the particulars of the career of Zwingli, which may be supposed to be sufficiently well-known. There are, however, certain misapprehensions concerning him which deserve to be corrected. It must, for instance, not be supposed that Zwingli was in any sense the inventor of the doctrine which he preached. There had been many in the field before him, who prepared the way for a free Gospel, and some of them had sacrificed their lives in its behalf. In the neighboring city of Constance John Huss had been burned at the stake in 1415, but his testimony had not been without its effect,

and there were many who regarded him as a blessed martyr. When Zwingli was attending the University of Basel, his teacher, Thomas Wytttenbach, taught him that the doctrine of indulgences as held by the Roman church was a fraud and a snare. When in 1516 he became chief preacher of the great convent of Einsiedlen, he found that the prior and the administrator were already of his way of thinking, and with their assistance he immediately began the work of reformation. The people were exhorted to put their trust in Christ alone, and not in the saints whose relics were preserved in the convent; idolatrous inscriptions were removed; and the monks and nuns, instead of continuing to spend their time in rehearsing Latin chants which they did not understand, were directed to study the Scriptures in their vernacular tongue.

When Zwingli was called, in 1518, to be pastor of the Cathedral church of Zurich, it was with the full understanding that he would labor to advance the cause of the Reformation of the church. On his thirty-sixth birth-day, Jan. 1st, 1519, he preached his introductory sermon in Zurich, and for this reason the Reformed church of Switzerland celebrated its third centennial on the 1st of January, 1819. It was not the anniversary of the beginning of the Reformed church, but of its firm establishment.

Zwingli owes his prominence in the history of the church more to the extraordinary eloquence with which he popularized evangelical doctrines, than to his profundity as a theologian. In classical attainments he was in advance of most of his cotemporaries, and his remarkable skill as a debater was universally acknowledged. He was emphatically a man of action, and by the exigencies of the times he soon became a political as well as an ecclesiastical leader. Loving his country with all his heart, he grieved to see the young men gathered into the armies of Italy and Burgundy to fight as mercenaries of wars in which they could take no interest, and from which the survivors finally returned bringing with them the most degrading vices. Against this evil Zwingli thundered with all his eloquence, and thus became involved in political complications. Hence, too, the Swiss

Reformation was at the beginning less theological, but more practical, in its direct influence on manners and morals, than that of Germany. It was also more free in its relations to the state, and devoted much more attention to matters of organization and church government.

Zwingli always acknowledged Erasmus as his great master and teacher, and it was from the time of reading one of the books of the latter that he dated his conversion. "Neither he nor any one of his Swiss friends," says Max Gœbel, "had ever believed in the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation." [History of Christian Life, I., p. 277.]

ZWINGLI'S RELATION TO LUTHER.

There is a remarkable parallel between the Life of Luther and that of Zwingli. They were born within a few weeks of each other, Luther on the 10th of November, 1483, and Zwingli on the 1st of January, 1484. The parents of both were pious country folks; but Zwingli's parents were in comfortable circumstances and treated their children with great tenderness, while those of Luther were poor and stern: so that while no expense was spared on Zwingli's education, Luther was compelled to eke out his slender means of subsistence by singing in the streets. Both of these great men first attracted popular attention, in 1498, by their musical attainments. In 1502 both of them became acquainted with the Sacred Scriptures,—Zwingli at the feet of his teacher, Thomas Wyttenbach, in Basel; Luther in the library of the convent of Erfurt, where he saw for the first time a complete copy of the Bible. In 1510 Luther made a journey to Italy, and in 1513 Zwingli went to the same country as a chaplain, where both were thoroughly disgusted with the corruptions of the papal court.

Zwingli advanced through the study of the classic authors to the contemplation of the Scriptures, while Luther dwelt with especial pleasure on the writings of the pious mystics of the Middle Ages. In this way they reached the same point from opposite directions, without being aware of each other's existence, and almost simultaneously they publicly protested against the corruptions of Rome.

The exact date of the beginning of the Swiss Reformation has been a matter of much dispute. When Luther had been excommunicated by the pope, the enemies of Zwingli insisted that he was included in the same condemnation as a follower and admirer of Luther. Then he published a declaration of which the following is an extract: "I began to preach the Gospel of Christ," says Zwingli, "in the year 1516. before any one in this region had heard the name of Luther. Who called me a Lutheran then? When Luther's book on the Lord's Prayer appeared, concerning which prayer I had recently preached, many good people finding in it the same thoughts as mine, could hardly be convinced that I was not the author of the book, supposing that I was too fearful to own my work, and had, therefore, put the name 'Luther' on the title-page. Who could at that time have called me a Lutheran? How does it happen that the Cardinals and Legates who at that time dwelt in the city of Zurich did not call me a Lutheran until after they had declared Luther a heretic, though of course they could not really make him one? Then they cried out, that I too was a Lutheran, though I did not know Luther's name for two years after I had made the Word of God my only guide. It is only a Papist trick to give me and others such names. If they say, 'You must be a Lutheran; you preach as Luther writes,' this is my answer: I preach as Paul writes—why do you not call me a 'Paulist?' I preach the Gospel of Christ—why do you not rather call me a 'Christian?' In my opinion Luther is a noble champion of the Lord, who searches the Scriptures with a degree of earnestness that has not been equalled in a thousand years. What care I that the papists call both of us heretics? With such an earnest, manly spirit as that of Luther, no one has ever attacked the papacy during all the years of its existence. But whose work is it? Is it God's work or Luther's? Ask Luther himself, and he will surely tell you: It is the work of God! . . . Therefore, dear Christians, do not permit the name of Christ to be exchanged for that of Luther; for Luther has not died for us, though he teaches us to know Him from whom our whole salvation flows.

If Luther preaches Christ he does precisely what I do; though, thank God! an innumerable multitude is led through him to Christ—far more than through me or others, to whom God gives a greater or smaller measure of success, as pleases Him. I will bear no other name than that of my captain, Jesus Christ, whose soldier I am. No man can regard Luther more highly than I do. Nevertheless, I testify before God and men that, in all my life, I have never written a line to him nor he to me, nor have I caused it to be done. I declined to do it, not because I was afraid of anybody, but rather because I desired to show all men the uniformity of the working of the Spirit—how Luther and I dwell so far apart and yet are so harmonious: but I do not pretend to be his equal, for every man must do that to which God has called him.”

It is pleasant to quote these noble words of the Swiss Reformer. Luther, it must indeed be confessed, treated him with great harshness, but he always spoke of him with respect, and was anxious to be reconciled. This is hardly the place to consider the points of issue between the two Reformers; but we may venture to quote the judgment of Zwingli's friend Myconius, quoted by Hagenbach. “I am convinced,” he says, “that Zwingli and Œcolampadius misunderstood Luther from the beginning in presupposing that he held the gross view that we eat the body of Christ just as we eat common food, a view which Luther himself repudiated; but on the other hand, Luther was so bitterly opposed to both of them because he supposed that they recognized in the sacrament nothing but empty signs without the real presence of Christ.”

It would be easy to prove that Zwingli regarded the Lord's Supper as far more than a mere memorial; but the doctrine now held by the Reformed church on this subject did not come from Zurich, but from Geneva and the Palatinate.

Zwingli was cut down in the prime of his manhood, and much of his work was left unfinished. In a recent number of the Guardian, we have given an account of his heroic death. The death of the leader was of course a great catastrophe, and for a time it seemed as though the work must fail.

It did not, however, depend upon a single man, and there was a multitude of laborers to carry on the work. The most eminent of these were, in Zurich, Henry Bullinger and Leo Juda; in Basel, John Œcolampadius and Oswald Myconius; in Bern, Berthold Haller; in Strasburg and southern Germany, Wolfgang Capito and Martin Bucer. Concerning these eminent men and their coadjutors we will have more to say on a subsequent occasion.

APHORISMS.

The ancients dreaded death: the Christian can only fear dying.

To those whose God is honor, disgrace alone is sin.

The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.

Poetry is to Philosophy what the Sabbath is to the rest of the week.

It is with flowers as with moral qualities, the bright are sometimes poisonous; but, I believe, never the sweet.

Many actions, like the river Rhone, have two sources, one pure and the other impure.

A cobweb is soon spun and still sooner swept away.

Courage is the crowning virtue of heathenism; the test of Christianity is obedience.

IMMORTALITY.—Transition into the Divine life is ever woful, yet it is life.—*Bettina von Arnim.*

He that lives four-score years is but like one that stays here for a friend: when death comes then away he goes and never is seen again.—*Thomas Middleton.*

It was a good saying of Seneca, so live with men as if God saw you; so speak to God as if men heard you. Regulate your actions by this golden rule, then shall you acquit yourselves to God and man, and hereby comply with both, neither out of fear or shame.

"PATENT OUTSIDES."

BY THE EDITOR.

We have been told that some newspapers have what are called "patent outsides." Several papers, it is said, club together to have the same matter set up for the outsides of their respective sheets, thus saving a great part of the expense of composition. The chief objection to this "patent" arrangement would seem to be that sometimes the outside and inside of a paper may fail to agree. The outside, for instance, might contain an article protesting violently against Chinese immigration, while on the inside, the editor, wearied with domestic troubles, might express a longing for the importation of domestic servants from China. In religious papers the case might be even worse, if the outside should be Calvinist, and the inside Arminian, or *vice versa*.

However it may be with newspapers, there seem to be some people who delight to appear in "patent outsides." They are anxious, above all things, to look precisely like their neighbors. They would not for the world appear in a garment which is not of the latest fashion, and from the judgment of the Paris *modistes* there can, in their opinion, be no appeal. From this extreme it may be a long step to the position of those who try to be unlike their neighbors by assuming garments which are intentionally rude and mis-shapen; but this too may be a "patent outside" which is no less offensive than the other. Dress should attract attention neither by its splendor nor by its rudeness; it should be made neither in servile imitation of the prevailing fashion, nor in flagrant violation of the customs of the community. Let there be freedom for the development of personal taste, and let the garment be in harmony with the individuality of the person that wears it.

"Patent outsides" of every kind are plenty in our social life. If a man puts up a fine house his neighbors are at once tempted to imitate him, no matter whether they can afford it or not. Appearances must be kept up at all hazards. If Brown gives a party Green must do the same, though his family should go hungry for a month. Our parlor must not

be inferior to the one next door; it must have furniture constructed precisely after the same fashion, with the same amount of fashionable gimcracks. A fine parlor is supposed to be of more importance than a full larder.

Even in the conversation of society there are many things which are suggestive of "patent outsides." How many people we meet who have their thinking done for them by others. They rehearse the opinions of some demagogue, and seem to dread the very appearance of originality. The only safe way, in their opinion, is to follow the multitude, though it should be at the expense of that liberty of thought which we claim as one of the chief blessings of our modern civilization.

There are certain truths which we must preserve as precious treasures of the soul. There is one garment which we must wear if we would not be found naked when we appear before the throne of God. All else is of inferior importance. It is worse than folly to indulge in the hypocrisy of accommodating ourselves to the notions of men in the hope of gaining their good opinion; or to cultivate personal adornment or display for the purpose of creating a popular impression of our social importance. All this is positively wicked. It is the very essence of the Pride of Life. Beware of "patent outsides!"

Boys.—Our experience with boys—and it is by no means slight or superficial—tends to prove that with those who, from an indisposition to submit to an "iron rule" are commonly known as "wild," such impatience of restraint frequently springs from exuberant animal spirits, and is rarely met with in connection with meanness, much less vice. *Per contra* the greatest sycophants are, as a rule, the meanest and most depraved.—Hecker.

Love.—Love is a secondary passion in those who love most; a primary one in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a great degree is always inspired by honor in a greater.

W. S. LANDOR.

THE AERONAUT.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

There was once a man who contrived a balloon,
To carry him whither? why up to the moon.
One fine starlight night he set sail for the sky,
And joyfully bid our planet good-by.

He mounted aloft with incredible speed,
And saw the green earth every moment recede.
"Farewell," he exclaimed, "to thy pride and
conceit,

Oppression and injury, fraud and deceit;

Thy flagrant abuses, thy luxury too,

And all thy gay pageants forever adieu.

Thy festivals, music, learning, and lore;

My share in thy pleasures I gladly restore:

Thy kings and thy nobles, lords, ladies, and
squires,

And all the poor world in its dotage admires.

From its factions, and parties, and politics free,

Thy statesmen and heroes are nothing to me.

Farewell to thy valleys in verdure arrayed;

Farewell to thy merchandise, traffic and trade;

Thy wide swelling rivers that roll to the seas;

Thy dark waving forests that wave to the
breeze:

From Norway to China, or La Plata's wide
stream,

All fades on my sight like a vanishing dream.

He spoke, and with pleasure soon darted his
eyes on

The moon just appearing above the horizon;

And sitting upright, with his hand in his
pocket,

Shot up the dark sky, into space like a rocket.

But the swiftness with which his light vehicle
sped,

Brought on such a giddiness into his head,

That he lay a long time in his boat without
knowing

How long he had been, or which way he was
going.

At length he aroused from his stupor, when lo!

The beautiful satellite shining below!

Already so near he was come as to see

Its mountains and valleys, as plain as could be.

With feelings no language could well repre-
sent,

He quickly prepared his machine for descent.

A fine open plain, much resembling, he said,

Some spots in Old England, before him was
spread,

Whose smoothness and verdure his present
invited,

And there, all amazement, our traveler
alighted.

What thrillings of raptures, what tears of de-
light,

Now melted this signally fortunate wight;

And thus he expressed his astonishment soon:

"Dear me, what a wonder to be in the moon!"

'Twas now early morning, the firmament
clear;

For there the sun rises the same as down here.

He took out his pocket-book, therefore, and
wrote

Whatever he saw that was worthy of note.

For instance; the soil appeared sandy and
loose;

The pasture much finer than we can produce.
He picked up a stone, which he wished he
could hand

To some learned geologist down in our land.

A little blue weed next attracted our writer,

Not very unlike to our hare-bell, but brighter,

And looked, as he thought, most decidedly
lunar.

He wished he had come on this enterprise
sooner.

But still he was far more impatient to trace

What sort of inhabitants lived in the place:

Perhaps they were dragons or horrible things,

Like fishes with feathers, or serpents with
wings.

Thus deeply engaged in conjectural thought,

His eye on an object was suddenly caught;

To which on advancing, he found, you must
know,

'Twas just like a mile stone as ours are below.

And he read, all amazed, in plain English
this line:

"Twelve miles to Old Sarum, to Andover
nine."

In short, the whole wonder at once to explain,
The man had alighted on Salisbury Plain.

—Selected.

BLESSED JORDAN.—There was once a man in France named Jordan, who was so unaffectedly pious that he was called, the Blessed Jordan. Many stories are related concerning him. One day he was deceived by a wicked impostor. The man pretended to be almost naked, so Jordan gave him his cloak, which the fellow immediately sold, spending the proceeds in the most infamous manner. Some one undertook to reprove Jordan for his misplaced benevolence, but he replied: "If you see one who pretends to be sick and poor you are not to blame for relieving his apparent necessities. I would rather part with my cloak than lose my charity."

On another occasion some one asked Blessed Jordan, which was most pleasing to the Almighty: to be constantly employed in prayer, or in reading books of devotion. "You might just as well ask me, which is best, to be always eating or always drinking?" replied the venerable man.

DR. CHALMERS.—"What do you think of Dr. Chalmers?" said one of his ardent admirers, to a distinguished stranger, who had heard him for the first time. "Think of him?" said the stranger; "why, he has made me think so much of Jesus, that I had no time to think of him."

THE FARMER AND HIS CHILD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Before his field the farmer stood,
And his heart was full of sorrow.
"I'm sure, he said, "the seed was good,
'That I strewed in every furrow;
But now the weeds are rank and tall—
Our ancient foe has done it all."

Just then his little son and heir
From the field came, gaily singing;
He had gathered cockle and poppies there,
And a wreath he was homeward bringing:
"O, father, see!" was the urchin's call,
"Our blessed Lord has made them all!"

—From the German of Julius Sturm.

PRINCE BISMARCK, it is said, has become so stout of late that he can no longer occupy an ordinary dining chair, and sits accordingly on a low sofa, with his famous dog lying at his feet. He likes to exhibit his accomplishments to visitors, and it is related that one day on receiving a visit from Signor Manlini, the present Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, he sat down at the piano and played a composition of his own, remarking in an offhand manner that "in Prussia politicians found time to cultivate the arts." "So they do in Italy," replied the Italian, and going to the piano he played over from beginning to end, and entirely from memory, the piece which he had just heard Prince Bismarck play for the first time.

MR. FAWCETT, the Postmaster-General of Great Britain, was made totally blind, when a young man, by the bursting of a gun; but is one of the best informed men of the day; a profound mathematician, and widely read in literature and history. He can handle a rod and fly with wonderful success. An attendant guides him to the door of the House of Commons and there ready hands are always to be found to direct the sightless minister to his place. When he is addressed he turns his head, as though he could see the person to whom his reply is directed. The most remarkable feature about his speech is his command of facts and figures. He is greatly aided by his wife, whose attainments are almost equal to his own.

WIT AND WISDOM OF JOHN PLOUGHMAN.—Keep such company as God keeps.

Old foxes are caught at last.

To desire happiness is natural; to desire holiness is supernatural.

A good friend is better than a near relation.

Boast not your wisdom; Satan knows more than you.

If the love of God sets us at work, the God of love will find us wages.

Fretting cares create grey hairs.

Keep your hand out of the fire, and yourself out of a quarrel.

When an old dog barks, there's reason for it.

Open doors invite thieves.

The breath of prayer comes from the life of faith.

Make your pudding according to your plums.

Be not all rake nor all fork, all screw nor all cork.

If you say nothing, nobody will repeat it.

Do not blow hot and cold with the same breath.

It is true, as Dr. John Hall says, that the utterances of one minister who expresses his disbelief in the Bible are likely to be "more widely published than those of ten thousand—ay, fifty thousand—ministers who adhere to the teachings of the Bible." Yet it is true, on the other hand, that the declarations of one faith-filled man of God are more influential than the doubt and sneers of fifty thousand infidels. "One man and God are always a majority."—*S. S. Times*.

God's livery is a very plain one; but its wearers have good reason to be content. If it has not so much gold lace about it as Satan's, it keeps out foul weather better, and, besides, it is a great deal cheaper.

Fun ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to man.

OUR CABINET.

A KIND LETTER.

Henry W. Longfellow was recognized as the foremost of American poets. His recent death has called renewed attention to the excellence of his character, and the purity of his literary work. As our tribute to his memory, we venture to publish a letter which we once received from him. It is a good illustration of the habitual courtesy and kindness for which he was so eminently distinguished.

We had been informed that Mr. Longfellow contemplated the publication of a revised edition of "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," a volume containing biographical sketches of poets who have written in various modern languages, with translations of their most characteristic poems. As we had recently published original versions of two of the minor poems of the Alamanian-German poet, John Peter Hebel, we ventured to send these to the distinguished editor, thinking it possible that he might find occasion to use one or the other of them in his new edition. A few days afterwards we received the following very kind letter:

Cambridge, Feb. 3, 1880.

My Dear Sir:

I am much obliged to you for your letter, and for your translations from Hebel, which are quite charming, particularly the "Song of the Cherry Tree."

Should I ever make any additions to the "Poets and Poetry of Europe," I shall be only too happy to insert these pieces.

Publishers do not look with a very friendly eye upon translations, but a small volume devoted to Hebel alone, would command attention and be successful, I think.

With many thanks,

Yours very truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Prof. DUBBS.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

In the early days of printing it was difficult to get a book through the press without a large number of typographical errors. A thin volume of one hundred and seventy-two pages, entitled *The Anatomy of the Mass*, was published in 1561, which was followed by fifteen pages of *errata*. The pious monk who wrote it informs his readers in the preface to the *Errata*, that the printers' blunders in his little book were caused by the peculiar machinations of Satan.

In these days of careful printing errors have become much less frequent, but with all that printers and proof-readers can do, it seems impossible to avoid them altogether. When the work is done hastily, and the proof not carefully read, these errors are sometimes sufficiently ludicrous. We have before us an auction catalogue, printed in 1860, in which Alex. Hamilton is called "Abe Hamilton," and the name of the Hon. K. R. Van Renssalaer is given as "Honk. R. Van Renssalaer." In the same pamphlet the phrase "a letter to Rev. Dr. Morse, relative to a grandson of President Finley" is rendered "a letter to Rev. Dr. Morse, relative to, and grandson of President Finley." We once wrote an article in which we referred to the Low-church party in the church of England. Imagine our feelings when we were made to call it in print, "the Slow church party." Fortunately, the article was anonymous.

In a review article we said: "Luther once prayed that the Lord would put *poets* into the pulpit to aid in reforming the worship of the church." The compositor made it *posts*. We fortunately discovered the error in the proof. Otherwise, it might have been unkindly suggested that the petition of the Reformer had at last been granted.

RHYMELESS WORDS.

It is well-known that there is no perfect rhyme, in the English language, to the word *month*. A young man who was supposed not to be aware of this fact, was once asked to complete a stanza beginning :

"I need Thine aid in every hour,
And every week, and month."

He was equal to the occasion and immediately wrote :

"For I believe the Lord's a tower,
To which the righteous runn'th."

It was not a perfect rhyme, but the thing was very neatly done.

Recently some one has collected the following additional rhymeless words : silver, have, bilge, kiln, coif, rhomb, scarce, culm, oblige, gulf, cusp, scarf, microcosm, fugue, and the verb mouth—fifteen in all. No doubt fifteen, or fifty more, might be found.

EDUCATION.

Sterling says : There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the sinews at the wrist. The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

JACOB LEISLER.

Much light has recently been thrown on the early history of this unfortunate man, who, in 1689, was made Governor of New York by a popular movement in behalf of William of Orange. He held his position for two years, but was afterwards condemned to death for treason, by his political enemies, on the ground that he had interfered with the king's prerogative in accepting his office without a royal commission. It has been proved that he was a native of Frankfort, in Germany, and that one, at least, of his relatives was a Reformed minister who had studied at Geneva. As he spoke French, it has been supposed that his people may have belonged to the French Reformed church which had been founded in his native city. In New York he was at first a member of the Dutch church, but after-

wards connected himself with a new French congregation. In official documents he calls himself a German, and would no doubt have preferred to belong to a German church, if there had been one in New York in those days. His cruel death left no shame on his memory, and some of the most eminent people in the country are numbered among his descendants.

ANECDOTE OF JEMIMA WILKINSON.

A hundred years ago the name of Jemima Wilkinson was well-known throughout America, but it is now so generally forgotten that it may be well to preface our anecdote with some account of this remarkable religious enthusiast or impostor. She was born of a Quaker family, at Cumberland, Rhode Island, in the year 1758. In her 18th year she devoted herself entirely to religious contemplation, finally becoming very ill and falling into a deep trance which lasted thirty-six hours. About midnight of the second day she rose up, as if from a refreshing sleep, insisted that Jemima Wilkinson had passed into the angel world, and that her body was reanimated by a spirit whose mission it was to deliver the oracles of God to mankind. She called herself "The Universal Friend," and by this name she was afterwards known to her disciples.

She now began to preach and made many converts, with whom she travelled from place to place for the purpose of establishing societies. Her discourses were mostly exhortations to chastity and temperance, and her teachings differed but slightly from those of the orthodox Quakers. She was, however, very pretty, and always dressed in magnificent style, affirming that it was the will of God that the "Universal Friend" should be arrayed in a manner becoming a celestial visitant.

In 1782 Jemima visited Pennsylvania, where she founded several societies, one of which was located in Worcester township, Montgomery county. Finally she settled in Yates county, New York, where she lived in great elegance, almost worshipped by her disciples, until her death, which occurred in 1819.

Her sect was soon afterwards entirely broken up.

It was immediately after her visit to Pennsylvania that a little incident occurred, which has escaped the attention of her biographers. With a large company she had crossed the Delaware near Easton. One of the boats had been upset, and the company presented a forlorn appearance when they arrived at Stewartsville, New Jersey. As they could not be accommodated elsewhere, they received permission to spend the night in a mill belonging to David Lerch, sr., but before retiring Jemima announced her intention of preaching next day. In the morning she appeared in all her finery, wearing, as usual, besides her female attire, an embroidered waistcoat, a stock, and a white silk cravat. After her sermon she called on her audience for any remarks they might feel inclined to make, and Mr. Lerch said: "I have nothing to say against your preaching, but I do not like your fine clothes. Surely, the meek and lowly Jesus was not arrayed in such splendid garments."

"Sir!" replied Jemima. "Have you not read that our Saviour had a seamless coat for which, at the crucifixion, the soldiers cast lots? Unless it had been exceedingly fine—finer than any of their own garments—would the soldiers have gone to the trouble of casting lots for it?"

It was hard, on the spur of the moment, to find an answer to these questions, and Jemima evidently enjoyed her triumph. Though her hearers may not have accepted her reasoning, they were convinced that her fanaticism was mixed with a considerable proportion of Yankee "cuteness."

THE NUMBER FOUR.

Certain numbers have been termed sacred, on account of the frequency of their occurrence. Among them three and seven are most usual, and we frequently read long series of remarkable coincidences based on their recurrence. Now, we have no desire to deny the fact of the remarkable frequency of these numbers, but it has occurred to us that in a less degree, very similar things might be said concerning almost any

number which we might choose to mention. Thus, for instance, we might take the number four, which is generally regarded as very ordinary, without any magical potency whatever. Yet in the Scriptures, we find that there were four rivers in Eden; four evangelists; four beasts in the Apocalypse; four "notable horns," in Daniel's visions; the field which the sower, in the parable, went forth to sow, was of a four-fold character; and there are "four angels bound in the great river Euphrates." So, in a more general way it might be observed that the ancients used to enumerate four elements—water, fire, air and earth; four ages in history—golden, silver, brass and iron; four ages of man—childhood, youth, manhood, and old age; four winds; four cardinal points; four celebrated monarchies, etc. The number of these coincidences might be greatly extended, but we think these will serve to show the danger of founding mystical theories on the frequency of certain dates and numbers, whether in sacred or secular history.

FORGIVING ENEMIES.

It is hard to forgive your enemies, but it is harder for your enemies to forgive you. We mean to say that, while it is hard to forgive those who have wantonly injured you, those who have committed the crime require special grace to enable them to feel kindly towards the victims of their wickedness. The conscience of the sufferer is clear, and he may, therefore, the more easily forgive and forget the injury; but the man who has done him wrong is reminded of his act whenever he sees the injured one, and his very appearance is a reproof, which rouses his lowest passions. Such feelings prey upon the mind that entertains them, and in the long run the man who has done the injury is sure to be the greatest sufferer.

FLATTERING EPITAPHS.—Charles Lamb, when a little boy, walking in a church-yard with his sister, and reading the epitaphs, said to her, "Mary, where are all the naughty people buried?"

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

LIST OF BOOKS APPROVED BY THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BUREAU.

The Sunday School Bureau is doing good work. The following is the second list of books which they have examined and found worthy of admission to the library :

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, N. Y.

Days of Bruce, Grace Aguilar, \$1, p. 500. Home Influence, do., \$1, p. 486. The Mother's Recompense, do., \$1, p. 499. German Home Life, do., \$1.50, p. 312. Where there's a Will there's a Way, Cousin Alice, in set, p. 218, for \$6. No such Word as Fail, do., p. 177. Contentment Better than Wealth, do., p. 188. Out of Debt, out of Danger, do., p. 251. All is not Gold that Glitters, do., p. 214. Nothing Ventured, Nothing Have, do., p. 168. A Place for Everything, do., p. 218. Patient Waiting No Loss, do., p. 182. The Goldmaker's Village, H. Tschokke, p. 180. Night Lessons from Scripture, by the Author of Amy Herbert, \$1, p. 388. Harry's Vacation, Wm. C. Richards, \$1.25, p. 398. Tommy Try, and What he did for Science, Charles Napier, \$1.50, p. 303. Lectures to Young Men, Henry Ward Beecher, \$1.50. Tired of Housekeeping, T. S. Arthur, p. 167. Ocean Work, J. Hall Wright, p. 168.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Stories and Tales, Hans Christian Andersen, \$1.50, p. 532. The Lord's Prayer, Washington Gladden, \$1, p. 192. Marjorie's Quest, Jeanie T. Gould, \$1.50, p. 356. The Children's Crusade, George Zabriskie Gray, \$1.50, p. 240. Hawthorne's True Stories, \$1.25. Tom Brown at Rugby, Thomas Hughes, \$1, p. 405. Boston Town, Horace E. Scudder, \$1.50, p. 243. Breathings of a Better Life, Lucy Larcom, \$1.25, p. 288. A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, \$1.50, p. 230. Little Classic, Life, Rossiter Johnson, \$1, p. 208. Little Classic, Childhood, do., \$1, p. 227. Little Classic, Humanity, do., \$1, p. 264. Little Classic, Heroism, do., \$1, p. 243. The Manliness of Christ, Thomas Hughes, \$1, p. 160. Patience Strong's Outings, Mrs. A. D. H. Whitney, \$1.50, p. 233. Faith Gartney's Girlhood, do., \$1.50, p. 348. Childhood Songs, Lucy Larcom, \$1.50. Stories from Old English Poetry, Abby Sage Richardson, \$1. Seven Little People, Horace E. Scudder, 75c., p. 240.

D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Christ a Friend, Nehemiah Adams, D. D., \$1, p. 312.

ROBERT CARTER & BROS., Publishers, N. Y.

Electa, Mrs. N. Conklin, \$1.50, p. 399. Mother Herring's Children, L. S. Meade, \$1, p. 204. The Palace Beautiful, Wm. W. Newton, \$1.25, p. 348. Duties and Duties, Agnes Giberne, \$1.25, p. 361. Was I Right? Mrs. O. F. Walton, \$1, p. 362. The Broken Looking-glass, Maria L. Charlesworth, \$1, p. 313. The Red Nightcap, A. L. O. E., 50c., p. 154. Mabel's Stepmother, Author of "Win and Wear" Series, \$1.25, p. 426. Aunt Judy's Tales, Mrs. Alfred Gatty, 90c., p. 291. Behind the Scenes, Mrs. O. F. Walton, \$1, p. 346. The Martyrs of Spain, Author of Schöenberg Cotta Family, \$1, p. 400. Fritz's Victory, A. L. O. E., 50c., p. 152. Wise Words and Loving Deeds, E. Souder Gray, \$1.50, p. 415. Nora Crena, L. T. Meade, \$1.25, p. 316. Nettie's Mission, Julia A. Matthews, \$1, p. 150. Margery's Stone, do., \$1, p. 144. Rosy Conroy, do., \$1, p. 160. Boys and Girls Playing, and other Addresses to Children, Bishop Ryle, 75c., p. 193. Water Gypsies, a Story of Canal Life in England, L. T. Meade, \$1, p. 279. Pebbles from the Brook, Rev. Richard Newton, \$1.25, p. 312. Rue's Helps, Jennie M. Drinkwater, \$1.50, p. 386. Take Care of Number One, Rev. P. B. Power, \$1, p. 263. The Circle of Blessing and other Parables from Nature, Mrs. Alfred Gatty, 90c., p. 153. Hester Trueworth's Royalty, Author of "Win and Wear" Series, p. 337, \$1.25. Blind Man's Holiday, 90c., p. 263. May Dundas, Mrs. Thomas Gildart, 90c., p. 299. The Truant Kitten, A. L. O. E., 50c., p. 154. Florence Egerton, 90c., p. 392. Ministering Children, Maria Louisa Charlesworth, \$1.50, p. 408. Sun, Moon, and Stars, Agnes Giberne, \$1.50, p. 299. Master Missionaries, A. H. Japp, LL. D., \$1.50, p. 398. Heroism of Christian Women, J. M. Darton, \$1.50, p. 373. Leaders of Men, H. A. Page, \$1.50, p. 298. Oliver of the Mill, Maria Louisa Charlesworth, \$1.50, p. 380.

SHELDON & CO., Publishers, N. Y.

The Rollo Books, by Jacob Abbott, in 14 vols., about 190 pages each, illustrated, price \$8.75; the titles of the volumes are: Rollo Learning to Walk; Rollo Learning to Read; Rollo at Play; Rollo at School; Rollo's Vacation; Rollo's Experiments; Rollo at Work;

Rollo's Museum; Rollo's Travels; Rollo's Correspondence; Rollo's Philosophy, Water: Rollo's Do., Air; Rollo's Do., Fire; Rollo's do., Sky. Rollo's Tour in Europe, same author, 10 vols., about 220 pages each, illustrated, price \$9; the titles of these volumes are: Rollo on the Atlantic; Rollo in Paris; Rollo in Switzerland; Rollo in London; Rollo on the Rhine; Rollo in Geneva; Rollo in Holland; Rollo in Naples; Rollo in Rome. A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible, Rev. D. W. Faunce, \$1.25, p. 196.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, N. Y.

Round-About Rambles, Frank R. Stockton, \$1.50, p. 371. Tales Out of School, do., \$1.50, p. 325. Dab Kinzer, a Story of a Growing Boy, William O. Stoddard, \$1, p. 321. The Quartet, a Sequel to Dab Kinzer, do., \$1, p. 332.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, Publishers, N. Y.

American Version, Revised New Testament, Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D., \$1.75, p. 496; Sir Philip Sidney, His Life and Times, Mrs. S. M. Henry Davis, \$1.50, p. 281. The Merry Go-Round, Stories for Boys and Girls, Rossiter W. Raymond, \$1.50, p. 286. Camp and Cabin, do., \$1, p. 243. Footsteps of the Master, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, \$1.50, p. 308. A Dog's Mission, and other Tales, do., \$1.25, p. 131. Queer Little People, do., \$1.25, p. 191. Little Pussy Willow, do., \$1.25, p. 161. Norwood; or Village Life in New England, Henry Ward Beecher, p. 849, \$2. The Gospel History; a Complete, Connected Narrative of the Life of Our Lord, Woven from the Text of the Four Evangelists: with Notes Original and Selected; J. R. Gilmore and Lyman Abbott, \$1.75, p. 837.

It is the object of the Bureau to select books for the Sunday-School which are of superior excellence in every respect. The above have been thoroughly examined, and are heartily recommended as books of such a character.

REV. C. S. GERHARD, A. M.
REV. H. M. KIEFFER, A. M.
MISS ALICE NEVIN.
REV. R. L. GERHART, A. M.

REWARDS AND PRIZES.

It is one thing to offer prizes in the Sunday-school; it is quite another thing to offer rewards. Rewards for well-doing are a part of God's plan of training, and they have a place in every well devised human plan of training. It is right to recognize success and attainments which all can hope to reach by earnest endeavor. This recognition, by means of a fair *reward*, is as proper in the Sunday-school as anywhere else. But to hold out a *prize* which all are to compete

for earnestly, but which only one can obtain, introduces another element into Sunday-school work. Securing a reward depends on one's self. Winning a prize depends on the failure of others. The one plan promotes earnestness and industry. The other plan too often provokes jealousy and discord.—*S. S. Times*.

OUR ONLY COMFORT.

We were once called to see an old man who was apparently drawing near the end of his life. He was very deaf, and suffered from an incurable disease. Worst of all he was very melancholy, and declared himself utterly comfortless and forsaken. After listening for some time to his complaints, we shouted into his ear: "What is thy only comfort in life and death?" Instantly the expression of his countenance changed. He folded his hands reverent'y and responded: "That I, with body and soul, both in life and death, am not my own, but belong to my faithful Saviour Jesus Christ," and so on to the end of the first answer in the Heidelberg Catechism. Then he continued: "I learned that beautiful answer more than sixty years ago, and it has often comforted me. That is, indeed, our only comfort in life and death."

So long as you see one star in the sky the sun is not risen; so long as one leak admits the water the ship is not safe; so long as one sin reigns in a man's heart, and is practiced in his life, Jesus is neither his Saviour nor his King.

He that seeks the Lord by prayer in trouble should seek the Lord with praise when the trouble is past: "I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me."

God's children, guarded by His providence, sheltered by His love, watched over by His angels, kept by His grace, hopeful of His heaven, have a right to be happy. And it is distrust,—when we sift it to the bottom,—which makes us feel the chill wind and the cold shade when life is at its best and fairest.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LESSON VI.

May 7, 1882.

Sufferers Brought to Christ.—MARK 7: 24-37.

Commit to memory verses 26-30.

24. And from thence he arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into an house, and would have no man know it: but he could not be hid.

25. For a *certain* woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet:

26. The woman was a Greek, a Syro-phenician by nation: and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter.

27. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled: for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it unto the dogs.

28. And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs.

29. And he said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter.

30. And when she was come to her house,

she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed.

31. And again, departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he came unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis.

32. And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him.

33. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue;

34. And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened.

35. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.

36. And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it;

37. And were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

OUTLINE: { 1. A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED. Vs. 24-30.
2. A DEAF STAMMERER CURED. Vs. 31-37.

GOLDEN TEXT: "The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works." Ps. 145: 9.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 24. Tyre and Sidon, on the Mediterranean Sea, north of Galilee. 26. A Greek, a Gentile in religion, a heathen. Syro-phenicia—a tract of Syria, in which Tyre and Sidon were situated. 27. The children, the Jews, children of Abraham. Not meet, becoming, right. Dogs; Gentiles were so called by the Jews. Especially the Phœnicians, who were descendants of the Canaanites. (See Matt. 15: 22). 31. Decapolis, the region of the ten cities. Deaf, unable to hear. Impediment, causing him to stammer. 34. Ephphatha, the Aramaic word used by Christ.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 19. Whence knowest thou this?

Ans. From the holy Gospel, which God Himself first revealed in Paradise; and afterwards published by the patriarchs and pro-

phets, and was pleased to represent it by the shadows of sacrifices, and the other ceremonies of the law; and lastly has accomplished it by His only begotten Son.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 24. Whither did Jesus go? Was it customary to go amongst the heathen? What did He wish to escape?

25. What brought the woman to Christ? Was she herself afflicted? How did she salute the Master?

26. Did she belong to God's covenant people? Was she a believer in Jesus? What ailed her child?

27. How did Jesus at first receive her prayer? Did He intend to send her away, or to prove her faith?

28. Who are meant by dogs? Who by the children? Are dogs entitled to crumbs?

29. From what did her saying proceed? Did her faith stand the trial?

30. Was her faith rewarded? Can one person's faith then avail for others?

31-32. What ailed this man? Does deafness generally lead to stammering and loss of speech?

33-35. What did the Healer do and say? Was the cure complete? Does the deaf soul speak God's praise? Must the ear of the soul be opened? By whom can this be done?

36-37. What testimony do the people bear concerning Christ's works? What prayer should every hearer make? See Ps. 51: 15.

LESSON VI. May 7, 1882.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

I. A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED, vs. 24-36. Our Lord confined His ministry to the Jewish people; but never refused the prayer of any heathen sufferer who needed His help, as we learn in this lesson. Seeking rest and safety, He went to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon—that is, into the border land between the Jews and the Gentiles. His presence could not be kept secret, for His fame had preceded Him. In chapter 3: v. 8, we learn that He had hearers from Tyre and Sidon, among whom may have been this woman. Her daughter was afflicted with that worst of evils—the influence of an unclean spirit.

The Syro-phenician woman displayed marvelous faith and perseverance in prayer, as is shown by her coming to a Jewish Healer, falling at His feet and beseeching His aid. Matthew (15: 22) quotes the words of her petition: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David!" He also relates that Jesus "answered her not a word." Thereupon His "disciples came and besought Him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us;" most likely they desired the Master to comply with her request.

V. 27. *Let the children first be filled*, etc. He seems to discourage her, first by silence, and then by reminding her that she had no claim upon Him. But this was done to try her faith, and to make her still more persevering. *Then she came and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me.* The delay only makes her more importunate.

Children—dogs. The Jews were the children of Abraham, and looked upon Gentiles as mere dogs; and Jesus made use of this expression both to test her, and to show His disciples, that if He did not despise the Gentiles, neither must *they* henceforth. The bread of life was first to be given to the chosen people, for charity begins at home. But Jesus does not look upon those Gentile strangers as wild, untamed dogs, but uses the word by which the domestic pets were known.

"Yes, Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs!" She turned Jesus' seeming refusal into

an argument in her own favor. I do not ask for the children's bread, but for their *crumbs*, which they cast away. Thou hast sufficient for them all, and enough for me. Here is seen her humility also.

In every respect this woman is a model: (1) in her love for her child, (2) in her steadfast faith in Jesus, (3) in her perseverance, (4) in her humility.

V. 29. *For this saying*—this strong confession of faith. Matthew tells us that He also said: "O woman, great is thy faith." *The devil is gone out.* You need no longer feel that you are a dog, but one of the children of the feast; take not merely crumbs, but full supplies.

II. A DEAF STAMMERER CURED. Vs. 31-37.

V. 31. *Decapolis, ten cities*—in the north-eastern part of Palestine. Their population was chiefly heathenish.

V. 32. *They bring one that was deaf*, etc., literally a deaf stammerer. He could speak, but only indistinctly. He may have been tongue-tied in addition to his deafness. *They brought—they beseech.* Again this representative faith—some believing for others' good, and praying for others' help.

V. 33. *Took him aside*: (1) because He was seeking retirement and would avoid publicity. (2) His ministry in that region was at an end, since the people had rejected Him. (3) to fix man's attention on Himself and free it from the thoughts of the crowd.

"The Lord does now oftentimes lead a soul apart, sets it in the solitude of a sick chamber, or in loneliness of spirit, or takes away from it earthly companions and friends, when He would speak with it and heal it." (*Trench.*)

Put His fingers into his ears—touched the part he intended to benefit, and touched his tongue, the other organ that was to receive help. This was the only practical way of holding communication with a deaf man. "It is only that finger of Thy Spirit, Lord Jesus, that can open our ears, and make passage through our ears into our hearts. Let that finger of Thine be put into our ears; so shall our deafness be removed, and we shall hear." (*Bishop Hall.*)

V. 34. *Looking up to heaven*, to indicate to the man that all help cometh from above, and not from human might. Like His touching the ear and tongue, it was intended to draw out the man's own faith and tacit obedience. *Ephphatha*, the Aramaic word for, be opened.

In thus gradually restoring the man, rather than by a mere word in an instant, "our Lord drew forth, encouraged, enticed into strength the feeble faith of the man. He brooded over him with His holy presence of love. He gave the faith time to grow. He cared more for his faith than for his sight. He let him watch Him, feel Him doing it, that he might know and believe." (*McDonald*.)

Vs. 35. 37. *Was loosed*. Hearing was restored, and the bond that prevented speech was loosed. The miracle was complete. *Tell no man* (See comments on v. 33). Jesus was seeking privacy.

But the few who witnessed the miracle could not keep it secret, so great was their astonishment. Their testimony is that of all who have been with Jesus. *He hath done all things well*.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

In a city mission-school in Hartford, Connecticut, nearly thirty years ago, a kind-hearted teacher toiled faithfully and endured patiently with one boy in his class who seemed thoroughly and hopelessly bad. He visited that boy in his wretched home, he invited him to his own pleasant room, he clothed him, found one place after another of employment for him, spoke to him always in kindness, counselling and warning him untiringly; but all to no seeming purpose. The boy was still wild, coarse, profane, reckless, ungrateful. At last he ran away from his home, and shipped on a Liverpool vessel from New York. The end had come to his life in that mission-school; but what a harvest for all that sowing! Three years went by. Then from the interior of British India word came from that boy, saying that he was a soldier in the English army under Sir Colin Campbell, battling against the Sepoys. Already he had marched nine hundred miles, and endured untold privations and hardships.

But there, in that far land, shut in among the mountains, away from home and Christian surroundings, sick in body and sad in spirit, he had recalled the lessons of his Hartford mission-school; and now the aftermath of his discouraged teacher's influence showed itself in his words of penitence and gratitude, and of trust in his Redeemer's love.—*S. S. Times*.

BEWARE OF UNBELIEF.

Let me warn you, that doubt can only lead you from darkness to darkness, and may, in the end, rob you of all power to believe in God or man. Unbelief is but a poor basis for a good character or a grand life. Faith in God has been the corner-stone of all that is noble in human history, or valuable in human achievements. Add to all your scholarship a study of God's word. Cherish in your heart a humble and reverential love of your Maker, and let the beautiful character of Jesus the Christ be your model of excellence and of life. Trust and obey Him.—*DR. J. M. GREGORY*.

CHURN SLOWLY.

A little maid in the morning sun
 Stood merrily singing and churning—
 "Oh, how I wish this butter was done,
 Then off to the fields I'd be turning!"
 So she hurried the dasher up and down
 Till the farmer called, with a half-made frown,
 "Churn slowly!"

"Don't ply the dasher so fast, my dear,
 It's not so good for the butter,
 And will make your arms ache too, I fear,
 And put you all in a flutter—
 For this is a rule, wherever we turn,
 Don't be in a haste whenever you churn—
 Churn slowly!"

"If you'd see your butter come nice and sweet,
 Don't churn with a nervous jerking,
 But ply the dasher slowly and neat—
 You'll hardly know that you're working;
 And when the butter has come you'll say,
 'Yes, this is surely the very best way'—
 Churn slowly!"

Now, little folks, do you think that you
 A lesson can find in butter?
 Don't be in a haste, whatever you do,
 Or get yourself in a flutter;
 And while you stand at life's great churn,
 Let the farmer's words to you return—
 "Churn slowly."

—*Selected*.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LESSON VII.

May 14, 1882.

The Leaven of the Pharisees. MARK 8: 1-21.

Commit to memory verses 14-17.

1. In those days the multitude being very great, and having nothing to eat, Jesus called his disciples unto him, and saith unto them,

2. I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat:

3. And if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way: for divers of them came from far.

4. And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?

5. And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven.

6. And he commanded the people to sit down on the ground: and he took the seven loaves, and gave thanks, and brake, and gave to his disciples to set before them; and they did set them before the people.

7. And they had a few small fishes: and he blessed, and commanded to set them also before them.

8. So they did eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets.

9. And they that had eaten were about four thousand: and he sent them away.

10. And straightway he entered into a ship with his disciples, and came into the parts of Dalmanutha.

11. And the Pharisees came forth, and began to question with him, seeking of him a sign from heaven, tempting him.

12. And he sighed deeply in his spirit, and saith, Why doth this generation seek after a sign? verily I say unto you, There shall no sign be given unto this generation.

13. And he left them, and entering into the ship again departed to the other side.

14. Now the disciples had forgotten to take bread, neither had they in the ship with them more than one loaf.

15. And he charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the leaven of Herod.

16. And they reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have no bread.

17. And when Jesus knew it, he saith unto them, Why reason ye, because ye have no bread? perceive ye not yet, neither understand? have ye your heart yet hardened?

18. Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears hear ye not? and do ye not remember?

19. When I brake the five loaves among five thousand how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? They say unto him, Twelve.

20. And when the seven among four thousand, how many baskets full of fragments took ye up? And they said, Seven.

21. And he said unto them, How is it that ye do not understand?

OUTLINE: { 1. SECOND FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDES. Vs. 1-9.
2. SEEKING SIGNS. Vs. 10-13.
3. THE LEAVEN OF HYPOCRISY AND UNBELIEF. Vs. 14-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." Luke 12. 1.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 1-9. In lesson third we learned of the feeding of five thousand, near Bethsaida; here we learn of the feeding of four thousand, in the region of Decapolis. The former took place north of the Sea of Galilee; this south-east. Then the disciples had five loaves and two fishes; this time they have seven loaves, and a "few small fishes." That time they gathered twelve baskets of fragments; this time seven baskets. Such are some of the differences between the two miracles; otherwise they are alike. 10. Dalmanutha, south of Capernaum. 11. Seeking a sign, tempting. Ignoring His miracles, and seeking a display in the skies. 12. No sign. Faith does not spring from wonder-works. 13. Leaven—the false opinions, unbelief and hypocrisy of the sign-seekers. Herod, the worldly-minded, skeptical king. 21. Not understand. They remembered the facts, but learned no spiritual lessons from them.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 20. Are all men, then, as they perished in Adam, saved by Christ?

Ans. No, only those who are ingrafted into Him and receive all His benefits by a true faith.

QUESTIONS.

Verses 1-3. What led Jesus to work this second miracle of feeding the multitudes? Is He still touched by the sufferings of men? (Heb. 4: 15).

4-9. In what points does this miracle differ from the former? Does it teach us the same lessons?

11. What did the Pharisees seek? Did they desire this to confirm faith, or did they wish to entrap Him?

12. Had He not done sufficient miracles to convince any earnest mind? Why did He sigh?

13. To whom is this departure a warning?

14. Was this discourse spoken on land, or on the water?

15. Against what does He warn them? What is leaven commonly called? What does it typify? (See Matt. 16: 11-12). Is there not gospel-leaven, as well as that of hypocrisy?

16-21. What mistake did the disciples make? Did they utter their opinions aloud? How, then, did Jesus know them? Why is it that so many "do not understand?" What blinds the mind? What prayer is suitable for each of us? (See Psalm 119: 18).

LESSON VII. May 14, 1882.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

I. SECOND FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDES. Twice Jesus miraculously fed the famishing crowds who had followed Him, and were cut off from temporal supplies. Mark gives us both accounts. The two miracles were performed in different places, and for different people. In the one case there were 5,000 men, in the other 4,000; the number of loaves, fishes and baskets of fragments was also different.

Yet in many respects the two miracles were alike, and should be studied together. Lesson 3d, 2d Quarter, contains the account of the first miracle of the kind, and the teacher should consult the comments in *Guardian* for April. The former miracle took place on the *northern* coast of the Sea of Galilee among the *Jews*; this one was on the *eastern* coast of the sea, among the *heathen* of Decapolis.

A few points only need to be noticed here. V. 4. *From whence* is the question of perplexed mortals. Some have thought the disciples' words imply an utter lack of faith in the possibility of feeding so many; which would be strange and surprising, after having witnessed the former miracle of multiplying bread. It is rather likely that they meant to say: *from whence, unless Thou shouldst again supply their needs by a miracle.* "They only put a modest but suggestive *whence?*" Their eyes then watch every movement of His lip and hand!" (*Whedon*). They looked to *Him* for supplies. He then teaches them to use what they have. "How many loaves have ye?"

II. SEEKING SIGNS.

The Pharisees did not desire a sign to confirm and strengthen their faith in Christ; for they were without faith. They demanded a sign which, they supposed, He could not show, in order to destroy the people's faith in Him.

A sign from heaven they called for, as though the signs on earth were inadequate to strengthen faith. Jesus appealed to His *works*; "The works that I do, they testify of Me." But not to unbelieving persons. Unbelief is blind to the meaning of Christ's works and words.

Yet, "signs in the skies indeed there were. At His birth was the star. The angels announced from the skies His nativity. The dove from the skies descended upon Him. Voices from heaven at different times acknowledged Him Son of God. Finally, at His crucifixion darkness at mid-day and earthquake gave witness to Him."—(*Whedon*)

Tempting Him—not trying to lead Him to sin or to evil, but to put His power to the proof, implying that they put no faith in His pretensions.

Vs. 12, 13. *He sighed deeply*, because they were incurably diseased in mind and heart, and determined to accept no proper evidence. Indignation was, perhaps, mingled with pity, and He left them to their unbelief.

True faith is seldom, if ever, awakened by signs in heaven or on earth. A temporary awe and fear of God may be produced, but it soon passes away. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." And if men hear not Moses and the prophets, nor yet Christ and the Apostles, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead. We must believe in Jesus for His own sake, and for the sake of His words and works. If these do not persuade us that He is the Son of God, no outside evidence can convince us. Signs addressed to the *senses* are insufficient; arguments addressed to the cold intellect are equally inadequate; only the *moral* evidence, which appeals to a susceptible heart, enables us to say: "I know whom I have believed." (2 Tim. 1: 12). The Christian religion, with its moral and spiritual influences, is its own best evidence.

III. THE LEAVEN OF HYPOCRISY AND UNBELIEF.

Leaven is a household article with which all are familiar. In the Scriptures it is frequently used as an illustration of the influence of *doctrine, teaching, example*. Sometimes, as here, it is the type of false doctrine; at other times it signifies the gospel itself.

1). It works silently and secretly. Its presence can scarcely be detected, save by its effects.

2). Its influence goes on increasing without interruption, until the whole mass is leavened.

Jesus warns against the influences of *three* classes of men: the Pharisees, Herod, and (See Matthew 16: 6) the Sadducees. The leaven of the Pharisees was that of "superstition, consisting in phylacteries, phrases, and observances, and little else." The leaven of the Sadducees was that of unbelief in the spiritual world and the spiritual side of man's life (they believed not in the existence of angels, and of a spirit, nor in the resurrection). That of Herod was the subordinating of religion to *political* ends. The three used religious observances as a cloak to cover their self-seeking, and hence *one* characteristic was common to the three—namely, hypocrisy. Beware of formalism, skepticism and worldliness.

Vs. 17-21. The disciples mistook Jesus' meaning—they substituted the outward, literal, for the inward, spiritual meaning. He was speaking of doctrine and life, they were thinking of bread for the body. Jesus' words are spirit and life. John 6: 63.

THE PORCELAIN TEMPLE OF SHINSEN.

A reminiscence of Hankow.

BY HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

At last I have realized the dream of my childhood—and a hope of riper years—that my feet might stand in the very heart of China.

Could it really be myself, in this strange walled old city,—in the dirtiest, most crowded streets I ever saw? Elbowed by the heaving masses, I found it difficult to follow my coolie guide, who was leading me rapidly toward the famous porcelain temple.

Soon he pointed upward to the most dazzling, beautiful sight I ever beheld,—more beautiful than anything I had ever expected to see in this world.

Imagine a building three hundred feet square, its walls all paneled, its sides and eaves full of friezes, richly embossed, its columns crowded with chapiters and cornices, images of men and birds and beasts, from life-size to a foot in length; its roof broken up into turrets and towers, rising one above another fifty feet high; every shoulder of the roof rounded and turned upward again, ending in some immense figure

of fish or reptile; and imagine all this—pillars, chapiters, cornices, friezes, thousands of figures, turrets, tiles, roofs, *everything*, of the finest *porcelain*, all richly tinted with fifty hues; the scene bursting upon your vision in the midst of the indescribable filth of a Chinese city, as the afternoon sun of a cloudless sky shines full upon it—and you have the picture.

I stood entranced, enraptured, and should have been riveted to the spot but for the surging throng who pressed against me.

Anchoring at last against an opposite wall, I feasted long on the vision before me. Changing positions again and again, I retreated step by step down an alley only three feet wide, at right angles to the front of this inimitable palace; and, crowding up with my guide, soon came to a gate two feet wide through which the masses were trying to press. So great was the pressure, that, after fifteen minutes of waiting, I abandoned the attempt, as only two persons had succeeded in squeezing through.

From my guide, and corroborated by my friends of the mission, I learned that this is a Tanist temple, which has been in process of erection for many years, and is but recently completed. It cost a million and a quarter of dollars, which, in China, equals fifteen millions with us!

It is built in honor of the hero Shinsen, who lived in the Hanchau dynasty, eighteen hundred years ago, and who is reputed to have saved his people from a frightful flood, and to have received, as his reward from the gods, an elixir of life and the pill of incorruption. This Temple built in his honor, is styled "The Temple of the Myriad Ages of Longevity." The inside is filled (I am told) with the choicest wood-carving to be found in China. Historical plays are daily performed there, with the hope of pleasing the departed hero.

There are other temples built in Shinsen's honor; but this is the most famous, and is supposed to be the finest porcelain structure ever erected, excelling even the famous towers of Nankin. One can better imagine what heaven will be, from having seen this beautiful vision!—*Christian Intelligencer*.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

LESSON VIII.

May 21, 1882.

Seeing and Confessing the Christ. MARK 8: 22-33.

Commit to memory verses 27-29.

22. And he cometh to Bethsaida; and they bring a blind man unto him, and besought him to touch him.

23. And he took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when he had spit on his eyes, and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw aught.

24. And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking.

25. After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly.

26. And he sent him away to his house, saying, Neither go into the town, nor tell it to any in the town.

27. And Jesus went out, and his disciples, into the towns of Caesarea Philippi; and by the way he asked his disciples, saying unto them, Who do men say that I am?

28. And they answered, John the Baptist: but some say, Elias; and others, One of the prophets.

29. And he saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Peter answereth and saith unto him, Thou art the Christ.

30. And he charged them that they should tell no man of him.

31. And he began to teach them, that the Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and of the chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again.

32. And he spake that saying openly. And Peter took him, and began to rebuke him.

33. But when he had turned about and looked on his disciples, he rebuked Peter, saying, Get thee behind me, Satan: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE BLIND MAN RECEIVES SIGHT. Vs. 22-26.
2. CONFESSING JESUS TO BE THE CHRIST. Vs. 27-30. [31-33.
3. DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF THE CHRIST FORETOLD. Vs.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." Matt. 16: 16.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Verse 22. Bethsaida, near which He had fed the 5,000. 23. Took * * hand, tenderly leads him. Out of town, because the unbelieving people had rejected Christ, and were not worthy to see the miracle wrought. 24. As trees, partial, imperfect sight. 25. Look up, to exercise his faith, and to use the little sight he had already received. Saw clearly—perfect sight. 28. Elias, Elijah. 29. Christ, the Anointed, Messiah. 33. Satan, adversary, tempter. He had tempted Jesus not to suffer for sins when in the wilderness.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 21. What is true faith?

Ans. True faith is not only a certain knowledge, whereby I hold for truth all that God has revealed to us in His word, but also an assured confidence, which the Holy Ghost

works by the gospel in my heart; that not only to others, but to me also, remission of sins, everlasting righteousness, and salvation, are freely given by God, merely of grace, only for the sake of Christ's merits.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 22. Who was brought to Christ?

23. Why did He lead him out of that town? How did Jesus heal him?

24. Was his sight fully restored at once? In what is this miracle different from the previous ones?

25. Why did He make him look up? What was the result?

26. Was that town worthy to hear of Christ's works? How had it treated Him?

27. What question does Jesus ask? Is this still the great question?

28. What various answers do men give?

29. What is the believer's answer? Does

Mark record the whole of Peter's answer? (See Matt. 16: 16).

30. Was that the proper time and place to announce the Messiahship of Jesus?

31. What does Jesus foretell? Was He willing to endure all these things? For whose sakes?

32. Did Peter expect and desire a suffering Saviour? Did he look for a temporal King, as did the other Jews? Was it immodest to rebuke the Master?

33. Did Peter deserve the rebuke? Did Satan want Christ to die for sinners? Was Peter unintentionally taking Satan's side? Whose part are you taking?

LESSON VIII. May 21, 1882.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

I. THE BLIND MAN RECEIVES SIGHT.

We have here a miracle which differs somewhat from other miracles, because it was progressive or gradual, and not instantaneous.

Vs. 22. The people who brought the blind man to Christ performed an act of kindness, and their example should be an incentive to all to bring their friends to Him for blessing.

V. 23. As in the case of the deaf stammerer (Lesson 6), Jesus took this man also aside. The tenderness of the Master is seen in His taking the man by the hand, and personally leading him. No doubt this personal contact inspired the man with confidence in the Guide. The Healer did not *need* to use any means to restore sight, for a word of His was sufficient; but He made use of the spittle to stimulate the man's faith; and in proportion as that grew, the work of restoration was to go forward. So Christ willed it to be.

V. 24. Vision was partially restored, but it was indistinct. *I see men as trees walking.* Even the restoration of partial sight must have greatly encouraged and cheered him, and increased his desire for entire healing, and quickened His faith in Jesus. Then He put His hands upon him a second time, when the man saw clearly. "Our Lord, in this whole process of half-curing, and then wholly curing, shows that the result is completely at His command. He can perform the work without word or sign; at other times, with an instantaneous word; at others still, with a word and sign; and finally, as here, with word and sign arresting the completion as He pleases." (See *Quarterly*).

II. CONFESSING JESUS AS CHRIST.

V. 27. "The blind receive their sight;" this was one of the evidences by which Jesus convinced the Baptist of His Messiahship. It was now proper to bring the Apostles to a spiritual insight into the Person of Christ. Have their eyes been gradually opened to see who their Teacher really was? First He asks what opinion others have of Him. *Who do men say that I am?*

V. 28. Their answer gives the several opinions entertained by the contemporaries of Jesus. Such conflicting answers are ever given by the world. But we follow not the creed of men, but the Creed of the Apostles.

V. 29. *Who say ye that I am?* The question was addressed to *all* the Apostles, not to any one alone. Naturally one would speak first; and the ever-ready Peter, the eldest of them, answers for all. *Thou art the Christ,* Matthew (16: 16) records the whole answer: *the Son of the Living God.* Jesus "had never spoken openly of His Messiahship. John, indeed, had borne testimony to Him, and to those who could receive it He had indirectly intimated that He was the Son of God. But it was His will that the revelation should dawn gradually on the minds of His children; that it should spring more from the truths He spake and the life He lived, than from the wonders which He wrought. It was in the Son of Man that they were to recognize the Son of God." (*Farrar*).

The answer of the Apostles brings out both the human and divine natures of the Lord: *Thou, the Son of Man, art also the Son of God.* Two natures, but one person (Thou). This is the central theme of Christianity. (See *Quarterly*).

V. 30. The time had not yet come to make this known; and, moreover, the Apostles did not yet know the *second* fundamental article of the faith, namely: Salvation by the crucifixion and resurrection of the Christ.

III. HIS DEATH AND RESURRECTION FORETOLD.

In *verse* 31 Jesus adds certain other articles to the creed of the Apostles: "Suffered, etc., . . . and rose again." The nature of His Person they now understood; the nature of His mission was yet unknown. They did not expect a suffering Messiah, but a great King. Jesus now proceeds to complete their knowledge of Him.

Observe the gradual development of His teaching. Step by step He becomes "the Author and Finisher of their faith." "First, He simply proclaims, *the Kingdom of heaven is at hand*; then He explains the principles and laws of that Kingdom in the Ser-

mon on the Mount; then, in the parables, He sets forth in figures the nature of its progress and the obstacles it will encounter; but by gradual acquaintance with Him the disciples have come to the full faith that He is the Messiah, the Son of God;" and then He foretells the coming suffering, and victory through death and the resurrection.

V. 33. But they understood none of these latter things. One even rebuked his Master, as though he would set Him right. "Peter's impulse was founded on a love for Christ which could not bear the thought of His rejection and crucifixion. But it was the disciple's duty to listen to, not instruct, the Master." (*L. Abbott*).

Satan had tempted Jesus not to tread the painful way of the cross, and now Peter does it also. Both are *adversaries*, therefore (the literal meaning of the word Satan). Peter was the adversary of Christ, in not strengthening Him for the suffering, but trying to dissuade Him from it.

Savorest not, etc. God's ways are not our ways. He has taught us that the way of the cross is the way of light. (*Via crucis, via lucis*).

TRUE HEROISM.

The Rev. E. J. Beck, the Bishop of Newfoundland's Commissary, relates an heroic incident furnished him from that colony: "A poor boy, whose name no one knows, but we may hope that it is in the Book of Life, found three little children who, like himself, had been washed from the many wrecks, wandering along the dreary coast in the driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved. The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude but soft bed, and then taking off his own coat to cover them, sat by them all the night long, soothing their terror until they fell asleep. In the morning, leaving them still sleeping, he went in search of the parents, and to his great joy found them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead. He directed them where to find them, and then went on himself to try

and find some place of shelter and refreshment. But when the parents were returning from their recovered little ones, they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow, not far from where they parted from him. The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his little strength, and having saved his little charge—a stranger to them as they to him—he lay down to die.

LOVING DARKNESS.

Centuries ago a Greek noble was confined in an underground dungeon, for treason. No ray of light ever entered his prison; and as the years passed he gradually became reconciled to his lot. At last, when he was an old man, the prison doors were thrown open, and he was told that he was free. He stepped out into the blinding light, and stepped back at once with the entreaty that he should be allowed to spend the rest of his life in the darkness of his dungeon. The proffered blessing of freedom and light was refused, and his remaining days passed away in self-chosen darkness and captivity. Under the law, the bond-servant who refused the proffered blessing of liberty, forfeited his freedom forever (*Deut. 15: 16, 17*). So they who reject the proffered blessings of Christ forfeit forever all claim on those blessings.—*Sunday School Times*.

TEACH THEM HYMNS.

Teach the children hymns. Not little ditties about Robert Raikes and the glories of the Sunday School, nor rollicking songs expressive of a kind of religious rapture which they do not feel. Let them commit to memory such grand old hymns as "All hail the power of Jesus' name," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "I love thy kingdom, Lord," and others like them. Teach them to pray in the words of such hymns when they go to bed and when they rise up. Thus they will daily receive spiritual food; their higher nature will gain strength and fibre, until they come to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

WHITSUNDAY.

LESSON IX.

May 28, 1882.

Following Christ. MARK 8: 34 to 9: 1.

Commit to memory verses 34-37.

34. And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

35. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.

36. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

37. Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

38. Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.

IX. 1. And he said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE CONDITIONS OF DISCIPLESHIP. V. 34.
2. THE REASONS FOR BECOMING DISCIPLES. Vs. 35-9: 1.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." Ver. 34.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Verse 34. Whosoever, every one. (1st condition of discipleship), *will*—resolves, determines. (2d condition), *deny himself*—renounce self. (3d condition), *take his cross*, undergo trials for Christ. (4th condition), *follow*—confess and live accordingly. 35-37. *Save—lose*, contrast between the earthly life and the true, higher life. *Profit*, real advantage, eternal benefit. *World*, its wealth, honor, pleasures, all that it has. *In exchange*, as a ransom-price. 38. *Ashamed*, reject Christ. *Son of man*, Jesus. 1. *Taste of death*, die. *Kingdom of God come*; (1) On the day of Pentecost, when Christ sent His Spirit with great power; (2) When the Jewish State-Church was destroyed, and the Christian Church was established throughout the world.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 22. What is then necessary for a Christian to believe?

Ans. All things promised us in the gospel,

which the articles of our catholic, undoubted Christian faith briefly teach us.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 34. What is the first condition of becoming a disciple? Are all invited? What are the three other conditions? What must be renounced? Of what is the cross a symbol? Of what does it remind us? Is it necessary to confess Christ before men? How do we follow Him? What must we crucify? (Gal. 5: 24).

35-37. What law of Christ's Kingdom is contained in verse 35? Does the natural heart like this law? (Rom. 8: 7). What great question does verse 36 contain? Which is worth most to you, the world, or your soul? Which do you care for most?

38. What comes of being ashamed of Christ? Is the Christian life all cross-bearing? After the cross, what? When will it be given?

1. When did Christ's Kingdom "come in power?" When did it come in greater power? Is there a continual, progressive coming? What do we pray concerning the Kingdom in the Lord's prayer?

What did the Holy Spirit come to do for the world? (John 16: 8-11). What for the Church? (John 16: 12-15). Is it a sin to resist the Spirit?

LESSON IX. May 28, 1882.

Whitsunday.

I. THE CONDITIONS OF DISCIPLESHIP.

"This discourse is a solemn sequel to our Lord's announcement respecting Himself and the rebuke of Peter (see last lesson); teaching that not only He, but also His followers, must suffer and self-deny; that they all have a life to save, more precious than all else to them; and that the great day of account of that life's welfare should be ever before them."—(Alford).

V. 34. *He called the people*, for He wished to publish this doctrine of self-denial far and wide over the world. It contains the conditions of discipleship the world over, and for all men and all ages of time. Cross-bearing is not for a few, who intend, by entering a convent or cloister, to carry it out; but for all, in the daily duties of private, domestic and public life.

But who will desire to follow Christ, when so much self-denial is required? No one will be willing of himself to do so; but *the Father will draw* many to do so, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, whose Advent the Church celebrates to-day. His descent upon the disciples on Pentecost was "the coming of the Kingdom of God with power." (See last verse of this lesson). The Kingdom being established, the call goes forth to all the people to follow Christ. (v. 34). In a few words we are here taught what it is to be a follower of Jesus.

The invitation is general, and is addressed to all mankind, old and young: "*Whosoever wills to come after Me.*" But none are to do so in ignorance and without knowing what is involved. The Apostles did not realize the self-denial which would be required. Now He declares it plainly. The way of the cross must be trodden not only by the Master, but also by His servants.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

There are *four conditions* of discipleship: (1). It must be voluntary, free, and not enforced; *whosoever will*. Of

course this choice is not spontaneous in the heart, but is awakened by Christ's call and the Spirit's influence. Yet the choice and resolution must be free—a *willing mind*.

(2). Self-denial is required. Self-will must be surrendered to a higher will; all trust in personal merits must give place to trust in Christ's merits; sinful indulgences must cease, and a wholesome self-restraint must be exercised. "Put down self in order to set up Christ as King" in the heart.

(3). Taking up the cross is another condition. This is not merely cross-bearing, but cross-taking—not merely "*submission* to burdens which God's providence lays upon us, but a voluntary *assuming* of burdens."

(4). Following Christ implies a secret love of, and a public confession of Him. A life like that which He led, we must lead, and persevere in it unto the end. His example must be our guide.

II. THE REASONS FOR BECOMING DISCIPLES.

V. 35–37. Effort, toil and sacrifice are involved in discipleship, and this prevents many from making any attempt at following Jesus. But there are many weighty reasons for doing so, notwithstanding the seemingly hard conditions.

1. *Save his life . . . lose it*. "Who-soever counts his life of so much value that he will preserve it by *sacrificing his Christian integrity*, or will renounce his religion to save his life, will find in the end that he has lost his soul forever for the sake of a few fleeting years. *All self-seeking is self-losing.*" Whereas, loss for Christ's cause and sake becomes gain. The farmer loses his grain in the earth; but the harvest brings him great gain.

2. *Gaining the whole world* is little compared with *losing one's own soul*—that little inner world from which we cannot be divorced.

When Jesus spoke these words there was one who ruled the whole Roman world—Tiberius—and Pliny says "he was the most gloomy of mankind."

3. *In exchange*; "when a man's life has been spent, what can he give as a ransom to get its return? All other loss can be repaired; a *lost life can never be regained.*"

V. 38. *Ashamed of Me and of My words.* These words "had a special bearing on those who, like Peter, and probably the other disciples, had shown that they were 'ashamed' of the words which had just been spoken." *Then* Christ was in humiliation; *now* He is in glory. *When He cometh* again it shall be in still greater glory; then the world and His foes will be seen to be contemptible. There is nothing about Jesus or His life and acts of which any one can be ashamed. The sun is not free from spots; but in the Sun of Righteousness Pilate "found no fault at all."

In this adulterous generation. When sin abounds we ought to let our light shine the brighter, not hide it.

V. 1. *Not taste of death—not die. The Kingdom of God come.* It is a spiritual Kingdom, which came in power on the first Whitsunday. It ever comes in greater power, spreading over the earth, until it shall issue in the *Kingdom of glory.*

CONSCIENCE.

The Oswego *Times* tells the story of a young man who recently walked into the shoe store of a Mr. Dessum, and, calling the proprietor aside, informed him that fourteen years ago he stole a pair of boots from him. He said he had tried to forget the theft, but could not. It kept constantly coming to his mind; and his remembrance of the act has constantly made him miserable. He had often thought of coming to Mr. Dessum to confess the act and pay for the boots; but, somehow, he could not pluck up the courage to do it.—He had, at length, resolved to obey and relieve his conscience. The young man, who was twenty-eight years of age, and who was a perfect stranger to Mr. Dessum, having paid for the boots the price that the owner named, walked out with a relieved conscience. We have known of a case of secret theft that at times haunted the thief for forty years, who found no permanent relief until he made full reparation for the wrong. Men may laugh and sneer at the doctrine of conscience, and try to explain it away or drown its voice; and yet the

matter of fact is that conscience is a faculty and a power in every human soul. When it accuses one of having done wrong, he must, so far as it is in his power, make reparation for that wrong or suffer under the lashes of his conscience. Others may not know it; but this will not change the law of the inner faculty that is working within him. The best thing is, not to do wrong; but, when one has done so, then the next best thing is to set it right.

HOLDING ATTENTION.

Dr. John H. Vincent has said that one decided gain in the use of the blackboard is its help in calling attention. In illustration of this, he, on one occasion, took a chalk crayon between his thumb and fingers, and turned with it toward a blackboard on the platform, in sight of all the audience. "Just look here!" he said, holding the chalk near the board. Every eye in the room was attent to him. "That is all!" he said, as he dropped his hand at his side, and turned back to the audience. "I only wanted your attention." That blackboard exercise was more effective, and less obnoxious, than many a specimen wrought out with four colors of crayons, and an ark full of hearts and crosses and anchors, has proved itself. It illustrated a point, and that is more than can be said for the average blackboard exercise. The methods of gaining attention are various. The necessity of having attention is unvarying.—*S. S. Times.*

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

At the beginning of the quarter is the time to plan for the quarterly review. Each lesson should be taught with an eye in connection with the other lessons, and to its recall at the quarter's close. It is well to have in mind a common thread of thought, or teaching, running through the lessons of the quarter; and to see to it that each lesson has one or two, or more, links connecting it with that thread. This thread and these links should be emphasized repeatedly in going over the lessons, in order that they may be fresh and distinct in the scholar's minds at the quarter's close.—*S. S. Times.*

The Guardian.

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NO. 6.

CATCHING WILD PIGEONS.

• BY REV. ELI KELLER.

CHAPTER I.

The Situation.

Between the Delaware River and the Blue Mountains, in Northampton county, Pa., lies a beautiful section of our great country. Many a crook and many a pleasant nook are found along the sparkling streamlets that flow either eastward into Martin's Creek, or westward into the Bushkill. There are here and there little towns, or rather clusters of houses, where necessary business is done; and where those engaged therein find comfortable homes. Most of that country, however, is taken up in farms, and many a one still numbers several hundred acres. The lower lands and those along the hill-sides, where running water is secured, are, as a rule, turned into meadows, the northern slopes and higher parts are covered with wood, and the rest is given to earnest and faithful tillage.

In this part of our "Keystone State" lives an old and well-to-do farmer, whom we will call Uncle Ned. His house is built of sand-stone, gathered along a little brook on his own land, long ago. Near the house on one side stands a large Swiss barn, and on the other, a spring-house. Back of the barn stretches far away, an orchard made up of both apple and pear-trees of choicest varieties, and over the spring-house and spring beside it a huge weeping-willow spreads its waving branches. Uncle Ned has passed the meridian of life. Still vigorous in body and mind, he allows others to attend to the farm-work, unless it be to do some little chores about the buildings. He cares little for the news of the

day, but always finds time to read, at least a chapter a day, in his old family Bible. He has, so far as this world is concerned, few desires, and his mind is bent more on the past than on the present.

At his house are not unfrequently found nephews and other relatives from the city of Philadelphia. Among these we single out two brothers, sons of a younger brother of old Ned. The older of the two is Harry, and the younger, Jeff. Both love the country and love their uncle Ned. The homestead has to them the greater attractions from knowing that it is the place where their forefathers for a long time past lived—where their own father spent the days of his childhood and early youth. On these same hills he looked, many years ago, and drank many a cool draught out of that same never-failing spring. To these fields, as a lad, he drove the cattle in the morning, and brought them home again at night. Along these slopes he followed the plough and harrow, and in that same green meadow he tried his strength as well as his skill at the scythe. Through the same door he entered that house, and slept under the same roof.

These two brothers, though comparatively young, attend one of the higher literary institutions of the city, and stand foremost in their respective classes. Their long summer vacations, however, are almost invariably spent in this "rural retreat"—as they love to call it. At times they are seen on the highest hills, on the very tree-tops, and their joyous voices ring through the clear air, either in shouts or songs—or rather, in both, strangely mingled. Then, again, they are after butterflies and beetles along the springs and water-courses in the meadows, to enrich their cabinets of natural curiosities.

In their varied rambles they prefer to

be alone; yet, not a small portion of their time, especially when wearied, they spend with their uncle, who is ever ready to relate the stories of by-gone days; and just as ready are they to listen to them.

"Tell us," said they, "about the olden times and the things as they were here a long time ago. We have our amusements in the city—our parties, our clubs, our games—but we know all about those; we wish to hear how father, when young, lived and amused himself. How different was his life from ours! This, to us, seems almost like another world, and a world indeed that has in it attractions which must have come down all the way from—Paradise!"

Uncle Ned was never at a loss to find something to interest, as well as to instruct his young friends. "Shall I tell you about the Wild Pigeons, as we saw them here many years ago?" said he one day.

"Yes! Yes!" said both of them; "anything wild and romantic," added Jeff.

"Let uncle choose for himself," suggested Harry; "he knows best."

"It saddens my heart," Uncle Ned continued, "to think that the wild pigeons are now all gone, or at least, so nearly gone, that their presence is no more felt. I might tell you of shooting them, for that was a favorite amusement of your father's. You see that old chestnut-tree yonder, by the fence at the hill-side; many a time did he bring them down, there, so that they rolled down the hill! For the present, however, I will not do that. It was, as I now think, bloody and cruel work. I will tell you about *catching them with the net*. That was one of my favorite amusements, which, indeed, I shall never forget."

At this, Uncle Ned fired up with youthful vigor. His face assumed a more lively expression, and being inspired by the events of days long gone by, he could the better interest his youthful hearers.

CHAPTER II.

The Preparation.

"In listening to this story," said Uncle Ned, "you must have patience, for it will take some little time. I must tell you, first of all, of the necessary

Arrangements and Fixtures." To this, the boys smiled and nodded assent.

"These pigeons are for very good reasons called wild pigeons, not only to distinguish them from the tame varieties, but because it is really a hard matter to 'take them'" And yet, I tell you, *we did take them*,—by the hundred, and by the thousand! So, also, did many others, on all sides around us. The market at Easton, our county-seat, was often so gorged that we could hardly get a cent apiece.

First of all we needed pigeons of the same kind, and those *well trained* for the work of catching. There, just back of the spring-house and right over the little run, we had built our pigeon-house. Its size was 4x8 feet, and full six feet high. Towards the morning sun it had slats to admit plenty of light as well as heat. A happier family of pigeons than we had, you never did see! Buckwheat was their favorite food, but not much of it was given, to avoid fattening. To this they added, themselves, a goodly proportion of sand and gravel, which they picked up along the running water. This mixture aided digestion, and kept them healthy." At this the boys had to smile, and Jeff could hardly keep his teeth covered. By a smile of approval, Uncle Ned always felt himself encouraged; but here put on a more sober air, and said: "When I tell you a story don't suppose that I lie, or even magnify in any degree. I tell you the *very truth*—that is, to the best of my knowledge!"

These cooped up pigeons were not a little trouble, and also during the year a considerable bill of expense. I must, therefore, show you our indispensable need of them. Their use was simply to decoy the pigeons we wished to take.

We used them in a two-fold way, as "stool-pigeons." These latter were sent up first, when the coming flocks were yet a considerable distance off. A good flier rose naturally till his string (about 20 yards long) was taken up; feeling this, he came back as he went up, and never fluttered when once down. This was simply to draw the attention of those coming. In sending up such a sentinel, we could at once see whether we had success. In a moment, in that case, they lowered their heads and prepared to come

down. If the first was not successful, a second, and even a third one was quickly sent after.

Pigeons when on the ground and seeking food, all move in the same direction. Those falling back, not to lose their chances, fly continually and eagerly across their leaders, and thus "change front." This movement must be imitated by the stool-pigeons, and is the most difficult part of the whole business.

The stools are differently made, but the common object is to raise the pigeon (by means of a long string fastened to it,) and let it down in again in a way that it resembles as nearly as possible a pigeon flying a few steps, and lighting again. Seeing this movement of the stool-pigeon, the coming pigeons, as though they imagined a whole flock of their fellows in pursuit of food, are at once (if at all) attracted.

To train these pigeons took time as well as great and constant care. As a rule, they were blindfolded, so as not to be so easily disturbed by the surroundings. This was done by running a fine silk thread (with a needle) through the lower eye-lids, and fastened across their little heads. A very few did all that was required with open eyes; but those that did so, made themselves famous by it. To pay from \$5 to \$10 apiece in those days for a good stool-pigeon, especially of this sort, was not considered too high a price.

Another thing was, to have a large and good net. Our own was of the best linen, and thoroughly "*home-made*." We raised the flax ourselves, which was of extra quality, and prepared it with all due care. Mother herself did the spinning—that was *your grandmother*,—and a better flax-spinster, I am free to say, never lived.

"Was that grandmother's spinning-wheel," interrupted Jeff, "which we found yesterday on the shop-garret? In the back shed we also saw heavy, gray bundles, which some one called flax? I would much like to hear how flax is grown and manufactured. Cotton mills I have seen 'all through,' but between cotton and flax, in their raw state, what a world of difference!"

Uncle Ned smiled, but shook his head. "That was, indeed, mother's spinning-wheel, and no money could buy it! That flax also we have kept for a long time,

and is just as good now as it was the blessed year it grew! But to tell you how flax grows and the whole process of manufacturing it, would make another story—too long for to-day!"

"Let's hear about the pigeon-net," said Harry. "One thing at a time."

"An ordinary net was about 14x25 feet in size, and the meshes an inch and a half. The net was surrounded by a thin rope of the best make. The one long side was fastened to the ground with wooden pins, and the other to a rope, say 100 feet in length. By means of that rope, extended on both sides of the net and fastened to two high and flexible stakes, the net itself could be flung out to its full length in the twinkling of an eye. To do this, however, there were two 'sitting-sticks' with a notch in the end of each, so placed at the short sides of the net that the long rope could be forced to the ground, giving it a strong tension, and fastened under two hooked pins. This being done, the net was carefully folded up, laid along along in a narrow gutter and covered up with a little chaff, or stubble. One stout pull at the long rope in the direction of the hooks, would 'set off' the net, and that—with a rush! Another requisite was a hut (for concealment,) placed at the end of the long rope. This was mostly made of evergreens, but also at times with the branches of other trees, well covered with leaves. It was in size about six feet square, and nearly the same in height. The contents of it were quite simple. A pigeon-basket (all covered, with a little door at one side), a few ears of corn and some buckwheat or other small grain in a bag. This grain was, as circumstances required, scattered on the 'bed' of the net. The corn, by its size and color, drew notice the more readily. The smaller grain detained the pigeons, and thus gathered them almost on a heap!

"Indeed, my lads!" said Uncle Ned, "many a pleasant hour did your father and I spend in and around the pigeon-hut. Hours long to be remembered; yes, never to be forgotten! Hours full of sunshine, the remembrance of which causes no regret, unless it be that they fled too soon, and that, alas!—never to return."

(To be continued.)

RECOGNITION.

BY THE EDITOR.

A Pilgrim, from a distant land,
Was coming home, his staff in hand;

With dusty hair and sunburnt brow—
Ah! who will know the pilgrim now?

He saw the porter, his ancient mate,
Leaning against the turnpike gate.

In days gone by, in their cups, the two
Had vowed to be comrades, firm and true;

But the porter did not know him now,
For the sun had tarnished his youthful brow.

Him the pilgrim hardly stopped to greet,
As he shook the dust from his weary feet.

Then he saw the maid whom he longed to
wed:
"Thou beautiful maiden, I greet thee!" he
said.

But the maid from her window looked calmly
down,
And she knew him not, for his face was brown.

Then he wandered along through the ancient
place,
While the tears came trickling down his face.

His mother he met at the chapel door:
"God greet you!" he said, and nothing more.

But, see! his mother weeps for joy,
And falls on the breast of her darling boy.

Her eye alone, in all the town,
Knew the pilgrim well, though his face was
brown.

—From the German of Johann Nepomuk Vogl.

A JAPANESE HERO.

BY REV. R. LEIGHTON GERHART.

Many years ago Japan was ruled by the Emperor Keiko. He had one son, who, at a very early age, began to show signs of great military genius. Among the young nobles, his companions, he was a recognized leader, and his tutors frequently bore to the father's ears tales of the boy's fearless energy that made the old Emperor's eyes sparkle with joy.

The young prince had scarcely reached the years of early manhood when news came to the court of a great rebellion that had broken out in the province of

Kiushin. To lead the army against the rebels was an honor sought by the ablest veterans of the empire; but, turning away from all these, the Emperor gave the command of the army to his son.

At the head of his troops, clothed in glittering mail, curiously and richly inlaid with gold, the Prince rode forth to meet the enemy. He was of fair mien, manly and graceful carriage, and his beauty was heightened by the fire of expectation that now flushed his cheeks and gave fresh brilliancy to his large eyes. Many a loving glance was cast upon him by the noble ladies of the court, and many a tender thought followed him as he left the battlements of his father's capitol behind him.

Upon conquering the enemy the Prince was determined. Indeed, he felt so confident of doing so that scarcely a doubt entered his mind. But he was determined upon something more,—upon performing some signal act of valor that would give him a name and a place among the heroes of his land. For in that age and in that country, it was customary for the greatest generals to engage in the actual strife of battle; and they often became as renowned for the number of men whom they had slain with their own hands, as for the number of victories gained by the troops under their command. From his earliest youth the Prince had feasted his mind on the tales of warlike adventure told of his nation's heroes, and now his heart burned to emulate their valor.

After a long and fatiguing march, during which many men sank exhausted by the way, the Prince found himself in the presence of the enemy; and his spies soon brought him word that the rebel chief, despising danger, was for that very night preparing a banquet for his followers. Our hero had no sooner heard this than he determined, at all hazards, to be present at the feast. Dressing himself in the garb of a dancing-girl, and painting his face, as the ladies of all ranks did when about to appear in public, he quietly left the camp after night set in, and approached the lines of the enemy. He found little trouble in deceiving the sentinels, and persuading them to lead

him to the presence of their chief. When he arrived there, the feast was already well advanced, the guests of all ranks being seated on mats spread out on the ground, while before them stood little tables, only a few inches high, on which the viands were placed. The company had dropped their helmets, and laid aside their swords, as is the Japanese custom at such times; and, ready for mirth, gave the supposed damsel a rousing welcome. Her dancing was loudly applauded, but when, after the company had departed, the rebel chief came to take her by the hand, suddenly the Prince threw off his disguise, seized his enemy, held him powerless, and plunged his dagger into his heart. When the guard rushed in, there lay the dead body of their chief, but the dancing girl was gone. After this disaster the rebels were easily defeated, and the Prince returned to the court of his father, where for his courageous deed he received the name, which he bore for the rest of his life,—Yamato-Daké, or the warlike. During the next thirteen years we hear little of him, and then he comes to the front again to quell a new rebellion, and enter on a course of conquest which gave him his true place in Japanese history.

The people whom he was now called upon to subdue were the aborigines of the country, a wild race of men, called Ainos, somewhat resembling our American Indians in their general ways of life. Before the Japanese landed in the country, the Ainos inhabited every part of it, but defeated by the better disciplined armies of the invader, they retired, leaving a large part of Japan in the hands of their enemies. There were, however, many thousands of these people in the eastern part of the island, called the Kwantô, and many more in the northern part.

The Japanese were very superstitious. They thought every mountain was the abode of a god, every defile and cave the lurking place of spirits. Air, water, and solid earth was populous with the creatures of their imagination. Every accident and calamity was the manifestation of the wrath of the local gods; every success a proof that the good spirits were especially favoring them. The dense clouds and fogs which in that

country, as in all others, often veil the mountains from sight, and cover the earth as with a mantle, were looked upon as the snares of the evil deities, while the deadly gases rising from the crater of the volcanoes or exhaled from the earth were regarded as the poisonous breath of the mountain gods, insulted by the daring intrusion into their sacred domains.

In entering the wilds of the country, therefore, there were some of the worst enemies to be dreaded, and Yamato, according to the legend, seized the first opportunity to arm himself with magical powers, to overcome the terrible spirits. On his march he stopped at the shrine of the sun goddess, where, guarded with sacred care was the wonder-working sword Murakumo, or cloud-cluster, of the great hero Sujin. The priestess, having charge of the weapon, willingly placed it in the prince's hands, and thus, like King Arthur, armed with Excalibur, he courageously set forth.

As he advanced the Ainos fled from the plains to the woods and mountain fastnesses, avoiding an encounter in the open field, but taking advantage of the rocks, trees, and rank undergrowth, to inflict the greatest damage on their enemies with least danger to themselves. Thoroughly acquainted with every path, defile, and mountain peak, they appeared and disappeared as if they themselves were spirits. Disguising themselves in the skins of bears and other animals, they prowled about the camp, watching its every movement, and, whenever the opportunity occurred, picking off some lone sentinel or exhausted straggler. Still Yamato pressed forward, until at last he was closed in by dense and silent forests. The dry grass and tangled underbrush, rising high above the head, shut out the view, and it was only by the most indefatigable exertion that he was able to pursue his march.

And now the hour of the Ainos had come. Suddenly dense clouds of smoke rose to heaven in front of the army, and scarcely had the astonished soldiers caught sight of this new foe, than rolling masses of vapor were seen ascending in their rear, then on the right they burst forth, then on the left; and to the horror of all it was only too plainly re-

vealed that the fiendish Ainos had set fire to the forests with the intention of consuming Yamato and his forces. Urged by the fierce winds, it was not long before the furious roar and crackle of the flames was heard, the air became dry and heated, masses of ashes and cinder rained down on the heads of the men, and soon before their very gaze blazed out the red flames. Mingled with the roar of the elements were heard the fierce, wild yells of the Ainos, who, as if transformed into demons of the fire, could here and there be seen dancing, capering, and brandishing their weapons in delight at the prospect of wasting to death the invaders of their land. Appalled by the danger, Yamato's followers crowded around him, and the hero was equal to the needs of the hour. Drawing the divinely bestowed sword, he strode forward brandishing the glittering blade above his head. He smote the grass and thick underbrush, and immediately great wide swaths of it lay at his feet. Thus clearing the way before him, he advanced against the flames, which before the flash of the terrible blade recoiled; then, as if driven by a furious wind, rolled back on the path they had come, consuming vast numbers of the wild Ainos, and scattering the rest on every hand. Awe-stricken Yamato's men followed him over the hot and blackened ground, passing, as they went, many of the charred and half-burnt bodies of their foe.

Crossing the Hakoni mountains, the Prince descended to the plain of Kuantō, which sweeps away to the shores of the blue Pacific, and soon arrived on the shore of the beautiful bay of Yeddo. Looking across the channel, he beheld the peninsula of Awa, and thinking the narrows to be easily crossed, spoke to his followers of the obstacle before them as one of trifling character. It would have better for him if he had spoken more reverently, for having embarked with his army, a terrible storm arose, and the waves tossed the light junks about on the water like so many cockle-shells, every moment threatening them with destruction. Then Yamato knew that his disparaging remark had offended the sea-god, and bitterly did he repent it.

The only way to appease the wrath of the deity was by the sacrifice of a victim; and, alas, one only too dear to him stood by his side, his beloved wife, who had followed him through all his perils. The self-sacrificing wife knew, too, what was demanded, and, bidding her lord farewell, she flung herself into the boiling waves. For a few moments she was buoyed up by her garments, but the tempest wildly drove the ship on, and the husband saw his beloved wife no more. The sacrifice was accepted; the wind sank to rest, the waves ceased their raging, clouds and darkness disappeared, and the lovely landscape unveiled itself in all its beauty. A few days after this, as Yamato wandered disconsolately along the shore, he found the perfumed comb of his wife, and, building an altar, he consecrated the precious relic as a votive offering to the gods. To this day the fishermen and sailors, whose junks ply to and fro over the lovely bay of Yeddo, resort to the shrine erected there to worship.

Advancing now in ships far to the north, Yamato overcame every army the Ainos sent against him, then exacting promises of tribute, he took the greatest chiefs as hostages, and set out on his return. After a long and perilous march, he reached the famous mountain-pass of Hesui Togé, the ascent of which is attended with incredible toil. The plain at the foot of this mountain is a lofty table-land thousands of feet above the level of the sea. Here standing, the Prince looked down on the magnificent bay of Yeddo and the plain below, one of the most impressive scenes in the world. Resting his eye on the fatal spot where the darling of his heart had perished, he murmured, "Adzuma, adzuma," (my wife, my wife). And to this day the poets speak of the plain of Yeddo by the musical name—Adzuma.

But with the responsibility resting on him of leading his men safely home, Yamato controlled his grief, and began the toilsome ascent. In those days roads in that part of the country were unknown, and even yet the journey is one of great difficulty. Up the slippery heights, through rocky defiles, across lava beds, and river torrents,

now creeping along the edge of the fearful precipice, now scaling almost impassable rocks, the toil-worn and bearded warriors pursued their way. Their clothing was in rags, their armor rusted and battered, their banners torn, but their hearts were stout, and in weariness and silence the long and straggling line of men followed their leader.

Suddenly, right before them they saw a white deer. Suspecting at once that it was the god of the mountain on whose domain they were trespassing, and that he had come for no good purpose, and knowing that against such a being weapons would avail nothing, Yamato seized a handful of wild garlic that grew in the fissures of the rocks, and flung it with such dexterity as to strike the white deer in the eye. The plant had magical power, and the deer, trembling and shivering, retreated a few rods and fell heavily forward on its knees. On approaching it, the soldiers were surprised to find that it was dying. Scarcely had the animal breathed its last, when the whole mountain began to heave and shake as with an ague-fit, huge rocks, loosened by the convulsion, rolled down the steep declivities, and with a noise like thunder plunged into the waters at the foot of the crags. A dense mist descended upon the earth, enveloping the soldiers in darkness, and hiding from their view every sign of the path they were treading. Fearing to move lest in their blindness they should fall into the chasms at their feet, or lose themselves in the defiles of the mountains, they clung in terror to the rocks. By and by in the darkness a white dog appeared, which was recognized by Yamato as a good spirit in disguise. Following it, they were led safely to the plain below. But the white dog had hardly left them, when the men began to reel and fall, in a state of stupor, to the ground, for the wicked kami had followed them, and discharged upon them his fetid and poisonous breath. Happily then, some one bethought him of the magic root, of which they all ate, and immediately recovered.

At last, after three years' absence, the brave Prince, with the remnant of his heroic band, reached the borders of his father's land. But he could go no further. Worn out with many hard-

ships, broken-hearted at the loss of his beloved wife, and still suffering from the poisonous breath of the wicked kami, Yamato breathed his last before the messengers sent by the Emperor arrived to welcome him. He was buried at Nobono in Isé. From his tomb a white bird flew up; and, on opening his coffin, nothing but the empty robes of the dead hero were found. His death took place A. D. 113, at the age of thirty-six. Many temples in the Kunto and in various parts of Japan are dedicated to him. While for the immense services he rendered to his country, and in honor of the land he had conquered, he received a new addition to his name, and became known in Japanese history as Yamato-Dake, the Conqueror of the Kunto.

BEGINNINGS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. II.

After Zwingli's Death.

In the library of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster there is a large German Bible which was printed by Christoffel Froschauer of Zurich, in 1531. It contains all the canonical books, as well as the Apocrypha, and is an excellent specimen of early printing. In it there are many illustrations, colored by hand, which give us an excellent idea of the primitive condition of art in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. Some of these are quaint and almost amusing. Thus, for instance, the serpent in the temptation is represented as having the head of a man and wearing a golden crown. Jacob is depicted as sleeping on the shore of a lake, with a castle near at hand, and an Alpine scene in the distance. Pharaoh wears a crown ornamented by the three lilies of France.

This Bible, it will be observed, was published in the very year of Zwingli's death; but it was not the earliest German Bible that had been printed at Zurich. The New Testament had issued from Froschauer's press in 1524; the first part of the Old Testament in 1525, and the concluding portion in 1529. In the latter year an edition of the entire Scriptures was also printed in

Latin characters. Luther, it will be remembered, had published his translation of the New Testament as early as 1522, but his first complete German Bible was printed by Hans Lufft, in Wittenberg, in 1534. Indeed, no less than six editions of the Swiss version had been published before the appearance of Luther's Bible; but they had one defect which prevented their general use. The translators had rendered the Scriptures as nearly as possible into the language of the common people, without exactly adopting any one of the Swiss dialects; while Luther had carefully chosen the refined language of the upper classes, thus producing a work that was both permanent and beautiful. The Swiss version was naturally almost confined to Switzerland and Southern Germany, while that of Luther was used everywhere else, and is still regarded as one of the noblest productions of German literature.

Leo Juda (born 1482—died 1542) was the chief of the Swiss translators. His curious name has induced some writers to suppose him to have been a convert from Judaism, but this is incorrect. He himself supposed that he must be descended from some remote ancestor who had been a convert, but the fact could not be established. He was, like Bullinger, the son of a priest, who had privately married, notwithstanding the prohibition of the Roman church. At the university he formed an intimate friendship with Zwingli, and subsequently became his assistant in Zurich. After Zwingli's death Leo was offered his position, but he declined it, feeling that he was not suited for an office of such great responsibility. He was a great Biblical scholar, and delighted in preaching; but it was necessary that the head of the church of Zurich should be more than an ordinary preacher or pastor. In a certain sense he must have "the care of all the churches." Leo Juda knew that he was physically too weak for such a position, and preferred to remain an assistant. He was, however, unwearied in his labors, not only translating the Scriptures, but composing hymns and catechisms, and assisting in the preparation of the Swiss confessions of faith. His last great work was a translation of

the Scriptures from Hebrew and Greek into Latin, which was regarded by theologians as an achievement of the very highest order.

After Leo Juda had declined the position of chief pastor, or "antistes," of the church of Zurich, it was offered to Oecolampadius, who declined it, preferring to remain in Basel. Then a call was extended to Bullinger, who accepted it, and was afterwards for many years regarded as the chief religious leader of the German Reformed Church.

Henry Bullinger (1504—1575) was the best man who could possibly have been chosen for this prominent position, and it is not too much to say that he was principally instrumental in the preservation and completion of Zwingli's work. He came to Zurich at a time of great depression. "The ship," says Pestalozzi, "had lost its mainmast, and appeared about to go down." There was danger everywhere. In consequence of the victory of Cappel the Catholic party had become greatly encouraged, and in outlying districts the Protestants were bitterly persecuted. At this time king Ferdinand wrote to his brother, the emperor Charles V.: "We have won the first of the battles of the faith. Remember that you are the head of Christendom and will never have a better opportunity of covering yourself with glory. The German sects will be lost when they cease to be sustained by heretic Switzerland." The German Protestants, however, failed to appreciate this community of interest, and continued to denounce the Swiss in the most unsparing terms. Besides doctrinal differences, the princes and nobility blamed them with sympathizing with the peasants in their unfortunate rebellion, which was known as the "Peasants' War." No wonder that Bullinger said: "Even if we were wrong they ought not to treat us so." Worst of all, Switzerland was full of Anabaptists, who claimed to be divinely inspired, and who, therefore, pretended to be superior to the laws of church and state.

In these dark and gloomy days Bullinger was recognized as the father of all who were desolate and depressed.

His house was always open, and at his table there were plenty of hungry guests. He adopted Zwingli's children, and provided for his widow as long as she lived. Fortunately he possessed some private property which enabled him to meet the expenses which were thus incurred. His eloquent sermons had an extraordinary effect, and the Church was soon so thoroughly reorganized that Ambrosius Blaarer, of Constance, wrote to him: "All hail! Under the heavy cross the church of Zurich has grown stronger, and the strength of the Lord has become perfected in your weakness."

THE GREAT SYNOD OF BERNE.

The canton of Berne had long halted between two opinions, but had finally, in 1528, decided in favor of the Reformation. On the 9th of January 1532 a synod of the clergy of the canton, 230 in number, was held at Berne, and adopted a series of decrees which were of great importance in the future development of the Church. Though the synod was primarily intended for the canton of Berne, there were also some delegates who came from a distance, and it is generally regarded as the first of the great Reformed Synods. On this occasion Capito, of Strasburg, secured the adoption of the famous article entitled, "*Christ is the substance of all doctrine*;" in which it is said that "Christ is the sum of the teaching of the Scriptures, and that whatever is contrary hereto is also adverse to our salvation, and that even God Himself must be held forth as He is in Christ." This utterance had a great effect on the subsequent teachings of the Church, and its influence may be plainly traced in the Heidelberg Catechism.

The article concerning the Lord's Supper declares that "the breaking of bread is not an empty ceremony, but a sacrament which conveys to the believer the body and blood of Christ, by the Holy Ghost, as really as bread taken into the mouth feeds the perishable body."

The results of the Synod of Berne were very encouraging to the Reformed churches, and did much to promote their organic unity.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Before the Reformation it was hardly necessary to provide means for the education of young men for the service of the Church. The priesthood offered wealth, comfort and a brilliant career, and there was no lack of applicants for its dignities. Now all this was changed. The Reformed Church could offer its ministers nothing but poverty and persecution, and it was soon observed that wealthy parents were disinclined to submit their children to such privations. Even before the death of Zwingli a small fund had been gathered for the support of worthy young men who desired to devote themselves to the work of the Gospel ministry; but it was Bullinger who made the work a great success. Through his influence a deserted convent was set apart for the work, and there upwards of twenty students gratuitously received their food, and sometimes even their clothing. Some of the most promising students were allowed to study at foreign universities, and received a suitable stipend. Every year several young ministers were sent to preach the Gospel in other countries, and in this way the Church simultaneously inaugurated Beneficiary Education and the work of Missions.

We shall have to speak hereafter of Bullinger's restless activity, his valuable service in the preparation of the Helvetic Confessions, and his influence in promoting the Reformation in foreign countries, particularly in England. He had, however, been accused of having treated the Anabaptists with extraordinary rigor. Let us see what these people were like, according to the testimony of their cotemporaries.

THE ANABAPTISTS.

The sects which were known by this general title sprang up almost simultaneously in Germany and Switzerland, at the beginning of the Reformation. It is difficult to describe them in general terms, and it must not be forgotten that though some of their least objectionable peculiarities are found in certain more modern denominations, the latter have no direct historical connection with them.

Thomas Münzer (1490—1525) was the most prominent leader of the early Anabaptists. He was a man of learning, and for a time was an earnest adherent of Luther. Having joined the fanatical sect known as the "Zwickau Prophets," he came to regard himself as divinely inspired to preach a dispensation of the Spirit, and succeeded in gaining many adherents. He was instrumental in introducing the Anabaptist movement into Switzerland, where under his influence hundreds of people began to "see visions and dream dreams." Münzer subsequently became involved in the "Peasant War," and was finally executed as a rebel.

The Anabaptists soon divided among themselves; and Schwenkfeld, the contemporary of the Reformers, when he lived in Suabia, counted no less than forty-four different sects. Bullinger knew of thirteen sects of Anabaptists, and found it difficult to say what doctrines they held in common. They all agreed in rejecting infant baptism, but this was not regarded as their chief peculiarity. They generally believed that present "inspirations of the Spirit" were to be ranked higher than the written word of God. According to Bullinger: "They insisted that the true Church must be formed by the withdrawal of the righteous from all existing church organizations; they had little faith in the Old Testament, and denied justification by faith; they approved of community of goods, though this was not obligatory, and they absolutely refused to appear before courts of justice to answer a judicial oath." Elsewhere the same writer says: "Some of the Anabaptists are very good people, and really live separate from the world. But, like a new order of monks, they make rules about clothing, what garments people shall wear, and of what cut, and how long their coats must be. They reject all ornaments, and call those Heathen who wear them. They also prescribe rules about eating, drinking, sleeping, standing and walking. They often sigh deeply, and when they see any one laughing they cry, 'Woe unto you, that laugh now!' In some places they oppose the bearing of arms and weapons."

If the Anabaptists had all been of

the character which is here described, there would probably have been but little political trouble; but there was unfortunately a warlike as well as a peaceful party. The warlike faction insisted that all existing governments must be subverted so as to make room for the celestial kingdom that was about to be established. In 1533 it was proclaimed that the time for the establishment of the Millenium had come, and it seemed likely that they would attempt to set it up in Switzerland. The leaders were, however, expelled from the country, and this is said to have been done at Bullinger's suggestion. No doubt some innocent people had to suffer, and Bullinger has been harshly blamed for being concerned in the matter.

After they had been driven out of Switzerland the Anabaptists gathered at Strasburg, and insisted on making it "the celestial Jerusalem." Here, too, they were repulsed. Then they went to Münster, in Westphalia, where they seized the civic government, and declared their prophet, John of Leyden, "king of Zion and of the whole world." The new king was publicly crowned, and then established a brilliant court, "after the example of David and Solomon." Soon afterwards he had a "revelation" which commanded him to introduce polygamy, and he married sixteen wives, though only one of these was recognized as "queen of Zion." It was announced "that baptism was regeneration, and that the regenerate could commit no sin." This opened the door to every kind of excess, and for nearly a year there was a reign of terror. Those who opposed the will of the king were barbarously executed. At last, on the 25th of June, 1535, the city of Münster was taken by an army in the service of the Bishops of Cologne and Paderborn, and the retribution was dreadful. The victors behaved more like cannibals than like civilized human beings, not to say Christians. Not only were the "king" and his immediate followers condemned to a barbarous death, but the whole conquest was little better than a massacre. From this time forth the Anabaptists were everywhere persecuted as rebellious fanatics, though many of them were the most peaceful

men. As some one has said: "The ghost of John of Leyden could not be laid."

"What a blessing," says Pestalozzi, "it was for the Reformed Church that all this evil did not happen in Switzerland. How easy it would otherwise have been to ascribe its cause to the republicanism of the Swiss government, or to the teachings of Zwingli. That it did not happen there we owe, in so far as human wisdom could accomplish anything, to the prudence and unceasing vigilance of Bullinger."

According to the historian Goebel, the whole Reformed Church of Switzerland was at this period seriously tainted with Anabaptism, and its future appeared exceedingly gloomy. It was surrounded by enemies who constantly threatened its destruction. At this time, however, a young man appeared on the scene, who is recognized as the greatest theologian of his age, and who was instrumental in transmitting the Reformed faith to distant nations. Who he was will become evident when in our next article we consider *The Genevan Reformation*.

A PASTORAL.

BY T. P. BUCHER.

A quiet sky of deepest azure hue
Smiles blandly o'er the plain,
Its clustering stars from out their ambient
blue

Prolong the night's refrain,

Till morning dawns upon the sleeping green,
And bathes its face with dew,
Till Sol looks forth across the glowing scene,
And waves the night adieu.

Hail smiling morn! Farewell fast-fleeing
night!

The birds their notes employ!

What blade so small, what flower so hid from
light

But has a tale of joy!

* * * * *

Yon rolling mead stands fair, in verdure fair,
And watered by a stream;
Here willing flock and browsing herd repair,
To feast and drink and dream.

A neighboring grove affords refreshing shade
From sultry summer suns;

As eve returns again the verdant glade
Is sought where brooklet runs,

And through the live-long night sings lullabys
To dull and drowsy worlds,
While Sirius his vigils keeps, and skies
O'ercanopy the folds.

* * * * *

A shepherd tends the flock with patient pride,
Its lambs his bosom share;
No mother could from harm her nurslings
hide,
Or rear with greater care.

From field to fold he lures the flock, a prince
In manner 'mong his wards.
The lambkins, they in playfulness evince,
Their joy with his accords.

Once he, assisted by his faithful Tray,
Urged home the lowing kine
Through dangerous storm and flood: Aha, say
they

Who fain would him malign,

* * * * *

This friend of man and beast. Tis sad, alas!
That some of sordid mind
Detract from real worth, and call that brass,
Which ranks as gold refined.

Let man be true. His trusts protect, whate'er
His calling: Shepherd, King,
Or Servant of mankind. Of his career
Will poets museful sing

In grateful strains, and Him will Christians
hold

Abreast of all that's good:

He loves the field, the flock, and knows no
mold

That limits brotherhood.

—Written on the cars, in New Mexico, March
3rd and 4th, 1882.

THE ALTARS OF CHILDHOOD.*

BY THE EDITOR.

In the extreme east of the land of Canaan there was an altar which had for ages been regarded with peculiar veneration. It stood on the slope of Mount Carmel, overlooking the plain of Esdraelon, the chief highway of oriental commerce, and to the early Israelites it must have appeared like a sentinel, set to watch the approaches of the enemy; or like a priest, offering up continual sacrifices to Jehovah to insure the protection of His chosen land.

But there came a time when the altars of Israel were neglected and almost forgotten. King Abab had married the

*An address delivered before the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Convention, Oct. 13, 1880.

Tyrian princess Jezebel, a woman whom all subsequent ages have regarded as the very incarnation of wickedness. To almost fiendish malignity she united fanatical devotion to her ancient heathen worship, which we have come to know, was based on a philosophy that was peculiarly fascinating to the oriental nations; and, in pursuance of her purpose to exterminate the religion of Jehovah, she persecuted His servants with fire and sword. At one time it seemed as though her purpose was practically accomplished; the altars of Jehovah had been thrown down, and the people engaged cheerfully in the unclean worship of Baal and Astarte; there were at least eight hundred and fifty priests and prophets of Baal in the land of Israel, and only one was left to say: "I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord Most High."

Yet this single prophet was, through the power of God, a match for them all. In the most dramatic manner the Scriptures relate how the Almighty answered the prayers of His prophet, and how the false prophets of Baal were slain. Then it was that the prophet repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.

We can hardly appreciate the emotions of the Israelites under the circumstances so graphically described. The altar at which they had worshiped in their childhood was restored, and it was hard to say whether shame for their long neglect, or rejoicing for the restoration of the worship of their early years, would gain the mastery in their souls. Indeed, the whole story would have little interest to us of the present generation if it were not for the fact that it is so frequently repeated in our own personal experience. We have enjoyed privileges immensely greater than those of Israel in its palmiest days. We were led sometimes to the altar of Jehovah, and many of us have ministered at these altars, and yet we are all in danger of wandering away and neglecting them.

In addressing you on this occasion we do not propose to direct you to the special work in which you are engaged, and to the best manner of performing it. This has, no doubt, been done, and well done, during the days that have been spent in council. Let us rather behold the altars of childhood—let us contemplate the lessons of faith and devotion

which the children may teach us. We may join the circle of disciples to whom the Lord addressed the earnest admonition: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Upwards of thirty years ago the Rev. Dr. Sprague, when in Europe, visited the celebrated Neander—a man so great and good that he has been called "the last of the church fathers." On his departure the great man handed his visitor, as a memento, a page from the original manuscript of his church history. "On this page," he said, "are the truths which lie at the foundation of my faith and practice." Strangely enough, this page has come into my possession, and I now hold it in my hand. It is, of course, written in German, but a literal translation reads as follows: "The culture of the world must bow with childlike reverence; it must not be ashamed of repentance, which is the only way to faith; it must accept the kingdom of God in the childlike spirit which is required of all, even as Christ praises God that He has revealed those things to babes which he has concealed from the wise and prudent, and as He says: 'Unless a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.' Whatever does not proceed from this consciousness is not Christianity."

Let us then recall to our memory the Altars of Childhood, as we unconsciously built them many years ago, and as we ought to maintain them unimpaired to the end of life.

First, we have the *altar of faith*. Without faith worship is impossible. As by the sun we realize the objects around us, so by faith we have the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. No one doubts that faith constitutes the foundation, the very alphabet, of all religion. Without a feeling of our dependence from a higher power—without an assured confidence that God hears us and can and will help us—prayer would be nothing but the silly jabbering of insanity. But what is faith? It certainly is not a mere acknowledgment of the truth which God has revealed in His word. In these days it is, indeed, a great thing to be able to see the falsehood of the infidelity which comes in upon us like a flood. To reach this

position, even by a mental process, sometimes requires trials and struggles of no common order; and without it, it is impossible for faith to exist. But this is not the whole of faith. We need the power of taking God at His word; the capacity of receiving the blessings which our Heavenly Father grants us. It is so precious a possession that all the treasures of earth cannot buy it; yet it is given as a free gift to those who worship at the altars of childhood. Nowhere else is faith displayed in such perfection. The little child that kneels at its mother's knee does not doubt that its prayer is heard.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

We do not then imagine that God is somewhere far away, seated on the throne of His Glory; we do not fear that our messages may somehow be lost before they reach their destination. No cruel skeptic has as yet polluted the fountains of our faith, and every blessing we enjoy is recognized as a gift from our Heavenly Father's hand.

In the same way the child whose faith has thus been cultivated in a Christian home is ready to believe what you teach him. No effort is needed for the reception of the truth. The windows of his soul are open and the light of God comes streaming in. The objections of an unbelieving world have not yet been suggested to his mind, and at every step his faith raises an altar that is fragrant with the sweetness of sacrifices.

When the celebrated D'Aubigne was a young man he was greatly troubled by certain skeptical questions. At last he determined to lay them before the celebrated Claus Harms, who was in those days regarded as the chief defender of orthodox Christianity. Having travelled all the way from Switzerland to Denmark, he had an interview with the great man and told him all his sorrows. He had expected that all his doubts would be swept away like cobwebs; but he was disappointed, for all his questions remained unanswered. "What!" he exclaimed, "will you leave me in this unhappy condition? Will you not remove my difficulties?" "No," replied the great divine, "I will not attempt it.

If I should succeed in removing your present doubts, others would immediately take their place. Go home and pray! Be a child again and confidently ask your Heavenly Father to give you faith. It is only in this way that your difficulties can be permanently removed." The young man heeded the advice, and the result is known to all the world.

The only faith that can overcome the world is the faith of little children. It is fearless because it knows itself supported by the arms of our everlasting Father. As a child never doubts that its father will provide him with food and clothing, so the Christian is in a higher sense, assured that his Heavenly Father will provide him with all things necessary for soul and body. He knows that he may trust his Father's affection, and in every trial he may exclaim with the poet:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Another of the altars of childhood is *the altar of love*. Everywhere in Scripture love is lauded as the greatest of the Christian graces, and yet there is no emotion whose true nature is so likely to be misunderstood. "There are," said a great divine, "two kinds of love that lead us heavenward, and two that drag us downward. The celestial loves are the love of God and the love of our neighbor; the infernal loves are the love of self and the love of the world." It is the love of God and of our neighbor that constitutes the supreme law of the religion of Jesus; on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. "As the Constitution of the United States," says a distinguished writer, "is the supreme law of the land, so love is the supreme principle of the Christian faith and worship. Whatever is built up out of this law is solid and firm, and constitutes the golden pillars of eternal life; but whatever is not constructed out of this law is mere paper and patchwork which, when the torch of truth is applied, flares up in a blaze and leaves nothing but worthless ashes."

A young minister once applied to a distinguished nobleman who was at the head of the missionary societies of Gene-

for a commission to labor among the heathen. He told him where he had studied, and that he had successfully passed all his examinations. "That is not enough," was the reply. "You must stand another examination." "I am at your service, sir," responded the young man. Then his examiner looked at him, as though he could see into his inmost soul, and inquired: "*Aimez vous notre sieur, Jesus Christ?*" that is "Do you love our Lord, Jesus Christ?"

The young man trembled, as he modestly replied: "I love Him, but I would like to love Him better." "That is enough," said the examiner, "Your examination is perfectly satisfactory. I will sign your commission with the greatest pleasure."

Love is, indeed, the sum and substance of Christianity, and the reason why men fail to recognize its true character is that they do not worship at the altars of childhood. We must sit down and learn from the little ones if we would know what true love is. "Why is it that everybody loves you?" said a teacher to her scholar. "Well, ma'am," was the reply, "I suppose it is because I love everybody." The love of childhood is, indeed, the germ of that sanctified affection which takes up all humanity into its bosom, and manifests its genuineness by deeds of love. Only he who truly worships at the altars of childhood can understand the words of the apostle: "True religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Still another of the altars of childhood is *the altar of humility*. It is apparently so insignificant that men are but rarely willing to worship there. Among all the temptations that beset the soul there is none more specious than the pride of life, which regards every blessing as so much incense to personal vanity, and seeks for earthly success as an end in itself, rather than as a means of serving God. When our Savior had chosen His apostles they at once began to speculate on the question which of them was to be the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. How exceedingly natural it was! Who has not seen the same spirit at work even in the

church and Sunday-school. But our Saviour settled the question by taking a little child and placing him in the midst of the disciples. "Whosoever, therefore," He said, "shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

In teaching this lesson to the disciples the Lord did not intend to ignore the distinctions of rank and station. In the church, no less than in the world, there must be those who lead and those who follow. Yet how often is this fact made the occasion of pride on one hand and of insubordination on the other. How often, even in the Sunday-school—a place where the work is so pure, so holy, that it ought to be entirely beyond the reach of personal ambition—are we compelled to acknowledge the presence of this destructive passion. Teachers pout because they do not like the superintendent, and superintendents sometimes assume airs which, in these days, would hardly be tolerated in a European monarch. It is a lesson which our Saviour would have us learn at the altars of childhood, that in every relation of life we should cultivate humility. The possession of extraordinary talents should make us grateful to Him who gave them, remembering that but for His favor we might as well have been born idiots. If we have influence or power, we should recognize the fact that as our dignities increase our responsibilities grow greater, so that the gathering burden should render us more thoroughly humble. "Therefore," said the Saviour, "whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister," or servant.

Like the altar of Carmel, the altars of childhood are sometimes wantonly cast down. The first cause of their downfall is simple neglect. When worshiping assemblies cease to gather around the ancient altar, the stones begin to slip from their places, until at last nothing is left but a shapeless mass. At first there is no positive opposition. The boys who stay away from Sunday-school at the very time when they are most in need of the safeguards which it can throw around them—the men who gradually absent themselves from the church and its activities—are in most instances unconscious of any desire to pull down the altars of childhood. They would

not destroy the church if they could—not they; they are like the rich man, of whom I once heard, who when he was asked to subscribe to the church responded cheerfully, saying that he always “liked such things kept up,” and would “rather sacrifice twenty-five cents of his own hard-earned money than that Christianity should fail.”

No! The great enemy of the cause we represent is not positive opposition; it is a vague, undefined feeling on the part of young and old that they have outgrown these things. Gradually, while they wander away, the altars of their childhood crumble; their faith grows weaker, their love becomes more circumscribed, while their humility disappears beneath an exuberant growth of pride and vanity.

It is only after men have wandered some distance from the altars of their childhood, that they learn to hate Jehovah; that in their malignity they are ready to pull down His altars. Their infidelity is an after-thought—an attempt of the soul to excuse its neglect, which is thus changed to hatred.

Never since the creation of the world has this opposition been so intense as it is at the present moment. The enemies of the truth are growing bolder, and in the words of an eminent author, “it sometimes seems as though the faith of our fathers were slipping from beneath our feet.” The result is that the world is full of misery and despair. The poor are growing less willing to endure their privations, while the rich confess that their possessions give them no pleasure. These are dark and perilous times, and it sometimes seems as though we were approaching a period like that of the prophet Elijah—when the priests of Baal filled all the high places, and nothing but the visible power of the Almighty could bring men back to the faith of their fathers.

There is but one hope for the world; it is the rebuilding of the altars of childhood. Jehovah has often shown the world the strength of His arm. Not only at the altar of Carmel was one man strengthened to gain the victory over a host of his enemies, but in all ages He has proved that He is God alone. His word, though attacked in every con-

ceivable way, still authenticates itself to the souls of millions of believers. If you set yourself to work to pick flaws you will probably soon convince yourself that you have found them. The wonder is not that there should be difficulties of interpretation in books proceeding from many authors, and written at vast intervals of time and space. The wonder is that they should all be filled with the same spirit of inspiration—that they should all speak the self-same word of God. As Christians we are not all called to be controversialists, but we can all bear witness to the faith that is in us. We have felt the transcendent power of Christianity in our hearts, and we can prove the existence of that power by earnest and self-denying labor. There can be no more powerful argument than this. “All the arguments of free-thinkers,” said a skeptical writer, recently, “will be of no avail so long as there are individual orthodox churches which do more for genuine philanthropy than all the infidels in the land.” Believe me, the strongest argument in behalf of Christianity is child-like obedience on the part of its professors. Let us rebuild the altars of our childhood. If you are harassed by doubts and temptations, get to work doing good to others, and your difficulties will soon disappear. Labor in the church and Sunday-school, become a child in order that you may teach children, and the light of your Father’s countenance will beam upon your soul. Leaning in profound humility upon your Saviour’s arm, He will keep you safely, so that all the powers of hell will not be able to separate you from His love. O, blessed incense on the altars of childhood—sweeter than the perfumes that blow from the gardens of spices—delightful to man and well-pleasing to God—rise up forever and ever!

—**SUCCESS.**—Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, “no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.” —*Longfellow.*

TWO KINDS OF BRAVERY.

BY REV. I. E. GRAEFF.

Life best illustrates life, and bravery is the effectual exponent of bravery. Hence the best way to teach people how to live is to set them a good example, or to tell them the story of an exemplary life. This is what may be called the practical way of teaching. It must not be supposed, however, that doctrine and theory are of no account, and that text-books and other helps of the kind must be dispensed with. There can be no well-rounded life without the guidance of correct ideas, and ideas come not altogether by intuition or example, but they come, grow, and rule, by the power of doctrinal training. Let us see, then, whether it is not possible to teach the lessons of genuine bravery, in this twofold solid, practical sense.

Unst is a remote island of the Shetland group. One day there was a violent storm raging in that quarter. The fishermen of the island had returned in safety, but one boat was still out, and it was seen from the shore that it was wrecked, and that the crew was in great danger of being drowned. The boat had capsized, and the sailors were seen struggling in the water. Helen Petrie, a slender young girl, urged the men to make an effort to save them, but these declared that it would be certain death to any one that would make such a venture. But Helen was not deterred by any considerations of risk; she meant that the crew out at sea should be rescued from the perils of the storm at all hazards. With prompt brave haste she stepped into a small boat, her sister-in-law followed her, and then her father, lame in one hand, went in and took charge of the rudder. But two of the crew of the fishing boat were still clinging to the upturned keel of their craft, the others had been swept away by the fearful surging of the waves. Just as the women reached the wreck, one of the surviving two was washed off, and would have been drowned had not the heroic girl caught him and dragged him into her boat. The other one was also taken in, and then the small craft

was turned towards the haven, which the three brave rescuers had the satisfaction of entering together with the sailors whom they went to save.

If this is not a practical illustration of what bravery is, at least in one of its noble aspects, then there is no power in human language to tell what this quality of the mind really is. What Helen Petrie did must not necessarily pass for the highest kind of heroism. She may have been moved by natural sympathy, without any higher motives than those dictated by natural affection. We know too little about her character and history to pass judgment beyond this one sublime act of her life. Yet her biographer tells us that, after she had done this brave deed, and had proven beyond doubt that she was possessed of a marvelous force of character, she spent her days and years as a domestic servant, and ended her life in humble obscurity. Thus she went to her grave destitute of the honors which men are so apt to confer, from selfish motives, on such as are not half as brave, and by no means as noble as this daring and generous Shetland heroine is now known to have been. Her maiden character was of a rugged kind. Her bravery was of the physical order. She was governed more by womanly instinct and pluck, than by the calm dictates of reason and culture, but instinct and sympathetic enthusiasm came to a noble ascendancy in her case. She triumphed magnificently over the dangers of the storm-tossed waves, and proved her judgment to be a vast deal better than that of the men she had implored to do the deed, which she only ventured to do when there was no one else willing to undertake it. It was an emergency that tried men's souls. There were the wrecked fishermen, sure to perish if not rescued. To go for them seemed to be simply rushing into the jaws of death, without being able to save those in peril, but the sympathy of the girl-hero did not stop to count the cost in this way. In spite of the winds and the waves she meant rescue, and the story of her attempt, and of her success, comes to us like a beautiful angel in the pleasant dreams of the night.

It is not woman's calling to develop the rougher kind of heroic self-reliance.

The sex does not seem to be especially designed to battle with the dangers of the sea, or to brave the hardships of physical adventure. The milder graces of the heart are justly regarded as more becoming to female character. Still pluck, even at the risk of being somewhat masculine, especially when circumstances leave nothing to fall back on but pure and simple self-help, is a mental and moral outfit for which no true and brave woman needs to make any apology. Brave men, and gallant heroes can appreciate this sort of womanly heroism, and male critics, who feel bound to find fault with all such exhibitions of manly grit in the lives of women, ought to take good care that they do not place themselves in a line with those timid cowering souls, with whom Helen Petrie plead with all the energy of her great soul, but plead in vain.

But leaving emergencies out of view, the ordinary routine of life has enough of hardship in it to make self-helpfulness a very happy quality in woman's character. The training of girls, if it leaves them in a state of hopeless physical dependence, is not at all what justice demands that it should be. Our Shetland heroine, being a domestic servant, may have been destitute of the graces of refined culture, still she may be held up as a far better example of true womanhood, than that sort of hothouse delicacy which is developed so profusely among the more favored classes. Intellectually and socially the sex is rising, and encroaching very emphatically on the stronger, or male side of the race. If our women should, however, fail to cultivate that physical energy, which is the necessary basis of mental and moral force, they will not only fail to rise higher on the plane of sexual equality, but they must fail to hold firmly the ground which they have already gained. Let us hope that we will have an increase rather than a decrease of physical pluck among the daughters of this nation, since upon this one thing depends, at least in a measure, the future destiny of this country, and her influence in the destiny of the world.

Grace Darling lived with her parents in Longstone Lighthouse, off the rocky

north-east coast of Northumberland. Her home was among the stern basaltic rocks of the desolate Farne Islands. Here she was surrounded by a dangerous sea, and in stormy weather was cut off from all communications with the mainland for days and weeks together. The only neighbors that the family had in this lonely spot, were the gulls and puffins that screamed among the rocks. The lighthouse stood on Longstone Rock, where it was erected to warn off ships passing between England and Scotland. Here Grace lived with her parents in 1838, and assisted in keeping watch.

The steamer *Forfarshire*, in bad condition, was on its voyage from Hull to Dundee. The boilers were so defective that the fires had to be extinguished, soon after she left Hull. At St. Abb's Head she was driven back by a terrible storm, drifting during the night before the wind. In the early morning she struck Hawker's rocks with tremendous force, and was broken into two pieces. A part of the crew escaped in a boat, were picked up at sea and taken into Shields; but most of the passengers and crew were drowned. The fore part of the vessel stuck on the rock. Nine persons were in it crying for help. Grace Darling heard their cries. It was at sunrise. She saw the passengers clinging to the windlass in the forepart of the vessel, and entreated her father to go to sea and rescue them. He declared it would be rushing upon certain death. Yet he let down the boat, and his daughter was the first to enter it. Her father stepped in after her, and away went the two in dread and awe. By great care, energy, and vigilance, Mr. Darling succeeded in reaching the rock, and making his way to the wreck, while his brave daughter rowed off and among the breakers, keeping the boat from being dashed to pieces. One by one the nine survivors were placed in the boat, and carried to the lighthouse. Here they were received and nursed by the mother, and, when after three days the storm had abated, they were carried to the mainland.

This heroic deed stirred the spirit of the English nation, and Grace Darling received many valuable gifts. Artists came from a distance to paint her por-

trait, and Wordsworth celebrated her fame in a poem. Still, in what has thus far been said about her, she stands on a level only in bravery with her heroic sister of the Shetlands. We have seen her brave deed, just like that of Helen Petrie, in rescuing men from the awful perils of drowning in the sea. Fortunately the historian has told us more about the character of Grace, than he did about that of Helen. One who visited her, he says, spoke of her unaffected simplicity, her quiet manner, and her genuine goodness. Besides this, it was put on record, that she refused the offer of £20 a night, which may be put down as \$100 in our own currency, to sit in a boat at the Adelphi Theatre during a shipwreck scene. At this period her bravery may be said to rise to a higher level. It is true, we do not know why she would not leave her sea-girt rock, for the purpose of gaining so tempting a pecuniary reward. We are not able to say whether it was native modesty, or a strong devotion to a sense of duty. Yet, this young girl of such blessed memory remained bravely at her post, and that at a heavy pecuniary sacrifice, for no other apparent reason than the claims of a self-sacrificing humanity. In this respect she rises above the merely physical, and stands squarely in the domain of the moral, and it is just in this one thing that she may be held up as an admirable model for our own day and generation. Whatever she may have been in other respects, it is a matter of fact that she was not given to the folly of sacrificing duty to self-interest, by either making haste to get rich, or to get the means for fashionable display and a brainless extravagance.

Sad it is to learn that this exemplary young woman, three years after the rescue, began to show symptoms of consumption. A few months later she died, and in the manner in which she died we have another evidence of her excellent character. We are told that she passed away quietly, happily, religiously. Shortly before her death, the Duchess of Northumberland, clothed in humble attire, came to bid her God-speed on her last journey. Soon after this affectionate and womanly leave-taking, the mortal remains of Grace were buried in an obscure grave, but her deeds pub-

lished by the world, and admired by all who read the brilliant story of her bravery, are a better monument to her memory than any artistic pile of marble or brass could be. And if any one should regret the want of opportunity to drop a tear of sympathy at her grave, let such an one remember that her blessed memory can be honored in a much more becoming and beneficial way, by striving to imitate the noble graces of her character—simplicity, modesty, and genuine goodness.

Physical endurance and self-helpfulness, it has been suggested, are very important elements in the training of girls. Now we may add that this sort of education can, however, only lead to safe results when it is inspired and guided by moral principles. Women that have pluck and physical energy merely, may indeed display great bravery, and perform heroic deeds; but if they are destitute of the graces of moral heroism, their very pluck may become an agency of evil. The spirit of the age is such as to draw out the energies of both sexes, and never before had woman such inducements to develop and make use of all the powers she may possess. For this very reason she must run greater risks, and bear greater responsibility. The times demand brave, plucky self-reliance, and need purity, simplicity, and genuine goodness. If the physical development and mental energy of the fair sex, has much to do with the future destiny of the race, the moral temper which enters into female habits will have a vast deal more to do both with the welfare of women, and the universal success of modern cultivation.

We may be allowed to hope, in view of these considerations, that the kind of bravery so nobly displayed by the modest heroine of Longstone Lighthouse will be abundantly developed, though we should be obliged to look for its most vigorous growth, amid the dreary solitudes of desolate islands, or out in the frugal homes of a rural peasantry, rather than in the luxurious dwellings of the cultivated and the rich.

WHEN sorrow is asleep wake it not.

HOW THE OLD MILL WAS SAVED.

BY REV. J. MAX HARK.

Some two miles east of the quiet and peaceful Moravian village of Nazareth, in Northampton county, Pennsylvania, there stands a massive, ancient-looking stone mill, the only remaining memorial of what was once an important outpost of the Moravian Church in its missionary campaign among the Indians. Despite of its antique look, this mill is a comparatively modern structure. It took the place of an older one in 1840. The first mill stood a few hundred feet further north, and nearer the banks of the lovely Lehigh Creek, that gurgled over its stony bed, as it rapidly flowed southward to meet the Delaware River at Easton.

Erected by a colony of Brethren in 1749, it for nearly a century ground the grain—first only of the Brethren at Bethlehem and Nazareth, and afterwards of all the farmers round about. During the perilous times of the Pontiac War, when Indian marauders were throwing all the country along the Blue Mountains into terror by their cruel murders and fierce devastations by fire and tomahawk, this old mill, with the log farm-houses, barns, and workshops that clustered around it, was temporarily turned into a frontier fortress. A band of soldiers was quartered there for its defence. It was furnished with heavy wooden shutters, while a rude but strong palisade was constructed all around the little settlement. Nightly, during those dread summer days of 1763, the guards, looking forth from the narrow windows on the broken roof, could see the sky to the north and west lit up with the lurid glow of burning hamlets and farm-houses, and knew that their friends and acquaintances of theirs were being rendered homeless, and perhaps butchered and scalped.

Towards autumn their alarm had somewhat abated. Their guards were becoming less vigilant. This was the Indians' opportunity; and had not God watched over His children then, the fate of so many of those neighbors and friends might have been theirs also.

It was past the hour of midnight. The stars shone calmly down upon the yet green meadows and fruitful orchard. No sound was heard save the gentle rippling of the creek and ever and anon the melancholy hoot of an owl. Within the settlement all were fast asleep; but without, stealthily creeping on hands and knees through the long meadow-grass and thick bushes along the Lehigh's banks, was a wide-awake band of dusky painted warriors, intent on surprising the Brethren within the stockade, and gaining a score of paleface scalps to grace their own wigwams. Carefully they advanced, creeping nearer and ever nearer. Now they have reached the outer palisade. At a sign from the chief they stop and examine the priming of their muskets, and loosen their tomahawks and scalping-knives in their belts. In another instant they would be ready to apply the match to the old mill and the barn, and, lighted by the angry flames, would rush in upon the sleeping Brethren, and murder them all before they could defend themselves, or think of escaping.

But just at that moment God interposes. The chief stumbles over a root, falls headlong, and, striking a sharp stone, gives vent to a cry of mingled pain and rage. Instantly the watchdogs within set up a fierce barking and baying, the guards spring up, the bell on the turret of the mill rings a wild alarm. Everyone is awake in a moment, and sallies forth with loaded musket and drawn sabre. But at the first alarm the disappointed Indians fled, as noiselessly but far more swiftly than they had come. Search is made for them, but no sign of them discovered. The Brethren return to their houses, thinking that probably it had been but a false alarm; and not till years afterwards did they learn how by God's watchful care their old mill was saved that night from the flames, and all its inmates from a cruel death.

A GOOD HIT.—"I sometimes think," said Mr. Beecher, one Sunday morning, after reading an unusually large number of notices, "that I will quit preaching and do nothing on Sunday but read notices."

ANCIENT INHERITANCES.

The interesting and often-quoted statement made some time since by Lord Palmerston, respecting the uninterrupted descent for nearly eight centuries, from father to son, of a small estate in his own neighborhood in the New Forest, relates, as is well known, to the family of Purkis, the lime-burner, who picked up the body of William Rufus, and carried it in his humble cart to Winchester to receive the last sad rites. But we can place upon record a case of still longer descent of a small property among persons in no way allied to rank and fortune, and who have never risen above the condition of yeoman; while, we believe, they have never fallen below it.

At Ambrose's Barn, on the borders of the parish of Thorpe, near Chertsey, still resides a farmer of the name of Wapshot, whose ancestors have lived, without break, upon the same spot, ever since the reign of Alfred the Great, by whom the farm was granted to Reginald Wapshot.

There are several families among the English untitled gentry—the county aristocracy—who can trace their names and possessions in a direct male descent back to the Saxon times; but below that rank we are not aware of a more striking instance of permanence among change than the past history of the Wapshots.

WOMEN'S NAMES.

Annabella is not Anna-bella, or Fair Ann, but the feminine of Hannibal, meaning gift (or grace) of Bel. Arabella is not Ara-bella, or beautiful altar, but Orabilia, a praying woman. Maurice has nothing to do with Mauritius, or a Moor, but comes from Amalric—*himmel reich*—the kingdom of heaven. Ellen is the feminine of Alain, Alan, or Allan, and has no possible connection with Helen, which comes from a different language, and is older by about a thousand years at least. Amy is not from *aimée*, but from *amie*. Avise, or Avis, does not exactly mean advice, but comes from *Ædwise*,—happy wisdom. Eliza has no connection with Elizabeth. It is the sister of

Louisa, and both are the daughters of Heloise, which is Hele-wise, hidden wisdom. There is, indeed, another form of Louisa, or rather Louise, which is the feminine of Louis, but this was scarcely heard of before the sixteenth century. The older Heloise form of the name, Alosisa, Aloisia, or Aloysia, was adopted into mediæval English as Alesia—a name which our old genealogists always confuse with Alice. Emily and Amelia are not different forms of one name. Emily is from *Æmylia*, the name of an Etruscan gens. Amelia comes from the Gothic *amala*—heavenly. Reginald is not derived from Regina, and has nothing to do with a Queen. It is from Rein-alt—exalted purity. Alice, Adelais, Adelaide, Alisa, Alix, Adeline, are all forms of one name, the root of which is *adel*—noble.

UNIVERSAL DISSATISFACTION.

How often do we see persons who wish to be taken for what they are not. The boy apes the man with cane and cigar; the man affects the ways of boyhood. The sailor envies the landsman's lot; the landsman, for pleasure, goes to sea. The business man who must travel from town to town, and from country to country, dreams of the day when he will be able to "settle down;" the man of sedentary occupation grieves over the thought that he has to vegetate like a cabbage in one spot, and sighs for the time when he may travel. The town-bred youth hails with joy the morning in which he can breathe pure air and ramble among green fields; the country lad is all wonder and admiration when he first sees the rows of town gas lamps tapering away in perspective like beads of gold; and he is excited by the blaze of gas which pours from the windows on the road. Your fine musician would like to be a great painter, your wit a dignified philosopher, your philosopher a wit, able to set the table in a roar. Even an oyster would wish to put forth fins and have a fine, flexible tail, and sail abroad to see the world; while the traveled fish looks with an eye of envy upon the oyster as one who lives without work—a fish of independent means, who has got a fixed position and a good, strong house of its own.—*Exchange*.

OUR CABINET.

GERMAN PIONEERS.

It is greatly to be regretted that the early history of the old German families of Pennsylvania has not been more generally preserved. There is hardly a subject that could furnish more pleasing reading to the present generation. The pioneers were generally poor, but they were not illiterate. Their honesty was proverbial, and their unremitting toil, which enabled them to subdue the wilderness, was positively heroic. Would it not be delightful to read a minute account of the history of some of the numerous families which, by walking in the ways of their worthy fathers, have attained to influence and competence, without sacrificing that which is far better?

The late I. D. Rupp, who did so much for our local history, fully appreciated the importance of gathering and preserving early family traditions. He used to say: "We need a history of firesides." Many years ago he permitted us to examine, and to take extracts from a manuscript which he had prepared on this subject, but which has remained unpublished. We now wish we had taken notes more freely, as we do not know what has become of the original. The following references to early families of Lancaster county may serve as a specimen of the work:

The Stauffer family, of Pequea township, came from Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. They were ingenious clock-makers. At the time of their arrival the family consisted of father, mother, and five sons, two of whom were married. Their dress must have appeared very curious. The women wore dark-blue skirts, with red borders, red stockings, shoes bound with blue, yellow aprons, which formed a part of the boddyce, and large blue kerchiefs. The

men were dressed in small-clothes, blue stockings, jackets with yellow lappets, red vest, and blue neck-kerchief. They brought a wagon with them from Switzerland, on which they loaded their luggage in Philadelphia, and the father and his sons drew it to Lancaster. This occurred early in the last century.

The early settlers suffered many privations. Jacob Kreider, in 1728, lived in a tent with his family, two miles south of Lancaster, but in autumn he succeeded in completing a log hut. In 1720, Eberhard Riehm ventured among the Indians, and lived for some time under an oak in the vicinity of what is now Reamstown. In 1728, John Diefenderffer also encamped for some time under an oak tree near the place where he afterwards founded the village once known as "*Säu' Schwamm*," but now called New Holland.

SHORT LINES.

The following lines—if, indeed, they are long enough to be called lines—appear to have been made with a machine that chopped very fine, but the stuff is not bad. We find them in a corner of an old New England paper.

"Art thou
Laborer?
Labor
On!

Art thou
Poet?
Go it
Strong!"

PRECIOUS SECRETS.

Do you want to know the secret of success? It is very short. Let us whisper it into your ear: "*Always do*

your best!" That is the whole secret, but it indicates the only way to eminence. Whatever may be your employment you cannot afford to send out inferior work. No matter how much labor it may cost, it always pays to do the thing right; a single bad job may ruin your reputation for years. Try to increase your knowledge so that every piece of work may be better than the last. Whether you swing the hammer or wield the pen, if you never vary from this rule you will be successful.

Do you want to know the secret of happiness? It is shorter still, but it is even harder to remember: "*Make others happy!*" If you feel grumpy, don't growl. See whether you cannot say a kind word or do a kind deed. The effort alone will lift you out of your depressed condition, and the responsive affection, which it will certainly call forth, cannot fail to secure you a high degree of happiness. Try it!

LETTER OF GENERAL DE HAAS.

John Philip De Haas, of Lebanon, Penna., was in 1777 appointed a Brigadier-General in the army of the Revolution. He did good service, but was often disabled by the gout, from which he was a great sufferer. Very little is known of his early history, but he is said to have been a native of Holland. During the French and Indian war he acquired distinction as an Indian fighter, and at the beginning of the Revolution he held the office of Justice of the Peace. He finally removed to Philadelphia, where he died in 1786.

So little is known concerning this eminent man that it might be well to collect any traditions that may still linger at his old home in Lebanon. It should, however, be remembered that he had a son who bore precisely the same name, and care must be taken not to confound the son with the father.

General De Haas wrote very little, and his pen was much more fluent in German than in English. Recently we have, however, come into possession of a short autograph letter, addressed by him to Judge Yeates, of Lancaster. The letter has no historical value, but

in these days everything that concerns the Revolutionary worthies is interesting, and we therefore venture to publish it without changing a letter.

Lebanon 10th Novr. 1778.

Sir

On my return home, I was sorry to find that the boy whom I had recommended to you was engaged as a waggener in the Continental service—

Col. Hussegger thanks you for the pains you have taken. he will make you ample satisfaction, and hopes you will be good enough to prevent any further prosecution.

I Am Sir

Your most Hble. Serv.

J. P. De Haas.

Jasper Yeates, Esq.

THE DEAREST SPOT.

The late Gen. Samuel P. Heintzelman, of the United States army, was a native of Manheim, Lancaster county. The house in which he was born—a fine old mansion—is now occupied by Dr. C. J. Snively. A few years before his death the General paid a visit to his birth-place. There was no one there who recognized him, but the aged hero examined with interest every object that reminded him of his childhood. He visited the old orchard, and rejoiced to recognize some veteran trees which had borne luscious fruit more than half a century before. When he entered the house and saw the spot where he was born and where his mother died, the man who had often stood unmoved on the battle-field felt his heart thrill with emotion, and turned aside to hide his tears. Surely, in all the world, there is no place which can call up such tender recollections, as the spot where we were born.

THANKS.

We have received as many as we need of the back numbers of THE GUARDIAN, which we requested our friends to send us. The donors will please accept our sincere thanks.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

AN INCIDENT.

One Christmas evening a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto with apparently no object in view but to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit stand: "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into a store he loaded them with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" queried the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarce daring to speak, when the little one added: "Well, it don't matter, I suppose. God will know you, anyhow."

READ THIS, BOYS.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him.

Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who has not a single recommendation!"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many."

"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside,

and he waited quietly, for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and when he wrote his name, I noticed his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do."—*Standard of the Cross.*

A PARALLEL.

There was once a man who wore fine clothes and lived in a fine house, but he seemed to care nothing for his children. He gave them unwholesome food because it was cheap. The children got sick, but the man could not understand what was the matter with them.

There was once a congregation that spared no expense in the erection of a church, which was not only comfortable but beautiful. They believed too in purity of doctrine, and were careful to secure a pastor who was sound in the faith. It might have been cheaper to belong to some other denomination, but all the members loved their church, and were willing to make sacrifices in its behalf. The great trouble was that they failed to appreciate the necessity of providing healthy spiritual food for their children. When they bought books for the Sunday-School library the only question was: "Where can we get the large number of books for our money?" It did not matter who had prepared the hymn-books or lesson papers, or what doctrines were taught in them, so long as they were believed to be furnished at the lowest possible rates. Of course, the result was that the children received spiritual diet on which they failed to thrive. The means of instruction employed in the Sunday-School were of the

poorest kind, and in many instances their teaching was contrary to that of the pastor. When the children went to church the preaching appeared strange and foreign, because they had not been prepared to receive it, and when they grew older they wandered away, never to return. But the old folks could never be made to understand what was the matter with the children.

EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German.

Torphronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his own grown-up sons and daughter to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."—*Good Words*.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S SAYINGS.—A still breeze sweeps the cobwebs out of the sky.

If you want eggs, you must bear with the hen's cackling.

Do not make your flies into elephants

If you put butter by the fire, expect it to melt.

We fall on the side we lean to.

He's a mouse, who feeds on other people's cheese.

Help those who help themselves, and the helpless.

Every thing looks black in the dark; cry for light.

The thorn serves well to guard the rose.

Faith's eye sees in the dark.

Prosperity's right hand is industry, and her left hand is frugality.

Advise with your pillow.

Never prophesy till you know.

Better walk by faith than talk of faith.

Do not open an old wound.

LIST OF BOOKS APPROVED BY THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY BUREAU.

D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS, N. Y.

Nut Crackers and Mouse King, Mrs. St. Simon, 138pp. Fairy Stories, George Keil, 84pp. The Pet Bird and Other Stories, Cousin Alice, 137pp. Pleasure and Profit, Mrs. Manners, 136pp. Flower Pictures, Elise Polks, 96pp. At Home and Abroad, Mrs. Manners, 165pp. The above 6 vols. for \$3.00).

ROBT CARTER & BROS., PUBLISHERS. NEW YORK.

The Little Woodman and Other Stories, Mrs. Sherwood, \$1.00, 216pp. Flowers of the Forest and Other Stories, do do do. Indian Stories, A. L. O. E., 75 cts, 313pp. The Broken Walls, Author of "Wide, Wide World," \$1.25, 313pp. How a Farthing made a Fortune, Mrs. C. E. Bowen, 50 cts, 153pp. The Old Looking-Glass, Maria Charlesworth, \$1.00, 269pp.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation, Helen Campbell, 249pp. Life of Christ (Triple Comparison), 15 cts. My Wife and I, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, \$1.25, 474pp. We and Our Neighbors, do 480pp. Poganue People, do, 375pp.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

A Jolly Fellowship, Frank R. Stockton, \$1.50, 298pp. Phaeton Rogers, Rossiter Johnson, do, 344pp. International Commentary on Mark, Philip Schaff, D. D., \$1.00, 243pp.

PHILIPS & HUNT, PUBLISHERS, N. Y.

Byrne Ransom's Building, Hilas C. Pardoe, 90 cts, 208pp.

It is the object of the Bureau to select Books for the Sunday-School which are of superior excellence in every respect. The above have been thoroughly examined, and are heartily recommended as books of such a character.

REV. C. S. GERHART, A. M.

REV. HARRY M. KIEFFER, A. M.

MISS ALICE NEVIN.

REV. R. L. GERHART.

SUPERSTITIONS IN REGARD TO SHOES.

Shoes are not without their share of superstition. The casual putting the left shoe on the right foot was thought to be a forerunner of evil. Butler in his "Hudibras" adverts to an accident which occurred to a Roman emperor through inattention to this important matter.

Augustus having b'oversight
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutinying for pay ;

—that is, on the day on which the oversight occurred.

The throwing of a shoe is attended, according to the imaginations of the throwers, by widely different results. The shoe cast over Edom seems to have been a sign of contumely and reproach, which can scarcely be the case with a shoe—the old shoe—cast after a happy pair who have just been going through the form of the solemnization of holy matrimony. The object in the latter case appears to be to insure "good luck" to the parties to the contract. The throwing is not confined to marriage, but occurs among uneducated people on any critical occasion. It is invariably designed to secure prosperity.

It is said that there was once a ceremony in Ireland of electing a person to a certain office, by throwing an old shoe over his head; but an excited elector, once throwing a little too low a boot furnished with iron spikes, the gentleman on which he wished to bestow the favor of his support was killed, and the custom soon fell into disrepute.

PRAYER AND STUDY.

A girl at a London boarding-school was remarked for repeating her lessons well. A school-fellow, rather idly inclined, said to her one day, "How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" said the other; "well, then, I will pray too." But, alas! the next morning she could not even repeat a word of

her usual task. Very much confounded, she ran to her friend, and reproached her as deceitful. "I prayed," said she, "but I could not say a single word of my lesson." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "you took no pains to learn it. You must study as well as pray."

CHRIST IN THE STORM.

When the disciples of Jesus were toiling in rowing, on the Lake of Galilee, they were less disturbed by the storm which threatened them than by the dimly perceived and wholly misconceived form of Jesus as He drew near to help them. And so it is with us all in our life-course. Those things which are for our truest welfare are the very things from which we are likeliest to shrink. Weeping may endure for a night; but in the morning-light that remembered weeping is a joy.

"I shall be glad that I did work and weep,—
Be glad, O God, my slumbering soul did
wake;
Be glad my stubborn heart did heave and
break
Beneath the plow,—when angels come to reap."
S. S. Times.

CHARITY.

A mendicant well known in the neighborhood of the church of the Madeleine, Paris, addressed to a gentleman the following irresistible appeal: "I am poor, monsieur, but I am religious. I want but one of the saving virtues. I have Faith. I have Hope; it remains with you to give me Charity."

CHURCH NOSEGAYS.—The following curious custom exists on the Elbe: The peasantry who possess a bit of land, however small, never enter the church without having a nosegay in their hands. They thus intend, it is said, to show that they claim the consideration due to persons who possess some property in the parish. Among the country people in the neighborhood of Hamburg, there is no garden so small as not to possess a place for the flowers intended for this use, and the plot is distinguished by the name of "the church nosegay."

TRINITY SUNDAY.

LESSON X.

June 4, 1882.

The Transfiguration. MARK 9: 2-13.

Commit to memory verses 5-8.

2. And after six days Jesus taketh *with him* Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain apart by themselves: and he was transfigured before them.

3. And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them.

4. And there appeared unto them Elias with Moses: and they were talking with Jesus.

5. And Peter answered and said to Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.

6. For he wist not what to say; for they were sore afraid.

7. And there was a cloud that overshadowed them: and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.

8. And suddenly, when they had looked round about, they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves.

9. And as they came down from the mountain, he charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of man were risen from the dead.

10. And they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising from the dead should mean.

11. And they asked him, saying, Why say the scribes that Elias must first come?

12. And he answered and told them. Elias verily cometh first, and restoreth all things; and how it is written of the Son of man, that he must suffer many things, and be set at naught.

13. But I say unto you, That Elias is indeed come, and they have done unto him whatsoever they listed, as it is written of him.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE INCIDENTS OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.
2. ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND LESSONS.

GOLDEN TEXT: "And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Matt. 3: 17.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Verse 2. Six days after the discourse of last lesson. *Leadeth them*, as witnesses of what was to take place. *Mountain*, Hermon. *Transfigured*, made glorious in appearance. 4. *Elias*, Elijah the Prophet. *Moses*, the Law-giver. 5. *Tabernacles*, booths or tents. 6. *Wist*, knew. 7. *A cloud*, the shekinah, a symbol of God's presence. *A voice*, the Father's. 13. *Is come*. John the Baptist. *Done unto him*, beheaded him. *Listed*, liked, or pleased.

Significance of the Transfiguration. (1). To strengthen Jesus for His sufferings. (2). To teach the disciples to believe more fully in the Divinity of Jesus.

Notice the following particulars: First, THE THREE WITNESSES; Peter the "Rock;" James and John, "the sons of thunder." They formed an inner circle, who were admitted to a particular intimacy with Jesus. Secondly, THE TWO SAINTS; Moses, the Law-giver and founder of the Theocracy; Elijah, the representative Old Testament Prophet. Their presence was symbolical of the fact, that "the law and the prophets" point to and centre in Christ. Thirdly, THE ONE SAVIOUR, the beloved Son. "Hear ye Him."

CATECHISM.

Ques. 23. What are these articles?

Ans. Repeat the Creed.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 2. Where did the transfiguration occur? Who were with Jesus? Why did He take them with Him? For what purpose did Jesus go to the mount? (See Luke 9: 28).

3. What was His appearance? Whence did this glory come?

4. Who appeared on the scene? About what did they talk? (See Luke 9: 31).

5-6. What did Peter say? Did he prefer such glory to the sufferings foretold in last lesson? What feeling possessed the three witnesses?

7. Was it a black cloud? Of what was the

bright cloud a type? Whence came the voice? Whose was it? What did it say?

8. Whom only did they now see? Unto whom are we to look? (See Heb. 12: 2).

9-10. Had the time come to make this event known? When should they tell it? Did they understand the meaning of the transfiguration?

11-13. In whom was the prophecy of Malachi 4: 5-6 fulfilled?

What effect had the transfiguration on Jesus Himself? What did it teach the Apostles? Read 2 Peter 1: 16-18. What was its significance?

LESSON X.

June 4, 1882.

Trinity Sunday.

The transfiguration was a mysterious event in the life of Jesus. He who generally appeared in the humble *servant* form, here was seen in His Divine glory and majesty, and the heavenly world comes to do honor to Him.

The glorification of our Lord most likely took place by *night*, and whilst He was *praying*, (Luke 9: 28). Peter, James and John were allowed to see the glorious sight, that there might be the sufficient number of witnesses, when the time should come to make the event known.

It is generally agreed amongst travelers to the holy land, that the mount of transfiguration was Mt. Hermon, and not Mt. Tabor, as was formerly supposed.

The Saviour's human form became resplendent with a Divine glory, and communicated its whiteness even to His garments.—Two beings from the heavenly world appeared upon the scene: Moses, the great Law-giver, and Elijah, the great Prophet and Reformer, or Restorer of the true worship. Moses had disappeared from earth nearly 1500 years before the transfiguration occurred, and Elijah nearly 1000 years before. Their appearance teaches several important lessons: 1). The *immortality* of man. Though we die, we shall yet live. 2). The departed saints are *not in an unconscious sleep* of the soul, but are conscious, and are interested in the welfare of God's Church and people. We learn that these heavenly visitors "spake of Jesus' decease, which He should accomplish at Jerusalem." (Luke 9: 31).

It is not strange that Peter thought it good to be on the mount of glory, and in such company. Why go down again into the strife and conflict of the world, and suffer? And many a Christian has since had the same feeling when in the enjoyment of sweet communion with God. "A day in God's courts is better than a thousand" days of human strivings and defeats. And yet the *discipline* of life is more needful for us, than the constant raptures of worship would be.

The "bright cloud" may have been an emblem of the presence of the Third

Person of the Trinity, as the voice was that of the Father. The cloud and voice were "signs from heaven," given to the believing disciples, but denied to the unbelieving Jews. The cloud was the *shekinah*, or *divine presence*, which filled the temple at the dedication. So in and through the Spirit, God's presence is in and with the Church.

"This is my beloved Son;" this is God's testimony concerning Jesus. The same testimony was borne at His baptism in the Jordan, and at the grave of Lazarus. And the command is: *Hear ye Him*. Not that we shall refuse to listen to the Prophets and Apostles, but that Jesus is "our *chief* Prophet and Teacher, who has fully revealed to us the secret counsel and will of God concerning our redemption." (Catechism, Ans. 31).

And as they looked around they saw no man, save Jesus only. However wise and exalted men may be, we are to look to Jesus only. He is "the Author and Finisher of our faith,"—"the way, and the truth and the life."

As they came down. Next morning. Though we must come down from the holy mountains, on which we hold communion with God, feeling that it is good to be there, yet there is a mount of glory before us, on which we shall ever abide.

(9-13). The time was not yet when this event should be made known. Only after the resurrection did they publish it—that is, after He *continued in the state of glory*.—The disciples inquired about the coming of Elias, whom they had just seen. Was this the coming which was referred to in the prophecy? Jesus intimates that John the Baptist was meant.

VISIT THE CHILDREN.

Nothing can please the little ones so much as a visit from their teacher. Avoid formality, but show a pleasant face and speak kind words, and the whole family will be glad to see you. In this way you will gain the hearts of old and young, and when that is accomplished you may become a blessing to them all.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON XI.

June 11, 1882.

The Afflicted Child. MARK 9: 14-32.

Commit to memory verses 23-24.

14. And when he came to his disciples, he saw a great multitude about them, and the scribes questioning with them.

15. And straightway all the people, when they beheld him, were greatly amazed, and running to him saluted him.

16. And he asked the scribes, What question ye with them?

17. And one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit;

18. And wheresoever he taketh him, he teareth him; and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away: and I spake to thy disciples that they should cast him out; and they could not.

19. He answereth him, and saith, O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him unto me.

20. And they brought him unto him: and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming.

21. And he asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child.

22. And oftentimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him: but if thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us.

23. Jesus said unto him, If thou canst be-

lieve, all things are possible to him that believeth.

24. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

25. When Jesus saw that the people came running together, he rebuked the foul spirit, saying unto him, Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee come out of him, and enter no more into him.

26. And the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him: and he was as one dead; inasmuch that many said, He is dead.

27. But Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up; and he arose.

28. And when he was come into the house, his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him out?

29. And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting.

30. And they departed thence, and passed through Galilee; and he would not that any man should know it.

31. For he taught his disciples, and said unto them, The Son of man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill him; and after that he is killed, he shall rise the third day.

32. But they understood not that saying, and were afraid to ask him.

OUTLINE: { 1. HUMAN SUFFERING.
2. MAN'S WEAKNESS.
3. CHRIST'S POWER.

GOLDEN TEXT: "All things are possible to him that believeth." Ver. 23.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Verse 14. He came, down from the Mount of Glory to "the vale of tears" Them, the nine disciples. 15. Amazed, perhaps at His appearance, which may still have been radiant with glory. (See Exodus 34: 30). 17. Dumb spirit, the evil spirit rendered the boy speechless. 18. The disciples could not; see ver. 29. 19. Faithless, unbelieving. Unto Me: so He says to every suffering, sinning one. 21. Of a child, since infancy. 22. If Thou canst, the language of doubt. 23. If thou canst believe, addressed to the father. 25. I charge, the command of one having authority. 31. He taught, continued to teach. 32. Afraid to ask, perhaps they shrank from knowing the reality of the coming sufferings.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 24. How are these articles divided? Ans. Into three parts: the first is of God the Father, and our creation; the second of God the Son, and our redemption; the third of God the Holy Ghost, and our sanctification.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 14. What did Jesus see when He came from the mount of glory? What were the scribes doing?
15. At what were the people amazed? To whom did they run?
17-18. What did the father say to Jesus? What ailed the boy? What caused this affliction? Had the father and the disciples sufficient faith?
19-20. What lament did Jesus utter? Was He distressed by human suffering? By human unbelief also? What last effort at control did the evil spirit make? What effect had it upon the boy?
21-24. How long had this possession lasted? Could human power overcome the tempter? Did the father seem to doubt Jesus' power? What reply did Jesus give? To whom are all things possible? What, then, did the father do and say? What prayer did he utter?
25. What "charge" did the Master give? To whom?
26-27. What was the effect? Was the boy saved and healed?
28-32. On what does deliverance from Satan's power depend? What was the theme of Jesus' teaching? Did the disciples comprehend it? Why were they afraid to ask?

LESSON XI.

June 11, 1882.

First Sunday after Trinity.

In our last lesson we learned of Christ's glory, when He received the homage of saints and the testimony of His Father; now we see Him again in the vale of tears, doing good to suffering mankind, and bearing patiently with their infirmities.

In the valley there was a crowd gathered around the disciples, and disputing with them. There was still something remarkable in the appearance of our Saviour, which amazed the people, and drew them around Him. Jesus silenced the Scribes, by asking them what they were disputing about. Before they were able to explain their conduct, one of the multitude said, "*Master, I have brought to Thee my son,*" etc. And then he describes what ailed the afflicted child. What a picture of human woe and misery!

Then he tells how he had brought his son to the disciples of Christ, and they could not cast out the evil spirit. *They could not!* What is this but a tale of human weakness? Men cannot cast out Satan. Even disciples at times fail in their attempt to subdue the evil powers of the world.

Jesus sighed because of men's unbelief: "*O faithless generation,*" etc. It is evident that the failure was the result of unbelief; the disciples themselves not exercising much of it, and the father himself was doubtful whether his son could be cured. No wonder they all doubted, when so many evils afflicted the boy: "*deafness, dumbness, frenzy, and possession of the devil*—and all these from the cradle!"

The father said: "Master, I have brought to THEE my son; for Thy disciples could not cure him." And Jesus replied: "Bring him unto ME." "Often this is the direction of Christ to the sin-sick soul. The minister has failed to give comfort; the failure is itself a call from the Lord to Himself."—(Abbott).

Straightway the spirit tare him. The devil does not willingly leave his victims. Sins and evil habits make their power felt most, when men try to break loose from them. Satan has great wrath when his time is short. (Read Revelation 12: 12.) See how the evil spirit

strove to destroy the child, since he was no longer to possess him. *Verses 20-22. How long?* From infancy the poor child was thus tormented. *If Thou canst do anything,* he now says to Christ. This was the language of doubt, almost of despair, rather than of faith.

But Jesus assures him that there is no inability on the part of the Divine Healer. I can heal, but *canst thou believe?* "All things are possible to him that believeth." The healing can be wrought, but only in answer to a humble, child-like trust. "Hence may be learned a useful doctrine, that it is not the Lord who prevents His blessings from flowing to us, but that, on account of our weak faith, it comes to us only in drops."—(Calvin.)

The father's faith in Christ was now awakened, and he cried: "*Lord, I believe,*" etc. The little faith needed to be strengthened: "*Help Thou mine unbelief.*"

25-27. *Christ's power* is here seen; 1), a power to overcome evil, and 2), a power to restore to newness of life. The cure was perfect.

28-32. *Why could not we cast him out?* So Christians often ask, when they find themselves unable to overcome sin. *This kind * * by prayer and fasting.* Different degrees of evil require different degrees of earnest effort. (On fasting, etc., see Quarterly Notes.)

Jesus again foretells His sufferings, death and resurrection. That, in reality, was the only way of casting out Satan's possession of earth.

A WEIGHTY TESTIMONY.—Having carefully observed one of the greatest hospitals in London for a quarter of a century, I have come to the deliberate conclusion that seven cases out of ten are owing to drink,—not to drunkenness, for that is often comparatively harmless, but to the constant undermining process. Three-fourths of the disorders of fashionable life arise from alcohol; and when I consider the consequences to posterity of the transmission of the hereditary taint, I sometimes feel inclined to give up my profession, that I may preach a crusade against the enemies of the human race.—*Dr. Andrew Clark, in London Lancet.*

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON XII.

June 18, 1882.

The Childlike Believer. MARK 9: 33-50.

Commit to memory verses 35-37.

33. And he came to Capernaum: and being in the house he asked them, What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?

34. But they held their peace: for by the way they had disputed among themselves, who *should* be the greatest.

35. And he sat down, and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.

36. And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them,

37. Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.

38. And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us: and we forbid him, because he followeth not us.

39. But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me.

40. For he that is not against us is on our part.

41. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.

42. And whosoever shall offend one of *these* little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.

43. And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched:

44. Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

45. And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched:

46. Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

47. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire:

48. Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

49. For every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt.

50. Salt is good: but if the salt have lost its saltiness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another.

OUTLINE: { 1. HUMILITY *versus* HAUGHTINESS. Vs. 33-37.
2. CHARITY *versus* INTOLERANCE. Vs. 38-41.
3. AVOIDING OFFENCES. Vs. 42-50.

GOLDEN TEXT: "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Isaiah 57: 15.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Verses 33-34. In the house, probably Peter's. Disputed, perhaps because only the three were taken to witness the transfiguration. The greatest, still imagining He would set up an earthly Kingdom. 35. Desire, determine. Servant of all, the amount of work determines each one's position. 36-37. A child, humble, gentle and without haughtiness. Receiveth. Christ and the Father in a little child. 38-40. Forbade him, intolerance, denominational rivalry and exclusiveness. On our part, are all that believe in Jesus and labor in His name. 41. Give cup of water, the smallest act of charity shall be rewarded. 42. Offend, cause to stumble and sin. Better, if he had died in infancy. 43-48. Cut off hand, etc., etc., the nearest and dearest things must be given up if they keep us from Christ and heaven. Hell—gehenna, place of torment. Worm, torturing conscience. Not quenched, endless punishment. 49-50. Salt, which preserves meat from corruption. Salt in yourselves, God's grace in your hearts. Fire; the fire of the Spirit here saves from fire of pain hereafter.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 25. Since there is but one divine essence, why speakest thou of Father, Son and Holy Ghost?

Ans. Because God hath so revealed Himself in His word, that these three distinct persons are the only true and eternal God.

QUESTIONS.

Verses 33-34. What dispute had the disciples by the way? What led to it? Is such ambition and haughtiness a quality of the Christian?

35-37. On what virtue does Jesus teach a lesson? In what Spirit does God dwell? (See Golden Text). Who "made himself of no reputation?" (See Philippians 2: 6-8). Was He highly exalted? What is the rule for being greatest? In what must a Christian resemble a child? How early may a child become a believer? Whom do believing parents, teachers and ministers receive along with the child they instruct?

38-41. Did the disciples do wrong in rebuking the man? Must we oppose every one

who does not "follow us?" Was this bigotry and intolerance rebuked by Christ? What lesson is taught? Is there neutrality in religion? (See Luke 11: 23). What virtue is commended in ver. 41? Which is the greatest of virtues?

42-48. What are we to avoid? Can "little ones believe" in Christ? Is it a sin to cause, not only others, but ourselves to stumble? What do hand, feet and eye represent? (See Instruction). Is it better to suffer loss here than hereafter? What do "worm" and "fire" signify?

49-50. Of what is salt the symbol? Of what fire should we be possessors? Which should we shun?

LESSON XII. June 18, 1882.

Second Sunday after Trinity.

By nature we are prone to be *haughty, intolerant*, and to give *offense*. Even in Christians these same traits occasionally crop out. In our lesson for to-day Jesus teaches the duty and loveliness of *humility, charity*, and of *avoiding offenses*. (See Outline).

V. 33, 34. *In the house*—possibly this was Peter's home, which was in Capernaum. "What we too eagerly dispute *by the way*, amid the stir and excitement of the world, is often rectified *in the house*, in the calm second thought and self-examination of the closet."

What dispute, etc.? Their dispute did not take place within His hearing, yet He knew of it. *Greatest*—vainly imagining that He was about to set up an *earthly* kingdom. The Gospel records the faults of the disciples, as a warning to us not to commit the same.

V. 35. *Called the twelve*. The first outbreak of ambition and strife must be checked at once. Jesus ever calls men to account for their haughty actions. *If any man desire to be first*, etc. He that exalteth himself shall be humbled. Exaltation comes by *humble service*, by being "servant of all."

V. 36. *He took a child*. Christ's love for children was often manifested. This act of taking a child teaches that all true religion begins in childhood, or in awakening the *childlike disposition* in an adult. The Church wisely *takes the child*.

V. 37. Receiving the child is the receiving of Christ also, and of His Father. The Creator and Redeemer dwell in it; for it does not reject God.

Vs 38-41. John now feels reprov'd, and makes a confession that he and the others had acted in a haughty manner. The man was *casting out devils*—a good work, certainly. Moreover, he did it *in Christ's name*; then he must have been a *believer* in Christ. But *he followeth not us!* Here is the language of bigotry and denominational intolerance. Jesus rebuked His disciples, and thereby has taught us all not to hinder a good work, though it may not be done by our party. *Forbid him not*. Vs. 40 and 41 contain much encouragement for the Church.

Vs. 42-50. Jesus warns against giving offences—that is, causing any one to fall from the faith, or to renounce his belief in Christ, or to cease laboring in His Church. It is also a warning against seducing weak believers, by undermining their integrity. Many adults are but Christ's *little ones*—mere babes and beginners in grace. Hinder not, but assist them, for they believe in Christ.

But we may be free of giving offense to *others*, and yet offend *ourselves*. Hence Jesus says: "if thy hand offend *thee*." A man depends upon his *hand* in all his works; that hand he relies upon, perhaps even to the forgetting of God. It becomes his trust, his idol. Or it may take liberties with the rights and privileges of others. *Cut it off*, then. That is, cease to rely upon it, restrain it. *Hand, foot and eye* are the nearest and dearest personal treasures. A man's right hand may denote his cunning, on which he depends, or his possessions. The *foot* may denote his swiftness in running to evil. His *eye* lusts after what it sees. Deny all these senses and organs, rather than let them offend against you and drag you down to hell. (See *Quarterly*).

Hell—gehenna, the valley of Hinnom, south-west of Jerusalem. Here it means the place of torment. *Worm* denotes memory and conscience, which never die, but reproach and torment the wicked forever. That inward fire is unquenchable.

Salt and fire are symbols of God's presence and purity. Fire *purifies*; God's Spirit cleanses the heart. Salt *preserves* from corruption; so God's grace in the heart preserves it from unholiness, and from final destruction.

 BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

A true Christian should have the innocence of a child, the courage of a man, the wisdom of a sage, and the heart of an angel.—*Augustus Lafontaine*.

The thoughts of good men are angelic whispers.—*Jean Paul*.

A good man carries the key of heaven in his heart.—*Lafontaine*.

God must be happy because He can forgive sinners.—*Jean Paul*.

LESSON XIII.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 25, 1882

RESPONSIVE READING.

Supt. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin and in his own house. (Mark 6: 4).

School. And He could there do no mighty work, save that He laid His hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them. (6: 5).

Supt. If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. (1 Cor. 15: 14).

Sch. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. (1 Cor. 15: 20).

Supt. And they did all eat, and were filled.

Sch. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.

Supt. When they saw Him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out.

Sch. Immediately He talked with them, and said unto them: Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.

Supt. There is nothing from without a man that, entering into him, can defile him.

Sch. Evil things come from within and defile the man.

Supt. The Lord is good to all.

Sch. He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

Supt. Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.

Sch. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.

Supt. Who say ye that I am?

Sch. Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.

Supt. Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.

Sch. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.

Supt. This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him.

Sch. And they saw no man any more, save Jesus only.

Supt. If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.

Sch. Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.

Supt. I dwell in the high and holy place.

Sch. With Him also who is of a contrite and humble spirit.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs." Acts 2: 22.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 26. What believest thou when thou sayest, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth?"

Ans. That the eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, (who of nothing made heaven and earth, with all that is in them, who likewise upholds and governs the same by His eternal counsel and providence), is for the sake of Christ His Son, my God and my Father; on whom I rely so entirely that I have no doubt He will provide me with all things necessary for soul and body; and further, that He will make whatever evils He sends upon me in this valley of tears turn out to my advantage; for He is able to do it, being almighty God, and willing, being a faithful Father.

Recite in concert the SUBJECT and GOLDEN TEXT of all the lessons.

CATECHISM, *Ques.* 14 to 26.

QUESTIONS.

Lesson 1. How many Apostles did Jesus send forth? What power did He give them?

2. Who first rose from the dead, to die no more? On what day?

3. How often did Jesus miraculously feed the multitudes?

4. Who walked upon the sea? What effect had this upon the Apostles?

5. Must we obey, the traditions of men, or God's word? What defiles a man?

6. What woman was so strong a believer in Jesus? What was done to a deaf stammerer?

7. With what is hypocrisy compared?

8. What confession did the Apostles make? Of what is it the basis?

9. What are the conditions of discipleship? Are you a true disciple?

10. What occurred on Mount Hermon? What did God's voice declare?

11. What miracle did Jesus work when He came down from the Mount? What did He say about faith?

12. Who is greatest in the Kingdom of Christ? With whom does God dwell? etc., etc.

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NO. 7.

LA SALLE AND TONTI.

The Hard Fate of Pioneer Explorers.

BY REV. CYRUS CORT.

In my former article I told of the settlement of the French colony around Fort St. Louis, in the fall of 1682, two hundred years ago, under the auspices of La Salle. Robert Cavalier, or La Salle, as he is known in history, was born at Rouen, of wealthy parentage, and was educated for the priesthood. He had fine mental and physical powers, and was of an enterprising and adventurous disposition. His large fortune was spent in exploring expeditions, and much of it lost through misplaced confidence in treacherous subordinates, and finally he was assassinated by some of them amid the wilds of Texas. In 1669 he built the first large vessel that ever navigated the upper Lakes, and sailed from Niagara Falls, where his vessel, the Griffin, had been built, to Mackinaw Straits. At the harbor of St. Ignace, it was loaded with a valuable cargo of furs, and started back to Niagara, but was never heard from again. La Salle believed that the crew had disposed of the cargo for their own benefit, and had then left the country. After dispatching the Griffin La Salle proceeded to the Illinois river, which he reached after great hardships.

On New Year's day, 1680, the explorers spent the day in camp, midway between La Vantum and Peoria. Father Hennepin preached, and Mass was said, but when he came to open the vessel that contained the wine for the holy Sacrament he was horrified to find it empty. The blacksmith (La Forge) had smuggled the contents on the way. For this sacrilegious act the indignant priest pronounced a curse against him

that was doubtless intended to involve him in the calamity that came upon the mythological father of the craft, old Vulcan himself, who was twice hurled out of heaven by the Olympian deities.

During the winter the priests gathered a supply of wild grapes, and put the juice in the communion cask. But, alas! when hot weather came, the wine soured, and when Father Gabriel sought to administer the Sacrament, at La Vantum, next summer, to Tonti, the three soldiers and their squaw wives, together with Chassagoc and the few surviving converts of Marquette who remained faithful to the ordinances of the Christian profession, he was greatly chagrined to find the wine unfit to be used in the miracle of Transubstantiation.

On the 3d of January, 1680, La Salle landed at the Indian village on the west bank of Peoria Lake. A fort was built, which, on account of the desertion of some of his men, and gloomy prospects in general, he called *Creve Cœur* (Broken Heart). Early in the spring La Salle returned to Canada for men and supplies. Soon after he left, most of his soldiers deserted and the fort had to be abandoned.

But there was one man of a different stamp, to whom, as Dr. Sparks says, history can never do justice. The discoveries and settlement of the great West were largely due to his self-sacrificing spirit. Henry de Tonti, the lieutenant of La Salle, was of noble Italian birth, and a man of the Christopher Columbus order. His ancestors had settled at Rouen, France, after taking part in an unsuccessful attempt at revolution in Italy. Tonti had a military education, and served five years as captain in the National Guards. In the Sicilian war his right hand was shot off, but it was replaced

with an iron one, covered with a glove, with which unruly Indians and other disorderly persons were frequently knocked down as if stricken by a thunderbolt. Hence he was supposed by some to possess supernatural power. On his way up the Illinois river La Salle discovered and examined Le Rocher, or the rock on which, two years later, Fort St. Louis was erected. He sent word back to Tonti to occupy it instead of Creve Cœur. Tonti, with three soldiers and Fathers Gabriel and Zenobe, placed the valuables of the fort in two canoes and returned to La Vantum. His force being too small to build or occupy the proposed fort, he accepted the hospitality of the Indians, and awaited the return of La Salle. Tonti applied himself earnestly to the task of learning the Indian language. The two priests preached regularly to the savages, and the two soldiers basked in the smiles of squaws, whom they promptly married.

At this time the Illinois Indians claimed all the country between the Wabash and Mississippi from Lake Michigan to the Ohio.

La Vantum was their greatest town, and had at times 8,000 inhabitants, and as many as 20 000 Indians were assembled in that vicinity on extraordinary festive occasions. The Iroquois, or Five Nations, from the Mohawk Valley, in Central and Western New York, and their allies, made raids upon the Illinois, and owing to their earlier use of firearms, obtained from the Dutch and French in New York and Canada, defeated the Illinois in many bloody battles, and carried away vast booty in the shape of furs, pelts, etc. In one of these raids the Iroquois captured 800 prisoners, mostly squaws and papooses, all of whom they burnt at their village on Lake Seneca. A few months after Tonti and his friends had come to La Vantum the Iroquois suddenly appeared in great force.

With great difficulty Tonti and his friends persuaded the Illinois Indians that they were not in league with the Iroquois, and barely escaped massacre in the excitement that ensued. The squaws, children and old men sought safety on a marshy island a few miles down the river.

Chassagoac, the head chief, and many

warriors, were absent at the time of the attack, and only 500 were on hand to defend the town. But these boldly marched out and fiercely assaulted the advancing Iroquois just as they were about to enter the timber along the river. At first the Iroquois were repulsed, but soon rallied, and a bloody battle ensued. At imminent risk, in the midst of the fight, Tonti vainly sought to mediate between the ferocious savages. Several times tomahawks were brandished over his head by bloodthirsty warriors. In the end, the Iroquois being superior in numbers and weapons, drove the Illinois Indians into La Vantum, which they burnt after killing most of its defenders. The poor women and children on the island were discovered and massacred in cold blood by the victorious Iroquois; many were tied to trees and burnt to death. Tonti and his five white friends were finally released and returned to Creve Cœur in a leaky canoe. On the way down they stopped to repair their canoe. While doing so Father Gabriel retired to the woods for prayer and meditation. There he was captured by two Indians and taken to their camp, where he was tortured by fire at the stake, and finally tomahawked. Thus perished the only heir of a wealthy Burgundian house, who had left riches and comforts of civilized society to preach the gospel to the savage heathen who became his murderers. Such has been the experience of countless other missionaries both in the old and the new world.

In midwinter La Salle, with twelve companions, returned from Canada. They were horrified to find the carcasses of the slaughtered Indians at the town and island, and anxiously sought Tonti and his little band, whom they were rejoiced to find at Peoria Lake.

In the early part of 1682 La Salle descended to the mouth of the Mississippi, and, having erected (April 9, 1682) a rude cross and pillar on the highest point of the adjacent land, took possession of the great river and valley in the name of Louis the XIV, king of France. It was on the strength of this transaction that France claimed possession from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains and built a line of forts along the Lakes and along the Ohio river.

Great Britain's resistance to this claim led to the fray between Washington and Jummonville, in West Pennsylvania, and finally to the loss of French dominion in America.

In the fall of 1682, as stated in the former article, La Salle erected Fort St. Louis, on Starved Rock. The Indian town, a few miles below, was restored, and 6,000 Illinois Indians occupied the scene of the horrible massacre of their kindred two years before.

Two years later La Salle left Tonti in command while he departed to France. The French court aided him in fitting out an expedition of three ships, with which he sailed to the Gulf of Mexico, to establish a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi. The project was a failure, and the daring explorer was assassinated by some of his own men while trying to get back to Fort St. Louis on the Illinois.

Tonti managed the colony well for eighteen years, acting honorably to whites and Indians alike.

Immense quantities of furs and pelts were sent East by way of Illinois river, across the Portage through Mud Lake into Chicago river, and thence over the great lakes to Canada, and articles for the Indian trade were brought back in return.

Two years after the building of Fort St. Louis (*i. e.* in 1684) the Iroquois Indians returned in great force. The Illinois Indians with their families fled down the river in canoes, or across the prairies on ponies. The French settlers collected inside the fort. Finding the town deserted, the Iroquois besieged the fort which Tonti held with fifty soldiers and a hundred Indian allies. For six days 2,000 Iroquois assailed the little garrison, firing from the adjacent cliffs, but with little effect. Tonti did not reply to their fusillade until, emboldened by their impunity, the savages massed their forces for an assault in the timber at the foot of the accessible side of the hill. When within close range, the cannon and musketry opened on the assailants so destructive a fire that the Iroquois fled in a panic and never again returned to the country of the Illinois.

In 1686 Tonti, at his own expense, descended the river to the Gulf of Mexico, with forty men in canoes, in

search of La Salle, but failed to find him. Again in 1689 he made a similar expedition, hoping to find a remnant of his followers, and to bring back the bones of his old commander. He made important discoveries, but did not find La Salle or his bones.

The devotion of Tonti to La Salle and his memory would indicate that La Salle was a more magnetic and less selfish and arbitrary man than some of our magazines have recently represented him. Like De Soto, he was maligned by those who envied his renown or who rebelled against his just authority, and were perhaps guilty of his death, when he was engaged in gigantic enterprises for the benefit of mankind.

In 1687 Tonti, with fifty French soldiers and two hundred Indian allies, went to Canada, and aided Gen. Denonville in a victorious campaign against the Iroquois Indians along the Mohawk, many of whose towns were destroyed. Tonti then returned to Fort St. Louis, taking along back a large body of emigrants from Canada, including many women, the wives and daughters of soldiers and traders at the Fort. A grand ball and dance at the Fort and a dog feast at La Vantum celebrated the return of Tonti and his Indian allies, with their much prized addition to the colony. An air of refinement now pervaded the colony. With great courage and address Tonti prevented a bloody war between the Illinois Indians and their Winnebago neighbors, in the fall of 1688, by proceeding across the prairies to their chief town, near the head of Rock river, and acting the part of mediator after the Winnebago war-dance had already begun. With twenty soldiers and twenty warriors he made the perilous trip.

On his return to Fort St. Louis Tonti was surprised and delighted to find Father Cavalier, a Jesuit priest and brother of La Salle, who with five companions, had worked their way up the Mississippi and Illinois rivers in a leaking canoe, after the assassination of La Salle, in Texas.

The unscrupulous priest was anxious to secure a large amount of pecuniary aid (4,000 livres) from Tonti, and deemed it expedient to conceal the death of his brother. Hence he represented La Salle

as in fine health and spirit, and his colony in prosperous condition, at the mouth of the Mississippi. The following year the fraud became known at Fort St. Louis, and Tonti made the second trip down the river, already referred to, in vain search for the bones of La Salle and the remnant of his colony.

For fifteen years after the death of La Salle the trade with the Illinois Indians was carried on by Tonti and his friend La Frost in Canada. In 1702 the Governor of Canada in an arbitrary and unjust way, by military force, took possession of Fort St. Louis and seized all the stock in trade. By this outrage Tonti was in a measure disgraced and beggared. His own private fortune and the rich results of many years of noble effort were ruthlessly confiscated. He bade farewell to his friends, and amid lamentations and weeping, of whites and Indians, he set out for the lower Mississippi, where he joined D' Iberville and assisted in establishing his colony. For sixteen years he remained in the South until sickness and Spanish invasion destroyed the colony. Broken down in health and expecting soon to die, he longed to return to the loved friends and scenes on the Illinois, that he might die where so long he had been honored and obeyed.

In the latter part of August, 1718, Tonti returned to Fort St. Louis in a canoe rowed by two Indians. He was so changed that his most intimate friends scarcely recognized him. The tall and graceful form was bent with disease, the piercing black eyes were dim, and his raven hair was white. He claimed that he was the rightful commander, and that La Motte was a usurper, and that he (Tonti) had come back to die. In a few days he took the Sacrament, and gazing upon a gold crucifix, he gave up the lofty spirit that long had made him a dauntless leader. He was buried on the river-bank close to the west end of Starved Rock. For many years French and Indian voyagers alike would land and show reverence to the hallowed spot where reposed the mortal remains of Tonti.

Things went badly after Tonti's unjust ejection from command. The officers and traders vied in defrauding the Indians and in corrupting their squaws.

Immorality and riotous living went hand in hand with fraud and speculation, until even the stolid savages could stand it no longer. Not many weeks after Tonti had breathed his last the garrison was surprised after a night of revelry and debauchery. Fort St. Louis was destroyed by indignant Indians, under the head chief Jero, from La Vantum; the colony was broken up. Some of the settlers returned to Canada, and others located at Peoria Lake, Cahokia, etc.

Thus it is and always shall be. Righteousness exalts nations, families and individuals, but sin is the reproach and ruin of all who indulge in it. Ingratitude, wrong and outrage have been the portion meted out to many of the world's benefactors, and especially to American discoverers, explorers and pioneers, from the days of the great Columbus down. And much of this wrong has been done under the garb of law in church and state.

But another article is needed to finish the tragic and romantic history of La Vantum and Starved Rock, where at length the powerful tribe or nation of Illinois Indians was exterminated in expiation of the assassination of the great Pontiac, whose name was once a terror from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. Before closing I must acknowledge my great indebtedness to the work of N. Matson on the "French and Indians of the Illinois River," in the preparation of these articles. The copy of his instructive and valuable book, presented to me by the author, seven years ago, I have re-read with special interest. As a help and inspiration to the proposed bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of the Great Mississippi Valley, the story deserves to be extensively circulated.

SUPPOSE the pastor, every few Sabbaths, should fail to appear in his pulpit at the hour of service, with no substitute and no notification of his absence, leaving the elders to hold some kind of a meeting or send the people away—how long could such a pastor retain his place? Teachers who stay away from their classes and make no provision for them, can work out the meaning of this paragraph.—*Westminster Teacher*.

THE RAIN CONGRESS.

(From the German of Chamisso.)*

BY THE EDITOR.

I cannot vouch for this, though 'tis no mystery,
I give it as I found it in a book ;
'Twas written in a Transylvanian history—

And thence I bodily the story took.
In Szekel once, about the time of reaping,
It rained so steadily, it seemed to look

As though the harvest's joy would change to weeping ;
As though the crops, upon the fields remaining,
Would soon be spoiled, and not deserve their keeping.

Then from the people rose a loud complaining ;
At once they called a congress to decide
What must be done to stop this ceaseless raining.

The delegates from all the country hied,
Prepared to give a just and true decision,
And by their ancient customs to abide.

The congress met, and by their laws' provision
Was duly opened in the good old way :
A speech was made upon the land's condition,

And then the marshal said: "Now speak, I pray,
If any one can offer a suggestion,
How we may save the crops from rain to-day!"

The subject seemed too heavy for digestion,
Until at last a hoary sage arose,
And said: "This is a most important question,

A serious matter, as your lordship knows ;
And as we here have met to save the nation,
I must, with all my might and main, oppose

All hasty and imprudent legislation.
Till Saturday—an early date I'll mention—
I move you to adjourn the convocation."

The resolution passed without dissension ;
The days passed by 'mid everlasting showers ;
And brooding on the subject, the convention

In old-time feasting spent the weary hours.
On Saturday the congress met again,
Surrounded by the self-same walls and towers,

Which witnessed still the dreadful, driving rain.

Then rose the mighty marshal of the nation,
And said, "My lords, you see the case is plain,

This is no time for idle hesitation ;
The country surely needs your best endeavor,
The ripest fruit of your deliberation.

The time has come for action—now or never !
Upon our harvests rests the deadly blight,
And still it rains, as though 'twould rain forever.

I pray you wait no longer—give us light !
Thou hoary sage, whose wondrous penetration,
Has served us well, I pray thee to indite,

In words expressive of determination,
A resolution that will grant relief!"
The sage responded to the invitation,

And said: "Full well I know the people's grief ;
Accept the counsel of an aged man ;
This is the action I propose, in brief :

"Resolved, That we will wait no longer than
A fortnight ; and if then it still is raining,
Why, *let it rain as long as e'er it can !*"

He said no more—the delegates retaining
A while their seats, all lost in silent wonder
To hear such wisdom ; then no more refrain-

ing,
Across the ancient hall there rolled, like thunder,
With one accord, the sounds of jubilation :
They knew full well the old man could not blunder.

The vote was taken then by acclamation ;
And now, the minutes say, they all agreed
It should become a law unto the nation.

The congress was concluded ; and, indeed,
There's many a one that led to conflicts gory
(Of which such full accounts we often read

With praise rehearsed in ancient song and story.)
Has done far less, I'm very sure, to render
A worthy tribute to its country's glory.

There was a feast: it was but right to tender
A banquet to the men who stopped the rain ;
For on their homeward way, with dazzling splendor

The sun burst forth, and dried the golden grain.

* NOTE.—Adalbert von Chamisso (born 1781—died 1838), was a French nobleman, who, with his parents, found a refuge in Germany during the Reign of Terror. He became a celebrated German poet, though it is said he never learned to speak the German language with fluency. The above poem is an example of his keen and kindly satire, directed, as it is, against a class of men who assume to be wiser than Providence, and thereby prove their own stupidity.

CATCHING WILD PIGEONS.

BY REV. ELI KELLER.

CHAPTER III.

The Execution.

"The great time for catching pigeons with the net," said Uncle Ned, "was in the fall of the year—during October, and even November. In spring time they came in large flocks, and by their coming announced that summer was near. They were hailed with shouts of—'Pigeons! Pigeons!' This greeting, as they passed, sounded loud and long, almost from every hill side, and echoed out from the valleys. Unless they were very hungry their flight was high, and their little eyes seemed to peer upward and onward, rather than downward. The work of the summer was before them, and so quickly did they come from the far south, that it was no strange thing to find in their craws grains of rice still undigested. Besides this, even when they did come to the ground, they were very shy, and 'hard to take.'

"Here and there in large woods they settled down and went to nest building. Indeed, it was surprising to see how soon these wanderers took to 'a settled life,' how speedily their simple nests were built, eggs laid and hatched, and even the young reared—two in each nest.

"In those days the wild pigeons were held in such respect, and even esteem, I may say, that they were rarely disturbed whilst raising their young. No special laws favored them, nor indeed were they in need of such protection.

"But in the fall of the year, when the young were even larger and of better parts than the old, was the grand time to take them with the net.

"Soon after the break of day and long before sunrise, we were out and ready for the fray. In the morning they were hungry, and it was at times no difficult task in a few hours to take even dozens of them. Up in that field, on the hill and right back of the corner of the woods was the place where our hut was usually found. From that spot we could look up and down the valley, a distance of many miles, and the pigeons seemed to take to it instinctively. Many a bright fall morning did we stand up there, mostly with uncovered heads, and

enjoy not only the refreshing air but the grand sight afforded us. These valleys were still shaded, and here and there along the springs and streamlets long and narrow belts of mist rose heavenward. Then the mighty sun as 'king of day' appeared crowned with majesty and glory. His bright, warm rays so speedily scattered the shades as well as the mist that not a trace of either could be found in the heavens.

"The process of catching was indeed very simple. When a coming flock was within a distance of several hundred yards, the 'fliers' were sent up. Then the stool-pigeon was 'played,'—at first as high as the stool allowed, then lower, and still lower, until the first coming pigeons were almost down to it. As soon as a flock was attracted, they lowered their heads, threw backward their wings and came in a graceful circle to alight. If they suspected danger they repeated the circles, and if they came near enough to the ground and were flying towards the spring of the net, the skilful catcher, for fear of their final escape, took them at times 'on the wing.'

"All being right, they came down thick and fast—one flock often attracting another. The catcher, as soon as the pigeons arrive on the 'bed,' drops the string of the stool-pigeon, lays both hands, with the bracing of his muscles, on the long rope, and with a mighty pull 'springs the net.' At this, 'all hands' rush forth and go to work. Every captured pigeon has the back part of its head quickly crushed in with the thumb—a little flutter, a quiver, and its pigeon life is gone. The beauty of it is, that in catching them thus scarcely a feather on their little backs is harmed. The bloodless butchery being done, the net is raised and re-set; the dead pigeons carried into the hut; the stray feathers carefully picked up; the fliers brought in. Very soon all is ready for another haul—big or little, as the case may be.

"Boys," said Uncle Ned, with a sigh, "did you ever see wild pigeons?" "Yes," said they, "we did once, in market. They were brought in from the far west, and sold at high figures." "Father said," added Jeff, "if he had known that they were as good yet, as they used to be long ago, he would have bought some, cost what they might."

"Ah!" continued Uncle Ned, "what beautiful birds they were. There were the red-breasted males, purple and copper colors, wonderfully blended. There, also, the pale-breasted female—white and gray, so modestly combined. Their dark gray backs, wings and tails, all alike; only that the young, being mixed with lighter colors, were beautifully dappled.

"Many a time did your father and I," said Uncle Ned, "carry heavy bundles of them down that hill and across the meadows. Mother always received us with a smile, and father with a hearty nod of approval. At our coming the whole household was aroused. Old dog 'Tray,' though somewhat shame-faced, wagged his tail in silent admiration as though he wished to say, 'Well, I declare that beats me all to pieces.'

"But, my young friends, this business had its shady as well as its sunny side. There were at times grievous disappointments as well as bitter provocations.

"Bright and far-reaching flocks came along. In the early rays of the morning sun their wings shone like silver and gold. Their grand movements sounded like streams of water rushing through the air. To bring them within reach we did all we could, but with no success. Not even a single head seemed to turn, as though in cold indifference or proud contempt they said, 'Watch, and wait, and tug and toil, but do it—in vain!'

"At another time, just at the moment when several hundred were on the descent, or even already on the 'bed' busied in eating, some mishap drove them all away—far more quickly than they had come. Some hunter in the near woods not knowing of our bright prospects, or if he did, not heeding, discharged his gun. The stool-pigeon hearing the sound of so many wings in the near air, as though made conscious of its sad captivity and treacherous work, set up a flutter as if for dear liberty. One of the fliers played the ruinous part; or, as was too often the case, a pesky hawk swooped down for prey, and tore the faithful but hapless stool-pigeon to pieces. Wo to that hawk if it chanced to be captured! When after long and careful preparations—after long and wistful outlook, hopes so bright and cheery, are dashed to the ground, where is the heart

that can at once quietly submit and bear it? The more trivial in itself the cause of disappointment, the sadder the effect.

"And yet, that 'shady side' is now easily overlooked. We cannot really lose what we have not in possession. Even the offered chances, at least for the time being, were sources of pleasure. Looking back upon my past life, as I love to do, all the scenes of my early days rise before me; and what at that time seemed grievous, now comes back laden with pleasure.

"Ah! I tell you, these hills and valleys were filled with happy sounds and happy hearts, long ago. You have your pleasures in the great city, and the days of your early childhood were no doubt bright and sunny; but my lot and your father's lot were not cast there. This home—this *old home*—is, *ever has been*, and *ever shall be near and dear to my heart!*"

At this, Uncle Ned looked around, and, holding his hip with his right hand, got up. "Ah!" said he, "I sat too long, and must now stir about."

With this, he walked away from under the willow-tree, where they had been sitting, towards the barn. As soon as Uncle Ned was gone Harry jumped up with a spring, and, standing before Jeff, said: "I tell you what it is: those old times I love! There is a freshness, a naturalness and an innocency in them—as in country life generally—which I much admire. City life has its advantages, but so, also, has life in this beautiful country. The solemn quiet, the open and far-reaching out-look; these beautiful hills and corresponding valleys—all have peculiar charms. It is more solemn and imposing to me than the Cathedral, with its own dim light and artistic singing with grandest organ accompaniment. Indeed, the city has nothing fully to compare with it."

Here, "with delighted eye

I gaze upon the mountains, and behold
With deep affection the pure ample sky,

And clouds along its blue abysses roll'd;
I love the song of waters, and I hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear."

To this, Jeff responded: "I love to hear Uncle Ned tell his stories of olden times; but country life is not the thing for me! Too cold, too quiet; and withal *painfully monotonous!* There is at

times amusement, I admit; but after all, the great and solemn anvil-song is, *Work! Work! Work!*"

"Tut, Tut!" replied Harry. "Work and wages go together; and if we hate and refuse the one, we cannot harbor the other. I see *whence our family came*—the pleasures and the pain amid which father grew up and grew strong. I shall ever hold him, as well as the manner of his early life, in honored and grateful remembrance."

Here the supper bell chimed out clear and strong from the kitchen. There was a rush from under the old willow, and Uncle Ned came slowly from the barn, followed by old "Nero" and some chickens.

BEGINNINGS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO. III.

The Genevan Reformation.

In the south-western corner of Switzerland, where the Rhone emerges from Lake Lemman, stands the ancient city of Geneva. Situated on both sides of the river, and within sight of the snow-clad summit of Mont Blanc, its location is unsurpassed in Europe. Here the peculiar civilization of France is brought into close contact with that of Germany; and Geneva is therefore especially well suited to be the center of a religious movement embracing many nations. It is here that we must look for the second great historical source of the Reformed church.

To understand the Genevan reformation it must be remembered that its earliest leaders were exiles from France. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the French had been regarded as far less under the influence of Rome than the people of Germany. Classical studies were prosecuted with great enthusiasm, and as the priests were generally opposed to secular learning, they were unsparingly lashed by all the authors in the land. The King's sister, Margaret, of Navarre, was herself a brilliant authoress, and took part in this general attack. Though she never formally accepted Protestantism, her works prove that she believed many of its

teachings; and the early French reformers found in her a constant and faithful friend. Many of the leading French ecclesiastics felt the necessity of a reformation, and sought in their own way to bring it about. Bricconnet, Bishop of Meaux, gathered around him such men as Farel, Lefevre, and other enthusiastic evangelical teachers, and sought to reform his diocese. In this way the cause of the Reformation and of the revival of letters were closely allied, and the foremost people of France sympathized with the Protestant movement. Even to this day many of the leading French families are Protestant, though the vast majority of the population belong to the Catholic Church.

Protestantism appeared to be working its way through all ranks of society, when suddenly it received a blow from an unexpected quarter. In 1521 the Sorbonne, the chief theological school of France, declared Luther a heretic, and the government consequently forbade Protestant worship under the severest penalties. Then there came a time of persecution. Farel, and most of the other reformers, fled for their lives, and some of them found a refuge in Geneva. The few who remained in France met in secret places, and subsequently organized congregations under the guise of literary societies, calling them by such fanciful titles as the Rose, the Lily, the Vine, or the Olive.

It is hardly too much to say that, under the providence of God the conversion of John Calvin saved the Reformed Church of France from utter ruin. Calvin was born July 10th, 1509, at Noyon, near Paris. His mother, whose maiden name was Francke (or Le Franc) is said to have been of German descent. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and gave him an excellent education. He studied successively at Paris and Bourges, and soon acquired a brilliant reputation. It was observed that he had no fondness for poetry, but his fellow-students declared him to be "all Logic and Latin." Sometimes, in the absence of one of the professors he was requested to teach his class, and every one wondered at his extraordinary ability.

At the request of his parents Calvin studied law, and soon became familiar

with the principles of that science. He was, however, especially attracted to the study of theology, and afterward said that he had studied law by day and theology at night. His legal studies had an immense effect in shaping his mind, and in subsequent years he proved himself a statesman of the highest order.

It was in the midst of a period of the deepest gloom that the infant church was electrified by the news that Calvin had been converted to the truth. He had been under the instruction of a celebrated German teacher Melchior Wolmar, who is believed to have been the first to teach him not only to read but to understand the word of God; but he always spoke of his conversion as sudden and wonderful, though he never related its particulars.

It could not be otherwise than that such a man should immediately become a leader in the cause which he had espoused. At Paris and elsewhere he secretly gathered the scattered believers and preached the word of God. Then he published a learned commentary on some of the writings of the heathen philosopher Seneca, which was intended to influence the king to treat the Protestants less harshly. Having resolved to publish one of his sermons he was compelled to flee, and found a temporary refuge at the court of Margaret of Navarre. He now began to write against the Anabaptists, in the hope of preventing the Reformation from running into fanatical extremes.

For about a year Calvin lived in retirement in Normandy, under the assumed name of Charles d'Epeville. During this period he is said to have preached to a select company, in a cave which was long afterwards called "the cave of Calvin." It is more certain that during this season of retirement he collected the materials for his great work to "The Institutes of the Christian Religion."

The latter work was first published anonymously in 1535; but the first edition bearing Calvin's name was printed in Basel in 1536. It is recognized even by its enemies as the greatest literary achievement of the sixteenth century. No other Reformer produced anything that was so complete in the systematic exposition of Christian doctrine. Strangely too though the author was hardly

twenty-five years old at the time of its composition he never afterwards altered a single one of his doctrinal positions. He added to it in every subsequent edition, but at the very beginning his system was complete, and he never afterwards found occasion to change it.

Calvin's "Institutes" are a development of the ruling principle of his thinking and of his life, which was, as he expressed it, the utter destruction of all human glory that God might be all in all. This principle, together with his strictly logical and literal interpretation of St. Paul's epistles, gave rise to his doctrine of predestination, which has been especially known as "Calvinism." It must, however, be remembered that on this subject there was no difference between him and the older Reformers. Luther and Zwingli would both in these days be called extreme predestinarians. They all acknowledged themselves disciples of St. Augustine.

With regard to the doctrine of the Lord's Supper Calvin believed that the believer receives the substance of the body and blood of Christ in the Sacrament, but he did not bind this effect to the visible elements, but rather believed it to be conveyed by the power of the Holy Ghost. This is in fact the view which, more fully developed, is found in the Heidelberg Catechism, and in all the other symbols of the Reformed Church. It is wrong to imagine that Calvin denied the real presence by regarding it as spiritual in its nature. It is the spiritual alone which is real and permanent; the material is always changeable and evanescent.

When Calvin returned to Paris after his season of retirement he found the affairs of the church in a very depressed condition. The King was persecuting the Protestants with fire and sword, and had burned at the stake seven men and women, among whom was one of Calvin's most intimate friends. The Protestants in retaliation secretly affixed doctrinal placards to the walls of public buildings, and one of them was even found fastened to the wall of the King's bed-chamber. It was deemed unsafe for Calvin to remain in France, and he consequently went first to Strasburg and then to Basel, hoping to devote his life to the quiet study of God's word. Next year (1536)

he came to Geneva. He had been on a visit to the pious Duchess of Ferrara, and only intended to remain a short time; but Farel, who had been principally instrumental in bringing Geneva to Protestantism insisted that he must assume the direction of the church. When Calvin declined this proposition, Farel, recognizing in him the man for the hour, exclaimed with a degree of earnestness like that of the ancient prophets: "I announce to you in the name of Almighty God that if you do not remain to assist me in the holy work to which I am called, He will dreadfully punish you for preferring your own pleasure to His service." Such an appeal was irresistible, and Calvin accepted the call.

Geneva was at this time in a dreadful condition. There had been a long struggle between the city and the Duke of Savoy, who had sought to deprive it of its independence. Berne and Fribourg had interfered in behalf of liberty, and thus Geneva had been brought into close alliance with German Switzerland. Farel and Viretus preached the Gospel with extraordinary effect, and on the 27th of August 1535 the council declared that the city had passed over to the Reformed Church. For some time Geneva was in a state of anarchy. Farel had gone to extremes, not only destroying pictures and images in the Churches, but even requiring the removal of organs. All who would not accept Protestantism were required to sell their property and leave the country. Among those who called themselves Protestants there were some who seemed to think that evangelical freedom must allow them to indulge in the wildest excesses. There was confusion everywhere. Farel felt himself unable to allay the storm, and was glad to become subordinate to a stronger man.

Calvin was called upon to build up a social order which had been utterly broken down. It was an immense work, but he proved himself equal to the occasion. In conjunction with the other pastors he preached powerfully against existing abuses, and sought to establish church-discipline, but for a time it seemed as though every effort in this direction must be in vain. The wickedness of the people became so great that Calvin and his co-adjutors refused to administer the Lord's Supper until there were signs of

moral improvement. They persisted in their refusal, though threatened with death, and finally Calvin and Farel left the city, saying, "It is better to obey God than man." Calvin remained two years in Strasburg, ministering to a congregation of fifteen hundred French refugees, and taking part in the general affairs of the Church. Here he married a widow, named Idelette de Bures. They had one son who died in infancy. Idelette was his faithful companion for nine years. Then she died, and her stern, hard, over-worked husband speaks of his intense grief in several letters which are still extant. He remained a widower to the end of his life.

The state of affairs in Geneva had grown worse and worse. At last there came a reaction. It was felt that the city had need of Calvin, and the council vainly urged the disciplinarian to return. At last, when the authorities of a number of Reformed cities had solicited him to come to the rescue, he returned, with the full understanding that his plans of discipline were to be carried out.

From this time to the end of his life no king in Europe exercised such power as did John Calvin. His salary was only 250 francs with a "plain house," which is still standing near the old church, and to this the council occasionally added a gift of cloth for a new coat. He cared nothing for money or display but soon bent everything to his iron will. He arranged the laws of the state, and Ancillon says that his "labors for civil law give him a higher title to renown than his theological works." His views with regard to the character and functions of the church were much higher than those of his contemporaries. The church he regarded as standing higher than the state, whose main object it is to aid her in the preservation of truth and order. "Man," he said, "cannot enter into life unless he be born of her womb, nourished at her breast, and kept under her fostering care." In accordance with these views he insisted on the independence of the church from the control of the state. It is to him that the Reformed church owes its classes, or presbyteries, and its consistories. He also was the first to define the four offices of the church-ministers of the land, teachers of theology, elders and deacons.

Thus in many ways, he influenced the organization of the Reformed Church. He had no trust in princes, and taught the Churches self-reliance and independence. As may well be supposed, this course did not remove the suspicion with which the defender of absolute government regarded the Swiss churches.

The discipline which Calvin introduced into the Church of Geneva was exceedingly strict and stern, and could hardly have been carried out in a larger state. Sometimes offences which are generally regarded as trifling were punished with extreme severity. The church, indeed, decreed no greater punishment than excommunication, but the government generally declared the excommunicated person deprived of all civil rights. When those who were disciplined by the church appealed to the state for redress, the punishment was apt to be increased, and sometimes even Calvin's intercession could not secure a milder sentence.

Though Calvin's discipline appears to have been extremely harsh, it was probably the only thing that was suited to the exigencies of the case. Its success was wonderful. Perfect order was established, and the city became exceedingly prosperous. Geneva became the most quiet and orderly city in Europe, and men of the most diverse religious views were unanimous in declaring their astonishment at the great change which Calvin's system had effected. By the power of church-discipline Calvin produced an effect which in these days would require a standing army and a multitude of police.

This close union of church and state sometimes led to great excesses. The most flagrant of them was the burning of Servetus for heresy. Servetus was a Spanish physician who had written a book against the Trinity in which he uttered the most dreadful blasphemies. He came to Geneva with the intention of leading a party known as the Libertines, in their opposition to the existing order. He was arrested, and after a long trial was condemned to be burnt at the stake. Calvin vainly interfered to have his punishment changed to decapitation. The indignation of the people was so intense that nothing short of the execution of the ancient law would satisfy them, and the dreadful decree

was carried out. On this subject we can only quote the words of the "American Cyclopædia:" "The execution was in accordance with the laws of all the European states of the time. Bullinger and Melancthon sanctioned the deed. It was the inherited spirit of the times, and not the power of Calvin that burnt Servetus. The penalty was cruel; it is indefensible; it was even at that time impolitic. Neither civil nor religious liberty was yet understood; still less was there any sharp distinction made between them. That analysis was the fruit of time, and of the seed which Calvin was then sowing in Geneva." It should also be remembered that in that period of convulsion such events were happening, among Catholics and Protestants, all over Europe. Even as late as 1601 the Protestant authorities of Saxony executed Dr. Nicholas Krell because he sought to introduce "the peculiar doctrines of Calvin."

After long discussions the churches of Zurich and Bern united with Geneva, in 1549, in a common confession of faith concerning the Lord's Supper. There were still many local differences, but the Swiss churches were practically united. Calvin's fame and influence now rapidly increased. He established a Theological institution at Geneva which opened with six hundred students. Theodore Beza, his ardent friend, biographer, and successor, was the first rector. Calvin taught theology, though he refused the title of professor, and the brightest young men of many nations gathered around him. The most celebrated of these was John Knox, who was afterwards mainly instrumental in founding and organizing the Presbyterian church of Scotland.

The amount of labor which Calvin performed at this period is almost incredible. Though he was in bad health, and, it was said, "looked like a ghost," he sometimes for long periods preached every day, taught theology, wrote books, and was actively engaged in directing the affairs of church and state. His correspondence was enormous. Cranmer sought his advice with reference to the organization of the Church of England. In Holland his letters made men strong to battle for their rights. Far away in Poland, Bohemia, and

Hungary his advice was sought in respect to the organization of the Churches. Among the Protestants of France his influence was almost unlimited, and even in Spain and Italy he secretly had many devoted adherents. Even in Germany his influence was extensive, but here his system was never fully received even by those who accepted his doctrine of the sacraments. It was said that "Calvin never slept," and it is true that "many a night he did not sleep, and many a day he had no time to look up to the light of the blessed sun." Utterly worn out he died in his fifty-fifth year, on the 27th of May 1564. His whole estate amounted to about 250 dollars, and at his own request no monument was erected over his grave.

It is difficult to form a just estimate of such a person as John Calvin. He is generally represented as a hard stern man, who disliked poetry and art, and had no room in his head for those tender affections which are the solace of life. * Yet Beza, who was a distinguished poet with a keen appreciation of everything that is beautiful and sweet, loved that stern, cold theologian with more than filial affection. Melancthon said of him "that he wished he could lay his weary head upon that faithful heart and die there." Farel, Virétus, Bullinger, and Bucer confessed that they were devotedly attached to him. Calvin was no doubt a fierce controversialist, but a person who enjoyed the affection of such men as these can hardly be regarded as cold and unimpressive.

Calvin was probably the most eminent man in the history of the Reformed Church, but he is in no sense to be regarded as its founder. He was at best the most prominent director of one of the chief currents which entered into its life. Its third great source will form the subject of our next article.

* As was to be expected, Calvin could not escape the tongue of slander; and his enemies repeated many calumnies concerning his private life, some of which are still occasionally brought forth from their hiding places. These stories are mostly derived from Bolsec, a personal enemy of Calvin who was banished from Geneva, and who after returning to the Roman Catholic Church, took a mean revenge by writing a book full of the most outrageous calumnies. These have often been refuted; and even Catholic historians—such as Masson, Dr. May, and Michelet—express their horror at the falsehoods of Bolsec.

MORNING HYMN OF ST. HILARIUS.

(From the Latin.)

BY REV. D. Y. HEISLER, A. M.

Oh! grand Dispenser of the light,
By whose unwonted ray serene,
Once past the weary hours of night,
Renewed, the day is rising seen.

Thou art the world's sweet Light divine—
Not he, that with the feeble ray
Of puny star doth faintly shine,
The harbinger of coming day.

But brilliant more than sun is He,
Himself the Light and perfect Day,
Our inmost souls, tho' dark they be,
He gladdens with His genial ray!

Be near us, Maker of all things—
The Brightness of paternal Light,
Whose grace constraining power brings,
Our persons yielding to its might.

Thus, with the blessed Spirit filled,
Within them bearing God, as shield,
In deeds of rapine quite unskilled,
To shameless frauds they cannot yield.

That, midst the world's accustomed ways
Which use to wasting fate doth give,
We, free from crime of every phase,
To Thine own laws intent may live!

The pureness of the mind doth cure
The fleshly lusts, supremely vile,
And chaste, as of a body pure,
Its shrine the Spirit keeps, the while.

This, of a praying soul the hope,
These are its wished-for gifts, so rare,
That unto us the dawn may be
A light unto night's coming care!

OLD SCOTCH SERVANTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" there are a number of curious incidents illustrative of the relations of masters and servants half a century ago. Even in the house of the nobility old and trusted servants in times gained so much influence that their masters never attempted to control them. In many instances the servant entered early into service, and spent many years with the same family rather in the character of a humble friend than in that of a subordinate. He had known the master of the house when he was a child, and could never

forget the same when he was the adviser of the youthful laird, helping him in his difficulties about his fishing, his rabbits, or his pony. The servant of forty, fifty, or more years, if he was jealous, cross, or interfering, might become a great trouble, but he was a privileged man. An old Mr. Erskine, of Dun, had one of these retainers under whose assumption and arrogance he had long groaned. On one occasion when they had a trifling difference the servant coolly gave his master the lie. Mr. Erskine was now quite angry and plainly told the old domestic that they must part. But the tried domestic of forty years, not dreaming of the possibility of his dismissal innocently asked, "Ay, sir; but whare ye gaun? I'm sure ye're aye best at hame," supposing that if there were any disruption it must be the master who would change his place.

A similar story is related of an old coachman long in the service of a noble lady, and who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last the lady fairly gave him notice to quit and told him he must go. The only satisfaction she got was the quiet answer: "Na, na, my lady; I druv ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial." Indeed, we have a still stronger assertion of official position in the answer of the servant who met an order to quit his master's service with the cool reply, "Na, na; I'm no gaugin'. If ye dinna ken when ye've a gude servant, I ken when I've a gude place."

These old domestics were accustomed to regard all the inmates of the family as committed to their care, and on public occasions were apt to assume a position of ludicrous importance. At a great dinner party at Airth Mrs. Murray of Abercarnie was among the guests, and the lady of the house noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant, Thomas, was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt spoon!" to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we lost a spoon." An old servant, who

took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drank wine with every lady at table but had overlooked one, jogged her memory with the question "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

An old domestic of this class gave a capital reason to his young master for being allowed to do as he liked: "Ye needna find fault wi' me, Maister Jeems; *I have been longer about the place than yersel.*"

The late Mr. Leslie, in describing an old servant who had been with him for thirty years, said, "The first ten years she was an excellent servant, the second ten she was a good mistress, and the last ten she was a perfect tyrant."

A number of amusing stories are related concerning mistakes caused by the too literal obedience of orders. Mr. Campbell, on leaving a country house where he had been visiting, told the servant to bring down everything out of his bedroom, and was surprised to find soon afterwards that all the furniture—fender, fire-irons, etc., had been carried down and piled at the front door. When the family moved to Edinburgh the same servant was told by his mistress to be very careful in showing visitors to the drawing-room, and no doubt said, according to the dialect of the place, "*Carry the ladies that call up staires*." On the arrival of the first visitors Donald was eager to show his strict attention to his mistress's orders. Two ladies came together, and Donald, seizing one in his arms, said to the other, "Wait there till I come for ye," and in spite of her struggles and remonstrances ushered the terrified visitor into the drawing-room in this unusual fashion.

Another case of literal obedience to orders produced a somewhat startling form of message. A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. Poole, of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning, to report the state of her health, how she had slept, etc., with strict injunctions always to add, "with her compliments." At length, one morning the girl brought this extraordinary message. "Miss S—'s compliments, and she died last night at eight o'clock."

A servant of Pitfour long known as "the father of the House of Commons,"

used to assume the direction of his master's movements in a manner that was very amusing. Knowing this, the celebrated Duchess of Gordon once wrote a note to the servant and said, "John, put Pitfour into the carriage on Tuesday, and bring him up to Gordon Castle to dinner." After sufficiently scratching his head, and considering what he should do, he showed the letter to Pitfour, who smiled, and said drily, "Well, John, I suppose we must go."

With all their snappishness these old servants were warmly attached to the families in which they had lived so long. Dr. Alexander tells a touching story about a servant who lived in the family of some of his relatives from childhood until she died at seventy-five years of age. When on her death-bed her aged master, who was just getting over a severe attack of gout, hobbled to her room with difficulty, to bid her farewell. Her last request was, "My lord, will you tell them to bury me where I'll lie across at your feet?"

The old servants have passed away, in Scotland as well as everywhere else. They were so faithful that their employers could well put up with their peculiarities. In these days, when the question of "help" makes so much trouble, there are no doubt thousands of families in Scotland that long for servants like those of the olden time.

POPULAR SAYINGS FROM POPE.

Shooting folly as it flies.
 Man never is, but always to be, blest.
 Lo, the poor Indian!
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
 All are but part of one stupendous whole.
 Whatever is, is right.
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Grows with his growth and strengthens with
 his strength.
 Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, etc.
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
 He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
 Order is Heaven's first law.
 Honor and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part—there all the honor lies.
 Worth makes the man,—the want of it the
 fellow.
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Look through nature up to nature's God.
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
 Guide, philosopher, and friend.
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
 Mistress of herself, though china fall.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
 A little learning is a dangerous thing.
 To err is human, to forgive divine.
 Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Damn with faint praise.
 Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.
 Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
 Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
 Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.
 And deal damnation round the land.
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
 The mockery of woe.
 Party is the madness of many for the gain of
 a few.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
 Come near, I would whisper it low—
 You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
 Don't be in a hurry to go.
 The great stirring world has inducements,
 There is many a gay, busy mart,
 But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
 Don't be in a hurry to start!

The farm is the safest and surest,
 The orchards are budding to-day;
 You're free as the air of the mountains,
 And monarch of all you survey;
 Better stay on the farm awhile longer,
 Though profits should come rather slow;
 Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
 Don't be in a hurry to go!

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
 Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
 Who sows a field or trains a flower
 Or plants a tree is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
 And God and man shall own his worth,
 Who toils to leave as his bequest
 An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late, to all that sow
 The time of harvest shall be given;
 The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
 If not on earth at last in heaven.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

A Lowell, Mass., firm recently sent a lot of bills West for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked, "Dead." Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked, "Still dead."

OUR CABINET.

THE PRAISES OF BUTTER.

We are sure our readers will greatly enjoy the following charming letter from one of our most honored contributors:

Mr. Editor, Some of your young readers seem to be fond of rhyme, and I send an article which may amuse them, written by Miss Blanche Nevin whom many of our old students will remember as the merry little girl who used to frolic with them on the college campus, now in Florence, Italy, working on a statue of General Muhlenberg, designed for the National Capitol at Washington.

On one occasion she, and a young lady who was quite a belle were making a visit to Miss Lane at Wheatland, the residence of Ex-President Buchanan. With his usual gallantry Mr. B. complimented them highly on their powers of attraction, but afterwards qualified it by saying "while they could fascinate gentlemen he didn't believe they could cook a dinner or make a pound of butter." Miss Blanche declared she could do both, and to convince him that it was as easy to make a churning of butter as to get into a gentleman's heart she would make one and send him. Accordingly when she came home she took the milk bucket and went into the cow yard, and after experimenting awhile to get the milk into the bucket (quite an art by the way, as under the operation of a tyro the milk is very apt to go every way but in the bucket) she accomplished it, milked the cow, strained the milk and set it to cream, skimmed it, scalded the churn, put in the cream, churned and worked the butter all with her own hand, and sent it to Mr. Buchanan with the following little *jeu d'esprit*:

My muse had better clip her wings,
It is a dairy-maid who sings,
A humble song of humble things;

Not of an interesting story,
Not of an ancient border foray,
Nor yet of man's or woman's glory.

I leave unto a mightier pen,
Such vaunting of their fellow-men,
But start not, haughty critic, when

My lips all unabashed shall utter,
Words which would put you in a flutter.
The theme I'm singing of is—butter.

There rises first before my sight,
The milk so foamy, frothy, white,
Fresh from the cow in bucket bright,

Which soon to yellow cream doth turn,
And then with dainty kind concern
We skim, and put it in the churn.

Cruchingly, munchingly,
Round it goes,
Throwing and tossing the cream in a flutter,
Splashing and dashing,
Each drop it throws,
And suddenly turning it all into butter.

O butter, butter! good and pure,
When nicely dipped and salted, you're
A special blessing I am sure,

For butter hath a luscious taste,
And at what table it is placed,
Improves the bread it hath embraced.

What wretch was he, with taste unstable
Who first suggested we were able
To drop it from the dinner table.*

Good gracious me! What won't men do,
To form some fashion that is new,
What won't men—what won't women too,

By people wise, I've heard it said,
E'en that "the staff of life is bread,"
Then butter is the golden head.

In humble gratitude I sing,
The pleasure it doth ever bring,
To almost every well cooked thing.

And whensoever you take your seat,
This butter which I send to eat,
I hope you'll find both good and sweet.

Dear Mr. Buchanan.
M. J. N.

*Mr. Buchanan disapproved of butter at the dinner table.

A WHIG WEDDING.

Dr. W. H. Egle is contributing to the *Harrisburg "Telegraph"* an interesting series of "Notes and Queries," full of curious information concerning "the olden time." A recent number contains the following patriotic notice of the marriage of William Clingan, Jr., to Jane, daughter of the Rev. John Roan, taken from Donlap's *Pennsylvania Packet* for June 17, 1778, then published in Lancaster during the occupation of Philadelphia by the British:

"Was married last Thursday (June 11, 1778,) Mr. William Clingan, jr., of Donegal, to Miss Jenny Roan, of Londonderry, both of this county of Lancaster—a sober, sensible, agreeable young couple, and very sincere whigs. This marriage promises as much happiness as the state of things in this, our sinful world will admit. This was truly a Whig wedding, as there were present many young gentlemen and ladies, and not one of the gentlemen but had been out when called on in the service of his country, and it was well known that the groom in particular had proved his heroism as well as Whigism, in several battles and skirmishes. After the marriage was ended, a motion was made and heartily agreed to by all present, that the young unmarried ladies should form themselves into an association by the name of the Whig Association of the Unmarried Young Ladies of America, in which they should pledge their honor that they would never give their hand in marriage to any gentleman until he had first proved himself a patriot, in readily turning out when called to defend his country from slavery, by a spirited and brave conduct, as they would not wish to be the mothers of a race of slaves and cowards."

THE COMMON PLANTAIN.

According to Du Chaillu in his "Land of the Midnight," the most widely distributed plant in the world is the Common Plantain (*plantago major*), which our Pennsylvania German people call "Säu-Ohre Blaetter." Du Chaillu found it flourishing equally well in Central Africa, almost directly under the equator, and at the northern extremity

of Europe. Perhaps, as Beecher once quaintly said of the Canada thistle, "if some one would find out how to put it to use, and would undertake its cultivation, an insect might be found that would bite it, and thus render it less abundant."

MORE RHYMELESS WORDS.

A friend reminds us that there is no rhyme in the English language to the word *chimney*. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," in which the list of rhymeless words originally appeared, had, however, already made the same suggestions; but in the April number some one reminds him of the following rhyme in Smith's "Rejected Addresses":

Thick calf, fat foot, and *slim knee*,
Mounted on roof and *chimney*."
Of course the rhyme is far-fetched, but still it is a rhyme.

Charles II, it is said once offered a prize to any one who could find a rhyme to "porringer." Some one claimed the reward on producing these lines:

"The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
So now your Majesty will see
I've found a rhyme to *porringer*."

A CURIOUS HYMN.

The following hymn was composed by Bishop John De Watteville and sung at the first "Moravian Home Mission Love Feast," held in Philadelphia, August 12th, 1749. It is worthy of preservation as it contains a list of all the Moravian churches at that time in existence in America; but it occurs to us that it must have been rather hard to sing.

Lämmlein! segne Du, auf unser Bitten,
Bethlehem, Naz'reth, Gnadenthal,
Christiansbrunn, Maguntsche, Gnaden-
hutzen, Philadelphia, Tonigal;
Heidelberg, Swatara, Tulpehocken,
York, Catores, Creuz-Creek, Oley,
Saucon,
Skippach, Friedrichstown, Warwick,
Friedrichs-Bergel, Muddy Creek.

Earlington, Cocalico, Lancaster,
Germantown, Quittopehill,

Muhlbach, Allemangel, New York,
Chester, Wallpack, Dansbr'y, Pawl-
inskill,
Meniolagomeka, Oztonwakin,
Ononadago, Wyomik, Shamokin,
Neskopek, Womphallobank,
Tiaogu, Quechquatank.

Sheckomeko, Wechquatnach, Pachgat-
göch, Hoogland, Schoharie, Canamek,
Skattikoke, Tetchka, Wanaquatkoch,
Canajoharie, Reinbeck,
Providence, New London, Newport,
Seabrook.
Boston, Long and Staten Island, Marks-
Hook,
Maurice River, Harbor Egg,
Wilmington, Racoon, Pennsneck.

Mosconick, Ridge, Shammony, Trappe,
Brunswick, Dov'r, Cohansy, Lewis-
town,
Pylsgrove, Morristown, Cape May,
Potomick, Canary, Sud Germantown,
Die Georgsch und Carolinsche Kannte,
Und Manakesy in Marylande,
Rappahannok, Theodore-Creek,
Friedrichstown, Canigotshick.

FORTUNES IN HOLLAND.

Who has not known families that were supposed to have claims to great estates in Holland? There was always a tradition that some remote ancestor had left property in the old country which had ever since been accumulating at compound interest, and now amounts to many millions. All this money, it was believed was in the hands of the King of Holland who, it was taken for granted was always ready to pay the cash to the fortunate claimant who could prove descent from the original emigrant. Sometimes a young lawyer, whose time hung heavy on his hands, undertook to investigate one of these claims, and succeeded in collecting enough money from the claimants to pay the expenses of a trip to Europe; but there was always a hitch somewhere. The records were defective, or the identity of the original settler could not be proved, and so the matter was continued from year to year without leading to any definite conclusion.

It would not be too much to say that the King of Holland and all his relatives have not money enough to pay even a

comparatively small portion of these stupendous American claims. Indeed, it is said the King has very little more money than is necessary to meet the necessary expenses of his establishment. Some years ago he invested his surplus cash in a line of steamships which has not proved a success, and the necessities of the government have been so great that he had to put up with a comparatively small income. It is even said that the wages of his servants depend on the admission fees which are paid by travelers who desire to see the royal palace. It is not likely that if great unclaimed estates were in his hands they would soon be "covered" into the royal treasury?

Consul Eckstein, of Amsterdam, has done all in his power to enlighten Americans with reference to these deceptive Dutch claims. He now reports that his efforts in this direction have been very successful. In a recent letter he says:

"Certain organizations at home and their agents abroad, who, by wilful misrepresentations, have kept this matter alive for so many years, appear now to find their business less productive than formerly, as their dupes have been enlightened and their delusions dispelled. Letters on this subject are now rarely received at this consulate, but a year ago there was hardly a mail which did not bring a number of them. It is to be hoped that no American citizens will, in the future, waste time or money, in anticipation of recovering any old Dutch claims, concerning which they have already allowed themselves to be imposed upon too long."

AN HONEST TRAMP.

Constantine R—was undeniably a tramp. We always thought he must have belonged to a prominent family in Germany which on account of his weak mind and general helplessness, had sent him to America. Every year he received a remittance of several hundred dollars but though he was not intemperate he generally managed to get rid of it in a week or two. Once, he told us, he had drawn his money in beautiful new greenbacks, and had arranged them in his prayer-book with the ends sticking out, when suddenly some one pulled

the book out of his hand and disappeared before he could give an alarm. When his money was spent Constantine was ready to start on his travels. In regular succession he visited nearly all the ministers in Eastern Pennsylvania, and under a variety of most transparent pretexts, generally succeeded in getting a small contribution. Several times he abruptly entered our study with a package in his hand, and said: "I want to send some garden seeds to Germany and need fifteen cents for postage." There was something so peremptory in his manner that the money was sure to be forthcoming. At last his applications became so frequent as to be an annoyance, and we hit upon a plan of getting rid of him. When he next applied for his usual contribution of fifteen cents we said: "No, I will not *give* you any money, but I will *lend* you fifty cents. You can repay it when you get your remittance from Germany." We knew his habits so well that we felt assured he would never have fifty cents when he was traveling, and that he would therefore no longer annoy us with his visits. He hesitated for some time about taking the money. It was too much, he said; more than he was in the habit of receiving from a single person; and possibly when he next visited our town he would not be in a position to repay it. We assured him that this did not matter at all, and that, for all we cared, the loan might remain unpaid. For a while it seemed as though our ruse had been successful. We saw no more of Constantine, but several years afterwards we were surprised to receive a letter from him, written at the Berks County Poor House, and enclosing fifty cents. "I am drawing near my end," he said, "and will be glad to go; but I feel that I cannot die happy without paying you the enclosed fifty cents." Poor fellow! No doubt he resisted many temptations to spend the money, even hiding it when he found himself compelled to go to the Poor House until he found an opportunity of sending it to us in a letter. We wish we had regularly given the old tramp his usual contribution, rather than thus to trouble his simple soul. Still, the occurrence had a tendency to raise our estimates of human nature. Constantine was poor,

shiftless, weak-minded, but he was at any rate an honest man, and him we know, the poet calls "the noblest work of God."

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

He was an upright business man. In his heart he believed the religion of Christ to be true. But he was very busy, and when Sunday came he was thoroughly tired. He had become interested, too, in his Sunday paper; so he gradually dropped off going to church. His wife went regularly, and sometimes the children. One morning, just after his wife had set out, he was comfortably seated reading the money article, when he heard his boys talking in the next room. Said eight-year-old Willie, "When you grow up, shall you go to church as mother does, or stay at home like father?" "I shall do neither," said the older one decidedly. "When I'm a man, I shall have my horses, and be on the road Sundays, and enjoy myself." The newspaper suddenly lost its attraction. Between the father and it there came a picture of his boys associating with loose men, and drifting into godless, reckless life; and of himself looking on in his old age as the fruit of his self-indulgence. Five minutes after, he was rapidly walking toward the church. When the service was over, his wife, coming down the aisle, saw him waiting at the door. There was a questioning, glad surprise in her eyes; but he only remarked that he had taken a walk, and thought he would join her on the way home. Next Sunday, however, the whole family were in their pew, and all the rest of the day there was a kind of peace about the house that reminded him of his boyhood days in his father's home. And who will say that he was the less fitted for another week of business life by this share in the services of God's house, instead of "staying at home all Sunday to rest?"—*S. S. Times.*

A short race, a rough pilgrimage, a dangerous voyage, a fierce combat, a hard day's work; and then a glorious prize, a happy end, a good home, a complete victory, and an eternal reward: fear not, the end crowns the whole.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

JUMBO AT HOME.

Most boys and girls have heard of Jumbo, the big elephant that was recently brought from England to America, and many have, no doubt, seen him marching solemnly through the streets at the head of his procession. Poor fellow! It must be a great change from his former life, to have to trudge along dusty streets, and to take part in a show which, one should think, must be very much below his dignity. No doubt he would be glad to be once more in London.

When Jumbo was at home he lived in a large park, with many trees and plenty of water. He had a fine house in which there was a great deal of hay, which Jumbo regarded as the "staff of life." On the right dwelt the giraffes, or camelopards, seven in number; a stupid family who stood in the yard, gazing vacantly at visitors, because the roof of their house was not high enough to allow them to stretch their necks. On the other side lived the hippopotami, who had been Jumbo's near neighbors while they were in Africa. They were not inclined to be sociable; but perhaps this was because they knew themselves to be hideously ugly. It was their habit to spend a great part of the time in the water, with only their noses sticking out, so that nobody could see them. Jumbo did not like the hippopotami, and we do not wonder at it. When folks are selfish and surly they must not expect to gain the friendship of their neighbors.

One day we paid Jumbo a visit. It was warm weather, and the old fellow was taking his daily bath in a huge tank, just behind his house, while another elephant, called "Alice," was quietly carrying a load of little children around the park. The air was full of

strange sounds. Near at hand monkeys chattered and parrots screamed, while in the distance was heard the growling of wild beasts waiting for their meat. Jumbo cared nothing for the noise. He was in the water and was evidently determined to have a good time. The water reached to his breast, but sometimes he lay down and let it cover him; then he rose, shook himself, and sounded a trumpet note of joy. Soon he grew so hilarious that a large crowd of people gathered around to watch his curious antics. Jumbo watched his chance, and when they had come as near as possible, he suddenly squirted a great deal of water over them, so that many folks were wet to the skin. You ought to have seen the people run. Did Jumbo laugh? Well! we cannot exactly say that we heard him laugh, but he "trumpeted" loudly, and that was, no doubt his way of expressing his amusement.

The crowd now formed a circle so far away that Jumbo could not reach them, and he, therefore, at once undertook to give a shower-bath to the giraffes. The creatures had not sense enough to get out of the way, but stood still while he shot stream after stream into their faces. No doubt he had done the same thing often, and perhaps the keepers considered it the best way of washing the silly boobies; but at any rate there they stood until Jumbo grew tired of the sport. Then he walked up an inclined plane out of the water, entered his house, and began to eat his dinner.

Jumbo was a great favorite in London, and the children were especially sorry to see him go away. They were told that he was beginning to show a bad disposition, and that a journey was necessary for his health. It is said that his present owner has promised finally to return him to his old home in London.

I. H. D.

UNSELFISHNESS.

In one of his lectures on painting, Ruskin is diverted into a beautiful eulogy on Turner. Readers of Ruskin are aware, that upon almost every page of his eulogy, an eloquent criticism, or an indignant defence of Turner may be found; and in whatever else the great artist may have been unfortunate, it was certainly his good fortune to have had so brave and fearless a knight as the great prose-poet to set lance in rest for him. It is not the painter's marvellous skill in drawing, his wealth of color, nor his fidelity to nature, which enlists Ruskin's championship in the passage to which I refer. Somebody had spoken of the coarse and parsimonious qualities which it is admitted were as much Turner's defects, as his genius was a glory and a wonder.

To prove that he was maligned, Mr. Ruskin tells that in 1825 a splendid landscape of Turner's was on exhibition on the walls of the Royal Academy.

It was hung between two delicately beautiful portraits by Lawrence. Its wealth of vivid and intense color "killed" its neighbors. They looked dull and lifeless beside it; and great was the grief of the artist who had painted them, and saw them paled and quenched. A day or two after, a friend of Turner's who had been expatiating on the beauty of his picture, led a number of people up to see it. The change in its appearance struck him with consternation. The golden sky was dull and dark. The picture had become tame and ineffective.

"What have you done to it?" he said, rushing to Turner.

"Only washed it with lamp-black; that will all come off again. Poor Lawrence felt so badly I could not bear it."

That act was an exemplification of the Gospel spirit, "In honor preferring one another." The man who was capable of it was very noble.

Many people obtain credit for being generous, because they are lavish of what costs them nothing. They give liberally, not having to deny themselves a pleasure or curtail an enjoyment in order to do so. They deal sweet smiles here and there and are considered ami-

able, when their lives are smoothed from every roughness, and no friction jars their homes or disturbs their tempers. To be truly unselfish, one must accept the example of the Lord, of whom it is written that "he pleased not himself."

Sir William Napier, who met a poor little girl crying over a broken pitcher, and having no change, promised to meet her the next day on the same spot and give her sixpence to buy a new one,—and who kept his word, though to do so he had to forego the pleasure of dining with some dear friend,—has been cited as an example of very lofty truthfulness. As between the invitation to meet the noble and distinguished friends, and the engagement to comfort a forlorn child the great statesman and soldier did not hesitate a moment. Of course he kept his appointment with the little one, not merely because he was truthful, as every gentleman is, but because he was a Christian, and bound therefore, to be unselfish.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE STRONGEST FORTRESS.

When Frederick III of the Palatinate, who is called "the Father of the Heidelberg Catechism," was asked by his courtiers, why he did not build fortresses like other rulers, he replied: The Lord is our fortress! We have faithful subjects, kind neighbors, and in case of necessity, we have soldiers who will relieve the enemy not only with carnal weapons, but with earnest prayer. Let us not make flesh our arm."

THE PEASANT CHILD.

A queen once brought the child of a peasant to a royal banquet. She placed the child on a chair at her side, so that it could see the whole company, as she was desirous of hearing what the child would say when it beheld all this splendor. The little one looked for a while silently at the magnificent banquet and the grandly attired guests, and then folded its little hands and began to pray:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My glory is, my precious dress;
These well arranged, I will not fear
When in Christ's presence I appear."

From the German.

THIRD QUARTER. July—September.

LESSON I.

4th Sunday after Trinity.

July 2, 1882.

A LESSON ON HOME. MARK 10: 1-16.

Commit to memory verses 13-14.

1. And he arose from thence, and cometh into the coasts of Judea, by the farther side of Jordan: and the people resort unto him again; and, as he was wont, he taught them again.

2. And the Pharisees came to him, and asked him, Is it lawful for a man to put away *his* wife? tempting him.

3. And he answered and said unto them, What did Moses command you?

4. And they said, Moses suffered to write a bill of divorcement, and to put *her* away.

5. And Jesus answered and said unto them, For the hardness of your heart, he wrote you this precept:

6. But from the beginning of the creation, God made them male and female.

7. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife;

8. And they twain shall be one flesh: so then they are no more twain, but one flesh.

9. What therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

10. And in the house his disciples asked him again of the same matter.

11. And he saith unto them, Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her.

12. And if a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery.

13. And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

14. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

15. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

16. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

OUTLINE: { 1. CHRIST'S LAW CONCERNING MARRIAGE. Vs. 1-12.
2. JESUS RECEIVES LITTLE CHILDREN. Vs. 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT: "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." PSALM 101: 2.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 2. *Put away wife*—as though his property. 3. Jesus refers them to their Law. (See Deuteronomy 24: 1). 4. *A bill of divorcement*—a writing that she was no longer a wife. 5. *Hardness of heart*—rebellion against God's ordinances. 6-9. The first law of marriage forbids divorce; marriage is *indissoluble*. 10-12. Divorce leads to the breaking of the 7th Commandment. *Adultery* alone justifies divorce. (See Matt. 5: 33.)

Verse 13. *Children*—infants. (See Luke 18: 15). 14-16. Babes are accepted by Jesus into His Covenant. "Of such is the kingdom."

CATECHISM.

Ques. 27. What dost thou mean by the Providence of God?

Ans. The Almighty and everywhere present power of God; whereby, as it were by His hand, He upholds and governs heaven, earth and all

creatures; so that herbs and grass, rain and drought, fruitful and barren years, meat and drink, health and sickness, riches and poverty; yea all things come not by chance, but by His fatherly hand.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 1. What place did Jesus leave? Whither did He come? Who came to Him? What did He do?

2. What question did the Pharisees ask? Do men still ask it?

3. To what Law did Jesus refer them?

4-5. Why did Moses *tolerate* divorce? Did he *institute* it? Or *approve* of it?

6-9. Who instituted marriage? Are husband and wife one? Is it right to put them asunder? Are human laws always *just*?

10-12. Is it lawful to have more than one wife or husband? What alone justifies a divorce? (See Matt. 5: 32).

13-15. What did the parents wish Jesus to do to their babes? Who opposed them? What did Jesus say? Who must become like babes? Are infants to be received into the Kingdom of God?

16. What did Jesus do? Are infants to be baptized?

HYMN FOR THE LESSON: "I think when I read that sweet story of old."

LESSON I. July 2, 1882.

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

CHRIST'S LAW CONCERNING MARRIAGE.
Vs. 1-12.

The subject for to-day is *Home*. We are all interested in home-life. It may be good or bad; it may be made better or worse. A true family-life is one of the greatest of all blessings. As is the home, such are the parents, and such are the children.

True family-life depends on *two* things: 1st, the true union of one man with one woman—that is, the sanctity of marriage; 2d, the proper rearing of the children. The prevalence of divorce is an evil that ought to be checked; and the neglect of religious training of children by parents ought to be remedied.

VERSE 1. *He arose from thence*—that is, from Galilee. Our Lord now took a final farewell of His own country. This was a solemn period in His ministry. Luke describes it in 9:51: When the time was come that he should be received up, *He steadfastly set His face to go up to Jerusalem*. He was going to offer Himself as a ransom for sinners.

2-4 On the way the people gathered around Him, and He taught them. The Sower ever scattered the seed. But the enemy was there to pluck it up. The Pharisees were on hand to try to ensnare Him. They were divided amongst themselves on the subject of *divorce*. (See Quarterly).

They now refer the matter to Jesus, thinking He would join issue with one or the other party. *Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife?* This is an ever-recurring question. It is well that it was asked of the Master, who has given us the true answer.

In Deut. 24:1 Moses gives a man permission to dismiss his wife by giving her a bill of divorce. This was not the *origin* of divorce; it had long prevailed. Nor was it the *sanction*, or *approval*, of it; but it was rather a *regulation forbidding its abuse*—a prohibition of arbitrarily dismissing a wife. So we regard the law of slavery, revenge, etc.

In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus forbade all divorce, except for the sin of adultery. (Matt. 5:32).

5. *For the hardness of your heart*, etc.; this shows that Moses did not ap-

prove of the permission, but was forced to yield to the cruel practices of the people of a rude age.

6. Christ carries the question back to the origin of marriage, and the law of the *Creator*. This law is for *all nations, in all times*; and all deviations are owing to the hardness of men's hearts.

Difficulty of obtaining divorce would make necessary *greater care in the selection* of a wife or husband. This union should not be entered into lightly, for "it involves *all* the happiness of this life, and *much* of that which is to come."

7-9. God having instituted marriage, and given the law regulating it, no inferior power can modify it, or annul it. The decrees of the Supreme Court cannot be reversed by inferior courts. All who profess the religion of Christ are bound by His law concerning divorce, no matter what earthly laws may allow. That which is *lawful, may not be right, just and ratified in heaven*.

10-12. *To His disciples* in private Jesus explained His teachings more fully on the subject. They felt the *strictness* of the law; and He insists upon that very strictness. What Moses allowed to the ancients, Jesus does not permit in the Christian dispensation. And without the letter of this law, *His Spirit* impels Christians to its observance. *Love, purity, and union unto death*—on these rest the stability and happiness of family-life.

II. JESUS RECEIVES LITTLE CHILDREN. Vs 13-16.

13. The mothers were encouraged to do so by the treatment which woman ever received at the hands of Jesus. He raised her to an equality with man—or rather *restored* her to that equality which she had originally enjoyed. His teachings concerning the wrongs of divorce were also an encouragement to the parents, and they brought their children. Luke says they were *infants*.

This has been the practice of the Church. Christian parents have ever since followed the good example.

Christ was pleased with the act of the mothers; but the disciples *rebuked* them. They may have thought it would be an *interruption*, or that it was *unnecessary* to pronounce a blessing upon those who were too young to exercise faith. So

some people reason to-day against bringing children to Christ in Baptism.

14. How different was the conduct of Jesus from that of His disciples. *Suffer the little children to come*, etc. The very watchword of Christianity. *Of such*—that is, of children, and of child-like souls.

15. The adult must exercise the trust, simplicity and docility of a child in order to enter Christ's Kingdom. This Kingdom is *spiritual*, and consists of all who have certain dispositions of *spirit*.

16. Jesus did more than touch them. Let us have a large measure of faith, when we bring children to Him.

HANG ON LIKE A BEAVER.

When our Tom was six years old, he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed Master Tommy on the top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm the team went pretty briskly down a steep hill. When Tommy entered the house his mother said:

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting so swiftly down Crow Hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly; "I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tom! Let his words teach the life-lesson in all troubles, pray and hang on like a beaver; by which I mean that while you ask God to help you, you must help yourself with all your might.—*S. S. World*.

LORD SHAFTESBURY is known wherever the English language is spoken, as the representative philanthropic nobleman of England. He is equally at home at an assemblage of a Washerwomen's Benevolent Association or at a meeting for the evangelization of the South African savages. His kindness of heart is often publicly recognized. "I am very glad indeed to meet you, my Lord," said Mr. Spurgeon to him at a large meeting the other night; "and I have one request to make of your Lordship. It is that your Lordship will be good enough to keep out of heaven as long as it may be personally convenient for you to do so."

No man can succeed in all his undertakings, and it would not be well for him to do so. Things easily acquired go easily. It is by the struggle it costs to obtain that we learn to rightly estimate the value.

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.—"I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at the village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and your behaviour, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparingly and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and the bed be dressed for the traveler, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake, and love, honor, and courtesy flow into all deeds"—*Emerson*

WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.

A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two, there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for strong drink; in twelve, there was frequent bleeding of the nose; ten had disturbed sleep; and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, with but little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were restored. Now, this is no "old grandmother's story," as these facts are given under the authority of the British Medical Journal.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON II.

July 9, 1882.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN. MARK 10: 17-31.

Commit to memory verse 21.

17. And when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?

18. And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? *there is none good, but one, that is God.*

19. Thou knowest the commandments. Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honour thy father and mother.

20. And he answered and said unto him, Master, all these have I observed from my youth.

21. Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me.

22. And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved: for he had great possessions.

23. And Jesus looked round about, and saith unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!

24. And the disciples were astonished at his words.

But Jesus answereth again, and saith unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!

25. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

26. And they were astonished out of measure, saying among themselves, Who then can be saved?

27. And Jesus looking upon them, saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible.

28. Then Peter began to say unto him, Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.

29. And Jesus answered and said, Verily, I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's,

30. But he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come, eternal life.

31. But many *that are first* shall be last; and the last first.

OUTLINE: { 1. CHRIST AND YOUNG MEN. Vs. 17-25.
2. THE GREAT QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER. Vs. 26-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“One thing thou lackest.” V. 21.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 17. *One*, a young man, of great wealth, (see Matt, 19: 22), and a *ruler*, (Luke 18: 18). *What shall I do?* A great question. 19-20. The picture of a good young man. 21. *Jesus loved him*, and all who keep the commandments. *One thing lacking*: charitable help to God's poor. *Sell—give*—the greatest of all is charity. *Follow Me*, who became poor for others. 22. *Grieved*—the cross was rejected. 23. *Hardly*—difficult. 24. *Trust in riches; having riches* is a hindrance; but *trusting* in them is a greater. 25. *Camel—eye of needle*, a proverb.

26. Another great question is: *who can be saved?* *All things possible with God*, for He can change the heart. 28. *Left all, &c.* Entire consecration. 29-31. The reward of self-denial and following Christ.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 28. What advantage is it to us to know that God has created, and by His providence doth still uphold all things?

Ans. That we may be patient in adversity, thankful in prosperity; and that in all things

which may hereafter befall us, we place our firm trust in our faithful God and Father, that nothing shall separate us from His love; since all creatures are so in His hand, that without His will they cannot so much as move.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 17. What question did the young man ask? Is it an important one?

19. What answer did Jesus give?

20. What did the young man reply?

21. With what feeling did Jesus regard him? What new command did he give him?

22. What effect had these words?

23. Who find it hard to enter God's King-

dom? Is there a danger in striving after riches? Why? To what does the heart cling?

26. What question did the Apostles ask? Can God save the poor and the rich? (v. 27.)

28. What had the disciples left? For whose sake?

30. What shall be their reward? What question did the jailor ask? (Read Acts 19: 30-34).

LESSON HYMN: “Jesus, I my Cross have taken.”

LESSON II. July 9, 1882.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

I. CHRIST AND YOUNG MEN. Vs. 17-22.

This young man illustrates the truth of Christ's words, that he who would be truly saved and raised to a higher life, must be ready to give up all.

He was of irreproachable moral character, amid all the temptations of *youth*, and of *wealth*. Notwithstanding all that he possessed of morality and riches, however, he was restless; his heart craved eternal life. Unlike most of the "rulers," to which class he belonged, he had faith in Jesus to such an extent as to go to Him for instruction on the most vital subjects

His *running* indicates his *earnestness*, and his kneeling shows his *reverence* for Jesus. *Good Master* is the title which he gave Him. *What shall I do?* What great work of righteousness, in order that I may attain such eminent virtue as Thou possessest? He is in search of *eternal life*, a true life hereafter.

This certainly includes the idea of immortality beyond the grave. Jesus at once turns the youth's attention from the life to the *Giver* of it. Who is good, but God only? Thou callest me good. Believest thou that I am God? Christ's words are not a denial of His Divinity, but a repudiation of the idea that He is only a "good rabbi." He strove to lead the man to acknowledge His Divine nature.

19. *Thou knowest the commandments*, says the Lord, and thereupon enumerates some of the leading ones. "Christ sends the proud to the *Law*, and invites the humble to the *Gospel*."

20. *All these have I observed from my youth*, but this does not satisfy my cravings. They are negative commands—*forbiddings*. What shall I do? I still feel a craving of something higher, fuller.

21. It is not strange that *Jesus loved him*. He who leads an innocent life is dear to God. To mere innocence and freedom from overt sins there is, however, always *one thing lacking*. "All these things," which thou hast kept, are good and right; but there is "one thing" of greater value still; not only to inherit eternal life, but to attain to a

true manhood. Go and sell all and give to the poor. That will be an heroic act—a great work that can spring only from a heart worthy of eternal life. If thou hast love enough to make such a sacrifice, then is thy heart already in possession of life eternal.

Now the giving up of his wealth would not have *purchased* eternal life; but if his heart were so full of love to God and man as to lead to such sacrifice, he would thereby prove himself a *possessor* of that life, whose very essence and work is *love*. Self would be overcome, and all would be consecrated to God—life, talents, influence, wealth.

Follow me, as the Apostles have done, giving up their all, as I gave up all and became poor. But the man *was sad at that saying and went away grieved*. He, like almost all men, still clung chiefly to the earthly possessions. *He went away*; and what did he lose! His name is not even remembered. Had he followed Christ, he would, no doubt, be a well-known disciple.

23. Riches, in themselves, are not an evil, perhaps; but they are likely to receive the possessor's *love*; and such love is a root of all kinds of evil. And we poor, who struggle to *acquire* riches, may set our love so upon wealth, as to make it our god, and in the end forfeit eternal life, and go away sad. "The curtain drops on him with his face turned toward the world, and his back to heaven."

"4. The *astonishment* of the disciples is that which we all feel to-day, when we meditate upon this saying of Christ. Who of us has not felt perplexed. Jesus explains that *trusting* in riches is particularly dangerous; for it steals the heart from better things. The proverb in v. 25 illustrates the hindrances of wealth.

II. THE GREAT QUESTION ANSWERED. *Who can be saved?* It is an ever-recurring question. The answer is: *With men it is impossible*. Only the example of Christ, His teachings, and His Spirit, can wean us from the love of riches, and from trusting in them, so as to permit us earnestly to seek eternal life from God. It is possible for God to save rich and poor, by moving the heart to seek spiritual treasures.

28. *Peter began to say*, etc. The

Apostles had literally complied with the law of self-denial. Theirs was no idle boast.

29-30. Nor should any such go unrewarded. See the richness of the reward, the goodness of God! *An hundredfold*. Not a hundred houses, mothers, etc.; but a nobleness and richness of nature, of mind and heart, of *personal worth*, an hundred times greater than abundance of gold and silver. Any man might be a millionaire, and still mean-spirited, narrow-minded, unloving, dishonest. But a generous nature—is it not God's greatest handiwork?

Such a being can endure *persecutions*, if need be. What he truly has, cannot be taken from him. And eternal life is already begun in him.

31. *First shall be last*, etc. Judas, for example. *Last shall be first*—the poor disciples, who became princes in the everlasting Kingdom of Christ, whose praise is in all the earth and heaven.

MORMON wagons took sunflowers along with them on their way to Utah, and Iowa farmers have a hard time fighting the pest. A single Scotch thistle planted in Victoria—the Scotchmen there had a congratulatory dinner over it twenty years ago—has covered tens of thousands of acres and been the destruction of farms. The scattered grain emptied from the bags of German troops in the Revolution knocked millions off of the value of our grain crop for all time to come by bringing the Hessian fly. A careless man set out a French grape cutting in California a few years ago with phylloxera on it, and the pest is now sprinkled along the Pacific Coast, creeping inland. Its ravages in France have cost \$400,000,000. A man with a taste for peppery greens planted water cress in New Zealand, and the little plant has spread so that the local Legislature has to appropriate a round sum yearly to improve the water cress out of existence and the water courses. A kindly misguided man brought over to New York a basketful of sparrows, not twenty years ago, and the little wretches have already driven half our song birds into the woods. In South Australia the same thing was done, and the birds are clearing out the fruit crop. They will

be here some day. Natural selection is occasionally wiser in finding a place for men and animals than men.

MANNERS.

I have seen good manners defined as "the art of making those around us easy." Good manners do not consist merely in a conformation to the laws of etiquette; if they did a clown might be a perfect gentleman and still be a clown. Respect for God, for yourself, and for your fellow man is indispensable to good manners.

As a result of this respect your language must be pure and free from all taint of untruth, your bearing toward your fellow man kind and considerate, no matter what his station in life; and none of your actions should be such as to bring reproach upon yourself. The old maxim reads, "manners make the man;" but we think man makes the manners.

Let us say to the person who is ill-tempered, profane, selfish, or low minded, that just as sure as "murder will out" so sure your true condition will be discovered, though you may for a time deceive by your assumed gentility. Do not affect to be what you are not, this is despicable in any one. If you wish to appear well, be natural; but take care that you work your thoughts and desires up to a proper degree of excellence.

If I were advising one as to how he might become mannerly, I should say: first study your own character and strive to strengthen it where it is weak, and then it will be time for you to study the laws of social etiquette. A man's conversation is the glass through which we are able to see his mind, therefore he should avoid all coarse expressions and slang. I have seen a young lady who used slang compared to the beautiful young woman in that ancient fairy tale, from whose mouth, whenever she opened it, dropped toads and frogs. Had we known her we should probably have judged that her head was occupied by a miniature frog pond.—*Our Home*.

That man cannot be upright before God, who is unjust in his dealings with men.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON III.

July 16, 1882.

SUFFERING AND SERVICE.—MARK 10: 32-45.

Commit to memory Verses 44-45.

32. And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before them; and they were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid. And he took again the twelve, and began to tell them what things should happen unto him.

33. *Saying*, Behold we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be delivered unto the chief priests, and unto the scribes; and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles:

34. And they shall mock him, and shall scourge him, and shall spit upon him, and shall kill him; and on the third day he shall rise again

35. And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, come unto him, saying, Master, we would that thou shouldst do for us whatsoever we shall desire.

36. And he said unto them, What would ye that I should do for you?

37. They said unto him, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory.

38. But Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask: can ye drink of the cup that I have drank

of? and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?

39. And they said unto him, We can. And Jesus said unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized:

40. But to sit on my right hand and on my left hand is not mine to give; but *it shall be given to them* for whom it is prepared.

41. And when the ten heard *it*, they began to be much displeased with James and John.

42. But Jesus called them to *him*, and saith unto them, Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and these great ones exercise authority upon them.

43. But so shall it not be among you; but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister:

44. **And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all.**

45. **For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.**

OUTLINE: { 1. THE MASTER'S CUP OF SUFFERING, Vs. 32-34.
2. THE AMBITIOUS REQUEST, Vs. 35-40.
3. THE TRUE SERVICE, Vs. 41-45.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." vs. 45.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 32-34. *Going up to Jerusalem*; to be crucified. *Amazed*,—because He was going to meet death. *What things should happen?* they are foretold in verses 33 and 34; and took place ten or twelve days after. 35-40. *Whatsoever desire*; an ambitious request. *On Thy right hand*—the place of honor. *The cup*—the baptism: the sufferings and trials of Christ. *Ye shall*—James was the first one of the twelve that was put to death (Acts 12: 2). *For whom it is prepared*—on the condition of their fidelity and labors. 41-45. *Displeased*; ambition causes ill-will, and is a troubler. *Exercise lordship*—domineer, tyrannize. *Not so among you*—earthly greatness and power is no pattern of true Christian greatness. *Minister*—servant. *Servant*—bondm

CATECHISM.

Ques. 29: Why is the Son of God called Jesus, that is a Saviour?

Ans. Because He saveth us, and delivereth us from our sins; and likewise, because we ought not to seek, neither can we find salvation in any other.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 32. Whither was Jesus going? Why were His followers amazed? To whom did He tell what was to happen?

33-34. Of what did He forewarn them again? Were His words fulfilled in every particular?

35-37. What request did James and John make? By whose mouth did they make it? (see Matt. 20: 20).

38-40. Did they know what was included in their request? What is meant by *cup* and *baptism*? Of what cup did James drink?

(Acts 12: 2). What trials did John endure? (Rev. 1: 9).

41. What effect had the request on the Ten?

42. Does true greatness consist in *domineering* over others? Does it show itself in *helping* others?

43-44. What does *minister* signify? *Servant*.

45. Who was lowliest of all? Who is greatest of all? For what did He give His life? Ought we to help others? Are we doing so?

LESSON HYMN.—"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone?"

LESSON III. July 16, 1882.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

I. THE MASTER'S CUP OF SUFFERING.
Vs. 32-34.

32. The time is at hand when the Master must go up to Jerusalem to offer Himself as a ransom for many, and He resolutely sets out on His journey. The people of Judea had often threatened His life before; now He would permit them to carry this threat into execution. At this the disciples were *amazed and afraid*. For the *third* time He now tells of His approaching sacrifice.

33-34. *The Son of Man shall be delivered*, etc. The *Jews* delivered Him out of malice, accused, persecuted and stigmatized Him; the *Gentiles*, out of ignorance, condemned and executed Him. Thus the whole race, in some sort, showed its hostility and impiety.

Jesus foretold the manner of proceedings, going into minute particulars, and concluding with the assurance that on *the third day He shall rise again*.

II. THE AMBITIOUS REQUEST. Vs. 35-40.

In Matthew 20:20 we learn that James and John made their request by the mouth of their mother, Salome. Being very closely related to their Virgin Mary, she may have felt that her sons should have the first claim to the honors of Christ's Kingdom. She was greatly mistaken as to the nature of His kingdom. Nearness to Christ *then*, meant danger and death; she thought of honor and advantage. A few weeks later she saw two other men on His right and left. Surely she could not wish James and John to occupy those positions on Calvary.

To the honor of Salome be it said, she remained true to Jesus when He suffered on the cross.

36. *What would ye? Grant us to sit*, etc. Truly they knew not what they asked. It was not their lot to sit in ease and honor, but to be cast out and persecuted for the Master's sake. *Can ye drink of the Lord's cup? Can ye lay down your lives, if need be, for the truth? Can ye endure a baptism of blood?*

They answered honestly, *we can*. This was the language of assurance; and it was no idle boast. James early underwent *the baptism of blood*, when he was

beheaded with the sword. (Acts 12:1.) John was a martyr in will, if not in act; for he was "on the isle of Patmos for the word of God." (See Revelation 1:9). Jesus had foretold this: "Ye shall be baptized with my baptism." (V. 39).

40. *It is not mine to give*—not as a personal favor, or because of earthly relationship. *For whom it is prepared*. Exaltation on earth is often given as a mere caprice by one man to another; not so in the Spiritual Kingdom. Here all is according to fitness, and earnest labor.

41. *The ten were displeased*. Ambition is always a troubler. Self-seeking injures the Church. The spirit of rivalry is contrary to the best interests of the Kingdom of Christ. "Let the same mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

III. THE TRUE SERVICE. Vs. 42-45.

Jesus called His disciples to Himself, and laid down the rule of a true service, and of the rewards that should be given His servants. Those that are looked upon as great in this world are its *rulers*; in the next world, *faithful servants* will be most highly exalted. Amongst the *gentiles* lordship, or tyranny, is exercised. Amongst Christians, loving help is the true badge of discipleship.

43-44. *Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister*, that is, servant. The word minister here does not mean an office-bearer in the Church, as now. Let the *chiefest*, or foremost, be *servant of all*—that is, bond-servant, or slave.

45. *The example of Christ* is the law for Christians. Read Philippians 2:5. Jesus declares, (1) that *His coming was voluntary*; (2) *His death was intentional*; (3) that His death ransomed many, or saved those who believe in Him.

PRACTICAL LESSONS.

1. "The rewards of Christ's Kingdom are never bestowed upon those who seek them in a *selfish* spirit."

2. *Self-sacrifice* is the Christian ideal, not *self-seeking*.

3. This teaching and the example of Jesus ought to inspire every one of us to be *unselfish*, to *labor* for others, and thus to be worthy of being called followers of Christ.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON IV.

July 23, 1882.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.—MARK 10: 46-52.

Commit to memory verses 51-52.

46. And they came to Jericho: and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples, and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sat by the highway side begging.

47. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.

48. And many charged him that he should hold his peace; but he cried the more a great deal, *Thou son of David, have mercy on me.*

49. And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to

be called: and they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee.

50. And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus.

51. And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight.

52. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE CRY. Vs. 46-48.
2. THE CALL. Vs. 49-50. "
3. THE CURE. Vs. 51-52.

GOLDEN TEXT: "The eyes of the blind shall be opened." Isaiah 35: 5.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 46. Jericho, 15 miles north-east of Jerusalem. *By the way side begging*, as beggars often do in the east. 47. *He heard*, and *faith* came by hearing. *Jesus of Nazareth*, the name by which the people commonly called Him. Bartimeus gave Him this *Messianic title*, "Son of David;" thus he confessed Him as the Saviour. *Have mercy*, his earnest cry. 49. *Called*; Jesus answered the blind man's cry: "He calleth thee." 50. *His garment*, the loose, outer one. 51. *What wilt thou?* Jesus knew, but wanted the man to make his wishes known. An encouragement to pray. 52. *Thy faith saved thee*; because it led him to call on Jesus at the right time. *Followed Jesus*, out of gratitude.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 30. Do such, then, believe in Jesus the only Saviour, who seek their salvation and happiness of saints, of themselves, or anywhere else?

Ans. They do not; for though they boast of Him in words, yet in deeds they deny Jesus, the only Deliverer and Saviour: for one of these two things must be true, that either Jesus is not a complete Saviour, or that they, who by a true faith receive this Saviour, must find in Him all things necessary to their salvation.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 46. Near what city was Bartimeus? What ailed him? What was he doing?

47. What did he hear? What was his cry? What title did he give Jesus? Did he believe that Jesus was the Messiah or Saviour?

48. What did the people charge him to do? Did he obey them?

49. What did Jesus command? Does He call all the blind and poor? Of whom is Bartimeus a type? Is the sinner blind? Is he poor? Of whom does he beg in vain?

50. Did he obey the Divine call? To whom did he hasten?

51. What did he say he wished? Did he believe Jesus could give it? Was that strong faith? How was it rewarded?

52. What saved him? Does faith lead men to pray? Is prayer answered? What did Bartimeus do? Why? Are you following Him?

LESSON HYMN: "Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes."

LESSON IV. July 23, 1882.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

I. THE CRY. Vs. 46-48.

Jericho was situated in the valley of the Jordan, opposite the point where Joshua crossed the river when he entered the holy land. It was about 15 miles northeast of Jerusalem.

They came to Jericho; it was our Lord's only visit to the place, and we read of but one who availed himself of the privilege of calling for help—the well-known Bartimeus, blind, poor, and a beggar.

Mark says the miracle was wrought as they *departed from Jericho*; Luke, as they *came near*. Literally translated, *when they were near*, either coming or going. There was an old and a new Jericho; as they would leave one, they would approach the other.

Matthew informs us that there was another blind man with Bartimeus, (20: 29). Misery loves company.

The other was silent, and hence Mark does not mention him. He, however, was healed because he was with the right company.

47. *When he heard that it was Jesus*, he at once cried for help, thus improving the present opportunity. He was told of Jesus of *Nazareth*; his faith recognized the Messiah in the form of the humble Prophet, and he cried: *Thou Son of David*—the common Jewish appellation of the expected Messiah.

His one plea is *mercy*. Show Thy mercy, and I shall obtain all that I need. Thus a beggar has taught us how to pray; and his petition has been embodied in the Litany of the Church.

48. *Perseverance* in prayer is taught us by this cry of Bartimeus.

I. THE CALL. Vs. 49-50.

When man cries, God hears. *Jesus stood still*, and listened to the cry of the humble. Then He *called* him to His presence; but made use of His followers in so doing. He has commanded His people to call the world to Christ. And the message of every ministering servant to the sick and sinful is: *Be of good comfort, rise; Jesus calleth thee*.

50. The blind man must also *do* something before he could receive sight: he must believe and obey to such an extent

as to *rise*, and *come* to Jesus. This he did, hastily casting his outer garment from him, and running. He saw, not *before* he went, but *after* he had gone.

51. *What wilt thou?* Jesus catechizes him first. Why do men go to Jesus? What is their *object*, and what their *motive*? What is He able to do?

III. THE CURE. Vs. 51-52.

Bartimeus answered: *Lord, that I may receive my sight!* *Lord* is the translation of Rabboni, that is, "my Master," as in John 20: 16. When a man makes that acknowledgment of Christ, he is no longer blind of heart, at least. If only the spiritually-blind were as anxious to be cured, as those who are deprived of bodily sight! Had all Israel but known that there was a veil over hearts, preventing them from seeing "any form or comeliness" in Jesus! He would have given them the light of truth.

52. Our Lord often attributed the healing power to *faith*: *thy faith hath made thee whole*. Faith makes man a *willing recipient* of salvation; unbelief *repels* God's gifts.

Gratitude for his great deliverance made Bartimeus follow Jesus. And when "the eyes of our understanding are opened," we follow without a command. The soul finds delight in being with Christ.

A QUEER SUPERINTENDENT.

Rev. Mr. Roberts, the pastor of a church in a Western city, was greatly troubled by a Sunday-school Superintendent who made too many speeches. One Monday morning, he met a clerical friend, Dr. Summerfield, when the latter exclaimed: "Why, Brother Roberts, you look bluer than blue Monday! What is the matter?"

"Why, brother," answered Roberts; I am in great perplexity about my Sunday-school. I wonder if you can help me! Could you recommend to me an intelligent Christian deaf-mute? I want him as a superintendent."

"No, I can't," replied the doctor. "If I could find such a one, I should want him for my own school."

Harper.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON V.

July 30, 1882.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY. MARK 11: 1-11.

Commit to memory verses 9 and 10.

1. And when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage, and Bethany, at the mount of Olives, he sendeth forth two of his disciples,

2. And saith unto them, Go your way into the village over against you: and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him, and bring him.

3. And if any man say unto you, Why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him hither.

4. And they went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without, in a place where two ways met; and they loose him.

5. And certain of them that stood there said unto them, What do ye, loosing the colt?

6. And they said unto them even as Jesus had commanded: and they let them go.

7. And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast garments on him; and he sat upon him.

8. And many spread their garments in the way: and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them in the way.

9. And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

10. Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.

11. And Jesus entered into Jerusalem, and into the temple: and when he had looked round about upon all things, and now the even tide was come, he went out unto Bethany, with the twelve.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE MESSIANIC KING.
2. HIS KINGDOM.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King cometh unto thee." Zech. 9: 9.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 1. Came nigh, about two miles from Jerusalem. *2.* An ass, a peaceful animal. Never man sat; animals which had never yet worked, were used for sacred purposes (see Num. 13: 23. Deut. 21: 3. Especially, 1 Sam. 6: 7-8). *7.* Cast their garments, as was done only for Kings. *9.* Went before * * followed: a responsive chorus. Hosanna—save now, give salvation. He that cometh, etc., the Messiah, the King. *10.* The Kingdom—it is welcomed, along with the King. In the highest—may our hosanna be ratified in heaven. *11.* Into the temple; read Mal. 3: 1-3. Looked round, quietly inspected it. All this on the first day of Passion Week.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 31. Why is He called CHRIST, that is, Anointed?

Ans. Because He is ordained of God the Father, and anointed with the Holy Ghost, to be our chief PROPHET and TEACHER; who has fully revealed to us the secret counsel and will of God concerning our redemption; and to be our only high PRIEST, who,

by the one sacrifice of His body, has redeemed us, and makes continual intercession with the Father for us; and also to be our KING who governs us by His word and Spirit, and who defends and preserves us in the enjoyment of that salvation He has purchased for us.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 1. On what day did the triumphal entry take place? Do you know what two He sent?

2. Is the ass used in war, or in time of peace? Does the coming of Christ and His Kingdom bring peace or war? What is He called in Isaiah 9: 6? For what purpose were unworked beasts used?

3. Is it probable that the owner was a secret disciple? "Has the Lord need of" us and our possessions?

4-6. Were Jesus' words literally fulfilled? Is He a true Prophet?

7-8. For what persons only was such homage shown? Is Jesus a King?

9. Did the multitude confess Jesus as the promised KING? With what shout did they welcome Him?

10. Did they welcome the Kingdom also? Did they understand its real nature? Were they thinking of an earthly Kingdom? Where is Christ's spiritual Kingdom? (See Luke 17: 21). On what day was it fully set up? (See Acts 2: 1-4).

LESSON HYMN: "Ride on, ride on in majesty."

LESSON V. July 30, 1882.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

I. THE MESSIANIC KING.

Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem was foretold by Zechariah, (9 : 9), more than 600 years before the event took place : " Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion ; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem : behold thy King cometh unto thee ; He is just, and having salvation ; lowly, and riding upon an ass."

Jesus so ordered all the events of the triumphal entry as to fulfil this prophecy ; and the multitude did rejoice greatly, and shouted hosanna.

1. Our Lord had been in the house of Mary and Martha in Bethany ; and on the first day of Passion Week He made His *public, royal* visit to Jerusalem. He had often before gone up to the temple as a humble worshipper ; but now He goes *to be* worshipped as the Messiah and King. The homage which was due Him was joyfully given and accepted. What a day of rejoicing was that first Palm Sunday ! The KING of peace had come at last !

2. But this triumphal entry had also another and deeper meaning. The *Lamb* of God was going up to the temple to offer Himself as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. He made this visit on the very day when the passover lambs were taken to the temple for the feast. The true Lamb was at last to be offered. Our King is also our PRIEST, and our passover. (See 1 Cor. 5 : 7).

3. He went up, lastly, to spend a few days "*teaching* in the temple the things that shall come to pass." In His discourses during the passion week He appears as the great PROPHET. He is our Prophet, Priest and King. (See Catechism Lesson).

II. THE MESSIANIC KINGDOM.

The *manner* in which Jesus went up

to Jerusalem on Palm Sunday showed the nature of His Kingdom. He did not ride upon a war-horse, or in a glittering chariot, but on a peaceful, lowly beast. He came as " the Prince of Peace." It was prophesied of the King : " He is lowly, and seated upon an ass."

Again, there was but little outward splendor in this procession. Jesus ever sought to impress upon the people that His Kingdom was *spiritual*, not temporal and earthly. " The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation, (or show), but is within you." Again, it " is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Romans 14 : 17).

This Kingdom was set up on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit descended upon the disciples.

In the evening Jesus entered into the temple, and looked round about upon all things, and inspected them. The Lord thus suddenly came to His temple, as the prophet foretold. (Mal. 3 : 1).

Lessons: 1. The palm entry was a type of what is ever taking place in Christian lands. Men must express their joy because of Christ's coming 1800 years ago. He is ever present in His Church, and goes up through the earth constantly in the spread of His Kingdom. His disciples still greet Him with anthems, and cast down their homage before Him—some casting down their wealth, and good works ; and others form choirs to chant His praise.

"Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all."

2. Every Sunday, and especially every great Church festival, is a kind of Palm Sunday for us, when the King moves before us in the worship of His house.

3. There are also special seasons and events in history, when hosannas should be sung to Christ. At certain times the King goes forth in apparently greater might and majesty, as in times of revival and reformation. Then let the multitudes cry hosanna, and cast down their offerings before Him.

The Guardian.

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NO. 8.

JOHN KANT.

(From the German of Gustav Schwab.*)

BY THE EDITOR.

The Categorical Imperative, I grant,
Was discovered by Immanuel Kant;
But, better still, the way to draw
The hearts of men by that mighty law
Was discovered, I ween, by old John Kant,
And the world accords him praises scant.

Theological doctor in Cracow town,
He wore long hair and a rusty gown;
'Twas thus, as a teacher, he took his seat,
Or wandered about in cold and heat;
A soul that deemed temptation pain,
Enduring evil the greatest gain.

When Kant grew old he longed to stand
Once more on the soil of his native land;
So he filled his purse and rode away,
To visit his friends in Silesia.

In somber garments, a heavy load,
Through Poland's forests he onward rode;
But his spirit was full of inner light,
And he heeded not the gathering night,
For the Word of God, with its golden ray,
Had driven the shades of night away.

He lost his way in a dark ravine;
But he journeyed onward, with mind serene.
A troop of horsemen was drawing near,
And nearer still; but he did not hear
The sound of hoofs upon the sod.
His spirit was still alone with God.

Then suddenly the narrow glen
Was filled with a troop of savage men.
They pressed upon him with all their might,
Their sabres flashed in the moon's pale light.
How Kant alighted he hardly knew.
'Twas a dreadful moment; what could he do?
He offered the brigands, before he was told,
His purse, well filled with silver and gold;

*Gustav Schwab was born in Stuttgart, June 19th, 1792. He was from 1817 to 1837 Professor of Ancient Literature in the Gymnasium of his native city, and subsequently became pastor of St. Leonard's Church, and Church Councillor. He died Nov. 4th, 1850.

Schwab was a true Suabian by name and nature. His numerous ballads are characterized by purity, kindness and religious fervor. He wrote a "Life of Schiller," and a "History of German Prose."

He gave them a chain that was counted good,
The ring from his finger, the badge from his hood,

And placed in the leader's brawny grasp
His precious missal, with silver clasp.

With saddle and bridle he saw them lead
Away to the forest his weary steed;
For his life he did not think to pray
Until he had given all away.

The bearded leader held him tight
And shook him then with all his might.
"Did you give us all?" he cried, with a curse,

"Or have you somewhere a hidden purse?"
In his agony the Doctor swore:

"I have given all! I have nothing more!"
Then they thrust him forth, and the Doctor's steed

Could never have run with his master's speed.
But, half-unconscious, as in a dream,
While he gathered his robe, he felt a seam
That was thicker and harder than all the rest.
'Twas there he had hidden a little nest
Of gold, to serve, as people say,
To keep him dry on a rainy day.

For a single moment his heart grew light.
"You may rest," he thought, "from this dreadful night.

You may visit your friends, and take your ease,

And return to Poland when you please!"

'Twas but a moment the thought could live;
Then he heard the holy Imperative.

"Lie not! O Kant, thou art a liar!"

Deep in his soul it burned like fire.

Away in an instant his visions fly,
He can only think of his shameful lie;
And, urged by conscience, with swiftest pace,
He hastens back to the dreadful place.

The horses were grazing in the woods,
The robbers sharing their stolen goods,
When, entering with hasty tread,
Kant stood among them and humbly said:

"I am a liar! but hear my plea.
I was sorely frightened. Pardon me!"
From his garment he tore away the seam,
And the robbers saw in his palm the gleam
Of a little handful of hoarded gold,
As a wave of moonlight across it rolled.
"Oh! take it! take it!" he humbly cried.
"All this is yours! I lied! I lied!"

Not a hand was extended, and not a word
Was from the lips of the robbers heard.

They tried to laugh; but scalding tears
 Filled up the eyes that were dry for years.
 In an instant their hearts grew sensitive—
 Then they felt the holy imperative—
 And deep in their souls, like a thunder-peal,
 They heard the commandment "Thou shalt
 not steal!"
 Then they fell on their knees in heartfelt
 prayer,
 And all was silent, for God was there.

Behold them now, that robber band.
 One puts a purse in the old man's hand;
 Another brings back his golden chain.
 The horse from the forest is brought again;
 And the precious prize which the leader took
 Is kissed and returned—'tis the sacred Book.
 To his seat in the saddle the eager band
 Then lifted him up with willing hand,
 And Kant could hardly leave the woods
 Without bearing with him stolen goods.
 From his horse he gave them his blessing
 then:
 "God bless you and make you better men."
 But as he departed he humbly sighed,
 "You steal, poor fellows, and I—lied."
 When at last he emerged from the forest
 drear,
 His gloom had departed, his mind was clear;
 The sky was red with the morning bright,
 And the weary pilgrim's heart grew light,
 As he prayed: "O Lord, Thy will be done,"
 And rode away by the rising sun.

—*Reprinted from the Independent.*

THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

BY LEWIS H. STEINER.

To contribute to the elevation, intellectually and morally, of four-millions of people who are suffering from the effects of many years of enslavement, and to fit them by instruction in industrial pursuits to secure their own support and advancement in civilization,—these may be said to be the general objects of the school, established some fourteen years ago at Hampton, Va., and known as the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. As the career of this institute has been curiously successful, almost phenomenal in an age when failures in extensive undertakings have been somewhat numerous, I propose to devote this article to some account of its nature and methods.

During the war of the Rebellion many thousand refugees from slavery were collected on the land between Fortress Monroe and the town of Hampton, and were cared for by the Commissary Department of the Army at first and afterwards by the Freedmen's Bureau.

With the view of giving some rudimentary instruction to the children of those refugees and to such of the adults as might desire access to the knowledge they had been deprived of during the early portion of their lives, Maj. General Butler had a large frame building erected as a school-house, where quite a number of philanthropic Northern ladies devoted their time as teachers to this promiscuous mass of illiterate persons. The building still exists and, under the name of the Butler School, is still employed as a School for primary instruction of colored children.

A young volunteer officer of the Army, with a soul full of sympathy for the ignorant and suffering, conceived the idea of founding at this point a School, where colored teachers could be trained for work among the young of their race in the South, and lead their scholars by sure paths from the depths of poverty and ignorance into habits of industry, self-respect, and personal independence. His training for this work had been exceptionally favorable. A son of a Missionary to the Sandwich Islands, sent out by the pious liberality of those who believe in sending the Gospel to foreign lands, brought up under the industrial school system created by his father, he had, on reaching manhood, been blest by the training received at Williams' College under President Mark Hopkins, and, afterwards in the Union Army fighting as Captain at the battle of Gettysburg and as Colonel of a colored Regiment had won the brevet rank of Brigadier General. Such a training gave special fitness to the young officer, for the execution of the work according to the plan he conceived, and accordingly we find, in the name of his Master and his country, the School was opened by General Samuel C. Armstrong, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, without any special funds, but relying upon the liberality of the Christian friends of the poor and the suffering throughout the North.

The School succeeded so far beyond the expectation of its friends, that it was deemed best that it should secure a special charter, and develop a life of its own. The Legislature of Virginia furnished the Charter, and soon thereafter appropriated the annual proceeds of one-

third of the Congressional Land-grant, made for the establishment of Agricultural Schools in the different States, towards its support. This was supplemented by large donations from friends for the erection of buildings, their furniture and equipment, the purchase of farm land and farm stock with the necessary implements, the expenses of the administration of the whole organization and the salaries of the best teachers that could be secured. Indeed it was felt to be necessary in such a school that the best teaching talent was needed, and the highest order of dynamic force required to control class rooms and influence the scholars in such habits, physical, mental and moral, as would make them centres of priceless influence, wherever their lot might be cast in the South.

Now this work was to be carried on in such a way as not to antagonize the white element of the South, or to provoke antagonism from its citizens to the school or its graduates. This result has been attained in the most astonishing manner. The old slave-holder is friendly disposed to the school. He attends its public exercises, brings his family with him, gives his countenance to the methods employed and gladly welcomes its graduates as important factors in the movements now taking place in the formation of the *new* South.

The affairs of the Institution are under the general superintendence of a Board of 16 Trustees, composed of members, clerical and lay, of various Evangelical Denominations. The Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Dutch and German Reformed, and others are all represented in the Board, and work together harmoniously for the one common end. The spirit, which animates the whole, is given by the President, General Armstrong, aided by a whole-souled gentleman, General Marshall, who is Vice President and Treasurer, and a corps of Teachers—selected from the very best female Colleges and Schools of the land. Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and others have contributed their honor-graduates to make up the Faculty.

Now as to the intellectual training, students are admitted who are able to read, write, and possesses a rudimentary

knowledge of arithmetic. In three years they are expected to compass the branches usually taught in a good English Grammar School. The teaching is as thorough as anywhere in the land. Principles must be learned, a groundwork of elementary knowledge must be secured which shall show forth a first class quality if not abundance in quantity, the dialectic peculiarities acquired in the state of slavery must be eradicated and substituted by good, pure strong Anglo-Saxon, and the habit of thinking for themselves and giving substantial reasons for their conclusions must be established. All this is honestly and conscientiously done, and careful examination of the classes will convince the visitor that it is no better done anywhere.

In moral training, the Holy Scriptures are the source whence all rules and precepts are derived for the guidance of the student, and the life of the great Master is constantly set forth as the one worthy of all imitation by those who would in this world hope to be of good to their fellow-men and attain in the world to come the great reward. The doctrine of true love to God and to their fellow-men, is taught in many ways, so that as they go forth to their tasks in life the Hampton Students may feel a joy in self-abnegation, when it contributes to the improvement and happiness of their fellow-men. With Christian instructions and a regular Pastor, who devotes himself to the spiritual need of his large flock, Hampton strives to lead its students to those religious convictions, that shall find complete expression in their daily lives as well as in their professions.

But while training, intellectual and moral, are thus dealt with, there must also be in a School of this kind another order of training, that shall fit the individual to carve his own way through the difficulties of life, so that he may become a good citizen, be able to provide food and clothing and all other necessities for self and family, and rise from the condition of a mere consumer to that of a producer of wealth in the community. Hence the School is an industrial one. To work with the hand is honorable and necessary for all. This is either as a mere day laborer, in the manifold duties of farming and grazing, the

management of timber from the sawing of logs up to their conversion into all the forms employed by the carpenter and joiner in their trades, the manufacture of tinware, shoes and harness, the painters blacksmith's and wheelwright's crafts, or as compositors in the printing office. All these can be learned during the stay at the Hampton School by the men; while the women are carefully trained in the domestic arts, the use of the sewing machine, and other means whereby their sex can be made useful to themselves and the community. And such industrial education is necessary, although the main object of the School is to fit teachers, since in the South the colored schools are only kept open a portion of the year, and the teachers, unprovided with other means of support, would become for the remainder of the year idlers and a burden upon society.

Large buildings for instruction, dormitories and workshops have been provided by a sympathetic public, two large farms have been furnished that the mysteries of agriculture and truck-raising may be thoroughly learned, and a saw mill with extensive appliances for working wood and metal have been erected so that there may be work for all and no idle hands be found on the grounds. More than three hundred thousand dollars have thus been expended, and the Institute is really a village, where men and women are taught to employ their minds, their moral natures, and their hands.

Free tuition is provided on scholarships costing seventy dollars a year, by friends, societies, and Sunday-schools interested in this philanthropic work, on condition that the student shall pay ten dollars a month to meet board bills, the use of text books, etc. On this sum, amounting in each case to the amount of eighty-five dollars for the school year of eight months and a half, the students pay an average of not over thirty dollars a year in cash and work out the rest. An earnest heart with willing hands can thus for a small amount of money (the cash is often acquired by working during vacation,) fit the individual for a useful and profitable life.

When the government desired to make the experiment of Indian education, Hampton undertook it also and since

November 1878 it has had quite a large number of Indian boys and girls under its varied training. The two neglected races were found not to antagonize, but really to fuse together excellently well and to be mutually helpful in acquiring that knowledge and those habits which would make them good citizens. The result of the Indian experiment has been so satisfactory, that the Carlisle School for training Indians, under the excellent management of Capt. R. H. Pratt, U. S. A., has grown up as a separate institution, to be, it is fondly hoped, the pioneer of many other industrial schools, where the Indian shall be taught to be self-dependent and not a burden upon the government.

Three-fourths of all the colored graduates have been engaged a portion of every year as teachers, some have gone into other occupations, one of whom is engaged in hearing the good tidings of the Master to his brethren in their native Africa; 153 are reported as having become landowners. All are recognized as useful citizens, whose delight it is to aid their race to fit themselves for the high duties and important responsibilities of citizenship.

Such is a very brief summary of what has been proposed, and of what is now being done, by its excellent President and his coadjutors. The picture is a mere outline sketch, but it may serve to show the readers of the GUARDIAN how great is the work. Much yet remains undone, and much will depend upon the liberality of those, who want to help in this grand undertaking. Possibly some one, who reads these lines, may feel prompted to contribute his mite in the way of subscribing for a scholarship, or contributing to the library or some other of the numerous enterprises, comprised in this effort to raise two races from the conditions of mere existence to a higher form of civilization and Christianization. The writer, from his connection with the School as Trustee, knows whereof he writes, and earnestly commends it as worthy the attention of the Christian philanthropist. More extensive information, touching details, etc., can be obtained by writing to the President, Hampton, Virginia, for circulars and reports of the School. The Negro and the Indian are our brethren. We are now

but opening our eyes to their claims upon our sympathies, and everything done for their advancement, in the Master's name, will bless not only the recipient but the giver also.

THE CHAPEL OF CANNSTADT.

BY THE EDITOR.

When you visit Stuttgart your friends will be likely to propose an excursion to Cannstadt. The place is but two or three miles distant by a charming walk through the public park, called "die Anlage"; or if you do not like walking, you can take the horse-cars and enjoy a pleasant ride. It is even possible to go by railway, but the place really seems too near at hand for a journey of that kind. A few puffs of steam will bring you to your destination, and you may say of your excursion:

"Since this so quickly now is done for,
I wonder what it was begun for."

Cannstadt is generally regarded as a suburb of Stuttgart, but, unless we are greatly mistaken, the people of the place would hardly make any such statement. They told us that their town was founded by the Romans, long before Stuttgart was ever heard of. Emperors came from afar to drink its healing waters when Stuttgart was still a miserable village. Though now cast into the shade by its wealthier and more ambitious neighbor, Cannstadt still has many things to be proud of. Its schools are famous; its manufactures are prosperous; and has it not its celebrated "Volksfest"?

We were visiting a school for girls that has pupils from almost all civilized countries, and from some that are not so civilized. While we were taking coffee with our hostess, she suggested, "Perhaps the gentlemen would accompany us to the old chapel, where our dear ones rest?" We were glad to accept the invitation. On the way we stopped to taste of the mineral spring which was once so famous, and found its water horrible beyond description. After a pleasant walk through parks and

gardens we reached the old chapel. It was a plain stone building, once a church, but now used only for funeral services. There was no one who could tell us when it was built, but our friends told us that it was far older than any other building in Cannstadt. No church in Stuttgart, they said, could claim anything like such great antiquity. We had no means of verifying these statements, but they seemed to be very plausible. The style of architecture is certainly very ancient—massive walls several feet thick, and semi-circular arches such as were usual before the introduction of Gothic architecture. The chief interest of the place is, however, not to be sought in the chapel, but in the churchyard that surrounds it. Here were many hundreds of graves, all decorated with white marble crosses. It seemed, indeed, like a forest of crosses, some Roman and some Maltese. We stood with our friends by the graves of their dear ones, and heard the story of their life and death. This is not the place for the recital of private sorrows: but it cannot be improper to refer to two graves in the old churchyard, bearing names that are known in all the world. One of these bore an inscription in English: TO THE MEMORY OF DR. JOHN KITTO. Dr. Kitto's life was a brilliant example of what may be accomplished by an earnest will in the face of the most adverse circumstances. He was the son of a mason of Plymouth, England, and worked for some time at his father's trade. Having received a fall which crippled him and destroyed his hearing for life, he was sent to the poor-house, whence he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. In consequence of the cruelty of his master his indentures were, however, soon cancelled, and he was taken back to the poor-house. It was then discovered that he had made considerable progress in study, and a small fund was raised to assist him. He obtained employment in the printing office of the Missionary Society, and from that time his industry was unexampled. He travelled extensively in the East, and became minutely familiar with oriental life. His works which are principally illustrative of Biblical themes, are numerous and valuable. His "Cyclopædia of Biblical

Literature" and his "Daily Bible Illustrations" are known everywhere. Dr. Kitto's learning came to be universally recognized, and he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Giessen. The British government, in consideration of his services to literature and religion, granted him an annual pension of £100. In 1854 he settled in Cannstadt, in the hope of regaining his health, and there he died in his fiftieth year. The ladies with whom we visited his grave had known him well, and related many pleasing incidents concerning the self-sacrificing devotion of his daughters.

Against the opposite wall of the church-yard stands a pedestal bearing a bust which overlooks the grave of the man whom it represents. A single glance satisfies the observer that such a magnificent head must have held an extraordinary intellect. It is, indeed, the bust of the celebrated lyric poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath. His name is not so well known in this country as it deserves to be, but some of his best poems have been translated. An excellent version of "The Lion's Ride" has recently appeared in Harper's "Young Folks," and C. T. Brooks has beautifully rendered "The Emigrants," in which he so tenderly pleads with his countrymen not to leave their native country:

"O, say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah! in strange forests how ye'll yearn
For the green mountains of your home,
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam!

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by!
Like some unearthly, mystic tale,
'Twill stand before fond memory's eye.

The boatman calls! go hence in peace!
God bless ye, man and wife and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each true heart's pure desire!"

Longfellow says of Freiligrath:
"Among all the younger poets of Germany, Freiligrath possesses the highest

claim to our admiration. He has the richest imagination and the greatest power of language. His writings are filled with the most vivid pictures, sketched with a bold hand and a brilliant coloring. He delights particularly in remote and desert regions, in the geysers of Iceland, the desert, and the sands of Africa. Indeed, from the vividness of his pictures, the reader would be led to think him a great traveller, and to imagine that he had seen all the scenes which he describes. But this is not the case. He has beheld these scenes with the eye of the mind only." Freiligrath died about six or seven years ago.

Thus in the quiet church-yard of Cannstadt we stood by the graves of two great men; widely differing in almost every respect, and yet each in his own way among the foremost of his generation.

Though we were not among the crowd of pleasure seekers which on gala days flocks to Cannstadt for amusement, there was a tender satisfaction in having visited the old chapel and the church-yard on the hill.

HYMN OF FRANCIS XAVIER.

(From the Latin.)

BY REV. D. Y. HEISLER, D.D.

O God, I love, I do love Thee,
Nor love Thee that Thou savest me,
Nor yet that Thou dost justly doom
Those loving not to endless gloom!

Thou Jesus, Thou didst me embrace
When on the cross in deep disgrace;
The nails, the lance, the pains were Thine,
And nameless scorn and wrath divine.

Unnumbered sorrows Thou hast seen,
The bloody sweat, the anguish keen,
And death, and that alone for me,
Yea, Lord, for me—a foe to Thee!

Why, therefore, should not I Thee love,
Dear Jesus, THEE, all praise above?
Not that in heaven Thou savest me!
Or doom'st me not—accursed from Thee;

Nor yet in hope of some reward,
But as THOU lov'st me, dearest Lord,
So love I now, and will love Thee,
As Thou art God and King to me!

BEGINNINGS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO. IV.

The Palatinate.

The third great source of the Reformed Church must be sought in the Palatinate. There are, however, no doubt, many young geographers who would be puzzled to define the limits of that historic region, and even among older students there are probably not a few who would be inclined to say of it, as the historian Lambarde said of a certain undefined district in England, that "it would be easier to deny its existence altogether than to attempt to indicate its extent." The fact is, that the Palatinate has disappeared from the map of Europe, its territories having been absorbed by avaricious neighbors, but the name is so illustrious in history that it will probably never cease to be popularly applied to the region that was at one time included within its boundaries.

At the time of its greatest political importance the Palatinate consisted of two large provinces, which were not contiguous, with several outlying principalities. The Upper Palatinate (*Ober-Pfalz*) was situated in the eastern part of the present kingdom of Bavaria. Its principal town was Amberg. Though governed by the elector of the Palatinate, its people took but little part in the religious movements which claim our present attention. They had become Lutheran early in the Reformation, and most of them are even now members of the same church. The Lower Palatinate (*Unter-Pfalz* or *Rhein-Pfalz*) was by far the most important of the elector's possessions. It is often called "*Wein-Pfalz*," on account of the abundance of wine which it produces. Situated on both sides of the Rhine, and extending upward along the banks of the beautiful Neckar, it has always been regarded as one of the most fertile countries in the world. It consisted of five principalities: Simmern, Zweibruecken, Sponheim, Veldeuz, and the Palatinate Proper. The

principal cities were Heidelberg, Mannheim and Franckenthal.

FREDERICK THE PIOUS.

In 1559 the elector Otto Heinrich died without children, and the succession passed to Frederick III., a prince of the house of Simmern. Frederick was born at Simmern in 1515, and was educated a Catholic; but had been converted to Protestantism, mainly, it is believed, through the instrumentality of the celebrated John De Lasky. His conversion was thoroughly sincere, and he was always ready if needs be, to suffer and die for the cause of truth.

In his early manhood Frederick had distinguished himself in the wars against the Turks, and, having thus become very popular, there was great rejoicing when he attained to the electoral dignity. He was, indeed, a model prince. In his character gentleness and firmness were wonderfully blended. His reputation was beyond the reach of calumny, and the trust in God, which kept him safe in the midst of trials, was the constant wonder of his contemporaries. It must, however, not be forgotten that Frederick believed himself to be the absolute ruler of his people in religious no less than in secular matters. It was at his court that the Swiss physician, Thomas Erastus, taught the doctrine, since known as Erastianism, that all ecclesiastical authority is subordinate to the civil power. Those who held to this view were in the habit of saying "*Cujus regio illius religio*," which has been rendered, "Who owns the region owns the religion."

On this subject, it will be observed, Frederick occupied a position as far distant as possible from that of Calvin. The latter, as we have seen, advocated the independence of the church in matters of discipline, and was even inclined to regard the state as the handmaid of the church. Frederick, on the other hand, was a German prince, and, like others of his order, supposed himself to be, by virtue of his office, the head of the church in the country over which he ruled. He firmly believed that he was responsible to God for the faith of his individual subjects, and therefore sought to be their religious guide no less than their temporal ruler. With

this purpose he became a profound student of theology, and did not hesitate to use his secular power in enforcing the acceptance of what he believed to be the truth. He was, however, thoroughly sincere; and if any one had accused him of unnecessary rigor in the execution of his decrees, he might have replied in Scriptural language: "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

PHILIPISM.

Philip Melancthon (1499-1560) was the ruling spirit in the reformation of the Palatinate. As Protestantism was not formally introduced there until 1546—the year of Luther's death—the whole work of organizing the church may be said to have been confided to his care. The order which he introduced closely resembled that of Würtemberg. It was Lutheran in its general characteristics, but was mild and conciliatory; and it seemed for a while as though, under its influence, the old confessional differences would entirely disappear.

Melancthon's history is so well known that it is not necessary that we should relate its details. He was the only one of the prominent reformers who was born in the Palatinate. As the foremost scholar of his age, the value of his services in the cause of the Reformation was inestimable; and in the inscription placed in his tomb at his burial he is justly termed "the most industrious and most faithful of the assistants of Dr. Martin Luther in explaining and sustaining the pure doctrine of the Word of God."

Melancthon was at first greatly prejudiced against the Swiss Reformers, but when he came to know them better, he regarded many of them with tender affection. Calvin, Bucer and De Lasky became his most intimate friends and correspondents. Though he always maintained Luther's doctrine of the Lord's Supper, he acknowledged that Calvin's view might at least be tolerated; and he therefore changed the tenth article of the Augsburg Confession, of which he was the author, so that it might be acceptable to the Reformed Church. In conjunction with Bucer, he, in 1536, drew up terms of union between the Lutheran and Reformed churches. These articles were

approved by Luther, and were formally adopted by the Reformed churches of Switzerland, but eight years later Luther unexpectedly repudiated them. It is believed that he was prompted to this act by a manifest tendency among his own immediate followers towards the acceptance of the Reformed doctrine. Melancthon, however, remained faithful to the agreement to the end of his life.

Even before Luther's death, Melancthon was regarded with suspicion by the extremists of his own church. The fact that he had changed the Augsburg Confession, to accommodate the Reformed Church, was considered by them an unpardonable act of treason. After the death of the great master, this feeling became more intense. Melancthon's disciples were contemptuously called Philipists, after the name of their teacher, who was familiarly known as "Master Philip." Men who regarded it as their special mission to exalt the memory and to defend the doctrines of Martin Luther, and who seemed to have caught a double portion of his intolerant spirit, sought to prove their zeal by persecuting Luther's most faithful friend. Because he had learned to control his temper, as became a Christian, and was willing to fraternize with men who did not fully accept the Lutheran formulas, he was declared to be weak and cowardly, though he had proved his heroism under circumstances which might have terrified the boldest of his opponents. "Philipism" was declared to be as bad as Calvinism. Minor points of difference between Luther and Melancthon were sought out and made the occasion of a series of bitter controversies. Melancthon's friends were in many instances deposed and banished for trivial reasons, and the extremists did not hesitate to say that they would not rest until they had driven Melancthon himself out of Germany. In this purpose they were foiled, for Melancthon had powerful friends; but it is not surprising that he prayed to be delivered from "the wrath of the theologians," and that, a short time before his death he even seriously proposed to go to Palestine to spend his remaining days in the cell once occupied by St. Jerome in Bethlehem.

In 1552 the old sacramental controversy broke out with renewed violence. Joachim Westphal, Lutheran pastor at Hamburg, sounded the trumpet for the onslaught against the Swiss churches, and he was powerfully seconded by Matthias Flacius, Tileman Hesshusius, and many others. The occasion for this assault was probably the formal union of the Zwinglians and Calvinists in the Zurich Consensus of 1549, which had rendered the Reformed Church more powerful than it had previously been. The attack was, however, most effective against the Philipists and secret Calvinists (Crypto-Calvinists) in the Lutheran Church, who were made to suffer intensely. When in the reigns of Philip and Mary, thousands of English and Dutch Protestants fled to Germany to escape persecution, they were generally refused a refuge in Protestant Germany, because they were regarded as belonging to the Reformed Church.

In the Palatinate, however, more moderate counsels prevailed. The foreign fugitives were welcomed, and many of them settled in the country, especially in the town of Franckenthal, which, by their industry and enterprise, they soon raised to a high degree of prosperity.

When Frederick III. assumed the government he had no idea of introducing the Reformed Church, but he soon found himself involved in the prevalent controversy. Hesshusius, a strict Lutheran, and Klebitz, a disciple of Calvin, were engaged in a violent discussion, by which the minds of the people were greatly excited. Frederick, by the advice of Melancthon, dismissed both of the contestants from their charges, but peace did not ensue. It soon became impossible to hold the irenical position of Melancthon. Frederick was forced to take sides in the conflict, and, in 1559, he formally passed over to the Reformed Church, though he always insisted that he had not in any way renounced his allegiance to the Augsburg Confession. It was a bold step, but its effects were extraordinary. Hitherto the existence of the Reformed Church had not been officially recognized in Germany, but now its position was secure, and it became the leading church along the whole course

of the Rhine, from its source to the ocean.

THE HEIDELBERG CATECHISM.

When the Palatinate had passed over to the Reformed Church, a new confession of faith became absolutely necessary. The German people generally knew but little concerning the Reformed Church, and ascribed to it many errors which no one had ever dreamed of maintaining. Hesshusius even hinted that Frederick was preparing his people to become Mohammedan, in anticipation of a Turkish invasion. The elector, therefore, determined to prepare a catechism which would not only properly represent the faith of the Reformed Church, but might serve as a means of conveying its precious truths to subsequent generations. With this intention he selected two young men to engage in the work of its composition, and the result proved the wisdom of his choice. These were Olevianus and Ursinus, the first of whom was but twenty-six and the other twenty-eight years of age. Together they produced a work which has ever since been regarded as the crown and glory of the Reformed Church.

Caspar Olevianus (1535–1587) was a disciple of Calvin. He was a native of Treves, and belonged to a wealthy family whose name was properly Von der Olewig. Having passed through the schools of his native city, he went to Paris, and then to Bourges, to complete his education. Here he studied law, but secretly devoted much time to reading the Scriptures. One of the sons of Frederick III.—who was then only Count of Simmern—was also a student, and the two young men soon became intimate friends. One day they took a walk on the banks of the Oron river, in company with the private tutor of the prince. They were met by a party of young German noblemen, who proposed that they should all cross the river in a boat. Olevianus declined to accompany them, as some of the party had taken too much wine, but the prince and his tutor accepted the invitation. In the middle of the river they began playfully to rock the boat; it was thus upset, and the whole party was drowned. Olevianus sprang into the water and

tried to rescue the prince, but it was in vain, and he himself almost lost his life. In his greatest peril he vowed that if God would save his life he would consecrate it entirely to the conversion of his native land. Having been wonderfully rescued, he remembered his vow, and the father of the young prince subsequently became his best friend and patron. Like Calvin, Olevianus now sought admission into one of the secret Reformed churches, and then successively visited Geneva and Zurich. Returning to his native city, he began to preach the Gospel, but was arrested and cast into prison. Delivered through the potent intercession of Frederick, he went to Heidelberg, where he was at first professor of theology, and subsequently pastor of the principal church of the city. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence, and was far more instrumental in the general work of organizing the church than the retiring and scholarly Ursinus. His part in the composition of the Heidelberg Catechism was by no means insignificant, as has sometimes been represented. Traces of his hand may be noticed almost everywhere, and Sudhoff insists that after Ursinus had composed the catechism in Latin, Olevianus prepared the German version. This is probable from a comparison of the style of the two, as manifested by their separate compositions. It is also almost certain that what is said in the Catechism concerning the Office of the Keys and Christian Discipline was derived from Olevianus, as its substance may be found in his previous writings.

After the death of the elector Frederick, Olevianus went to Herborn, where he spent his remaining years. When he was dying some one asked him whether he was certain of salvation, and he replied, laying his hand on his heart: "*Certissimus*," that is, "Most certain." With this beautiful word his spirit winged its flight to heaven.

Zacharias Ursinus (1534-1583) was a faithful disciple of Melancthon. He was a native of Breslau, in Silesia, where his family, whose name was Von Baer, were reckoned among the nobility. His father was a clergyman, who had Latinized the name, according to the fashion of the times.

Ursinus studied at Wittenberg, where he acquired great distinction, and was declared by Melancthon to be his most promising pupil. Subsequently he visited the universities of Switzerland and France, and made the acquaintance of Bullinger, Calvin and Peter Martyr. Accused of "Philipism," or possibly Calvinism, he at a later date, fled from Silesia and found a refuge in Switzerland. Peter Martyr had been requested by Frederick to assist in the organization of the Church of the Palatinate, but feeling the weight of years, he recommended Ursinus to take his place. Concerning the latter Frederick subsequently said to a Silesian: "His fatherland was not worthy of such a man. Tell your countrymen to banish many such men, so that they may come to me."

Ursinus became Professor of Theology at Heidelberg. He was not gifted as a preacher, but was an excellent instructor. When he and Olevianus were directed to prepare a confession of faith, each of them submitted a plan. That of Ursinus was preferred by the elector, and he thus became the main author of the Heidelberg Catechism. To him it owes its irenic character; for it is known that the polemic questions were inserted at the direct command of the elector. In its composition he used materials found in the catechisms of Calvin and De Lasky, but the originality of his work has never been questioned. "The Heidelberg Catechism," says Max Goebel, "may be regarded as the flower and fruit of the entire German and French Reformation; it has Lutheran sincerity, Melancthonian clearness, Zwinglian simplicity, and Calvinist fire. Whoever is not familiar with the Heidelberg Catechism does not know the German Reformed Church, as it was and as it still remains; whoever is acquainted with all its particulars, its excellencies and imperfections, is alone able to appreciate the Christian spirit and the Christian life of our Reformed Church in all its strength and weakness."

Ursinus was personally a man of retiring disposition, who made but few intimate friends, and took the greatest delight in profound study. He did not like to be disturbed in his work, and over the door of his study he had placed an inscription in Latin verses to the

following effect: "Friend, whoever thou art, if thou comest to me, be brief. Either leave me soon, or aid me in my labors." In the opinion of his cotemporaries Ursinus lived a life of prayer, which seemed too pure and holy for this world. It was said that he never spoke an unnecessary word, and yet all who were brought into contact with him could not help loving him for the almost angelic sweetness of his character.

After the death of Frederick the opponents of the Catechism enjoyed a temporary triumph, during the brief reign of his son Louis, and Ursinus left Heidelberg to become a Professor in a Reformed Theological Seminary which Frederick's second son, John Casimir, had just founded in Neustadt. Here, after five years of faithful labor his noble life was brought to a close in the forty-ninth year of his age. The inscription on his monument in the church at Neustadt justly calls him "a great theologian, a conqueror of heresies concerning the Person of Christ and the Lord's Supper, mighty with word and pen, an acute philosopher, a wise man, and a stern instructor of youth."

It was but natural that the catechism, jointly produced by Olevianus and Ursinus should encounter violent opposition, and it was therefore necessary that it should be stoutly defended. The Defence of the Catechism will form the subject of our next article.

PONTIAC.

HIS CONSPIRACY—ASSASSINATION—ITS
CONSEQUENCES—THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE ILLINOIS ON STARVED
ROCK.

BY REV. CYRUS CORT.

The region of the Illinois river was a favorite haunt of the Red men for centuries. The rich bottom lands produced large crops of corn, and the rolling prairies were the choice pasture grounds of the buffalo, elk and deer. The green-headed flies that annoyed them in the more southern regions did not seem to molest them here, where they roamed and grazed in immense herds.

The Illinois Indians were very jealous of encroachments upon their coveted domain by neighboring tribes. We have seen how the Iroquois at times laid waste their heritage and left mourning and desolation for the survivors. But the severe handling that they received from Tonti at Starved Rock, or Fort St. Louis, in their last raid, prevented any more incursions from these most dreaded foes of the Illinois. Immunity from this danger, and their increasing numbers, made the Illinois somewhat arrogant. Hunting parties from neighboring tribes were frequently roughly handled and driven off, and bad blood stirred up. Lake Weno, nine leagues west of La Vantum, abounded with beaver, otter and muskrat, and here the Illinois Indians spent a great part of the winter, gathering furs and pelts. This lake was thirty miles long and from one to three miles broad, but it no longer exists. No doubt it occupied the valley of the Green river, and included what was afterwards known as the Winnebago Swamps, the favorite hunting and hiding resort of Black Hawk at the beginning of the present century. The writer of this article once lost his reckoning in crossing the Maines from Sterling, on Rock river, to Henry City, on Illinois river, and became entangled for the greater part of an April afternoon in those famous swamps.

No track of man or four-footed beast could be seen for many miles. But never before or since did I see such endless varieties and countless numbers of wild fowl. They seemed to regard me, as the Illinois regarded the Winnebago and other Indians 200 years ago, as an intruder and trespasser upon their ancient and hallowed domain. Such a quacking, gabbling and clatter I never heard elsewhere, and my ideas in regard to the probable speedy extinction of wild ducks, geese, etc., were very materially changed on that eventful afternoon. Had not my trusty horse been used to traversing sloughs and sloughy streams I could never have traversed those swamps diagonally and forded Green river, as I did several times, without any serious mishap. Owing to natural changes at what was once the southern or south-western outlet of the lake, as well as to ditching on the part

of the State and local authorities, this region has become drained to such an extent that farms of surpassing fertility now cover many places where the Indian plied his light canoe a century or more ago. During the thirty-six years that the French were settled at Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois river, and during the 136 years that they had undisputed possession of the lucrative fur trade, Lake Weno furnished large supplies of otter, beaver, and less valued furs and pelts, which the Indians exchanged for knives, tomahawks, blankets, rifles, powder, etc. As late as 1800 it was estimated that there were between 30,000 and 40,000 Indians in the bounds of the State of Illinois, and three-fifths of this entire number were located in the region of the Illinois river.

But our main purpose is to tell how the supremacy of the Illinois came to an end, in a tragedy at La Vantum and on Starved Rock, which proves that, with all their injustice and cruelty, the whites have not treated the red savages worse than they were in the habit of treating each other. We have seen in a former article how the Iroquois slaughtered old and young indiscriminately, and how 800 Illinois prisoners, mostly squaws and papposes, were burnt at Lake Seneca, after a victorious campaign. When Montcalm fell on the plains of Abraham the hopes of French dominion and supremacy in the new world were forever blasted. The forts and posts along the St. Lawrence and the lakes, along the Ohio, the Illinois and Mississippi soon passed into the hands of the English.

The Indians lamented the change, and their discontent was fanned by disappointed French traders, who led the savages to believe that the King of France would some day drive out the English and recover the lost dominion.

The spirit of discontent found a gifted and powerful champion in Pontiac, a chief of the Ottawas. We have seen it stated that he had originally belonged to the warlike Catawba Indians, from the Carolinas, but having been captured and adopted when a mere lad, he became, by force of native courage and genius, the leading chief of the Ottawas, and finally all the savage hosts, from the Hudson to the Father of Waters,

responded to his bugle call. He is said to have taken part in the defeat of Braddock's army by French and Indians in 1755, a defeat and massacre that would never have taken place had Braddock accepted the proffered aid of a band of Catawbas, who offered their services as scouts and allies when his army lay at Cumberland.

Here I beg pardon for a moment while I relate an incident in which one of my ancestors took part. When the haughty British general refused to accept the services of the Catawbas, their chief indignantly remarked that he had warriors who could outrun any white man, and he backed his boast with a wager of twenty shillings. Major George Washington took the bet, and got the great-great-grandfather of the writer of this present article, on the mother's side, to enter the lists against the dusky champion. The result was that the white man came off victorious, much to the chagrin and mortification of the confident savages.

That fleetness on foot served our ancestor an excellent purpose in making his escape to Fort Ligonier, nine years later, when Pontiac had launched the thunderbolt of war from a cloudless sky, with reverberations that sent terror to all white people residing between the Lakes and the Alleghanies. Pontiac was a born leader, and had that magnetism, as well as dignity and independence of character, that fitted him for the difficult and dangerous role that he resolved to play in order to restore the supremacy of the red men on the American continent. In May, 1762, his messengers summoned neighboring tribes to assemble on the Ecores river, near Detroit.

The fierce Ojibwas and Wyandots responded to his call as promptly as his own Ottawas. The previous November he had met Major Rogers, of the British army, when he was marching with a battalion to take possession of Detroit and other French posts. With his magnificent figure drawn up to full height, he raised his hand in threatening attitude and said, "I stand in your path. You can go no farther without my permission."

The warriors took their seats in the council near Detroit, and for a long

while not a word was spoken. At last Pontiac sprang into the circle, plumed and painted for war. Lightning flashed from his dark eyes as he proceeded to denounce the English and to call upon the warriors to assert their rights. With sudden and violent gestures, and a voice that pealed like a bugle, he sounded the tocsin of war. "The red coats," he exclaimed, "have conquered the French, but they have not conquered us. We are not slaves or squaws, and as long as the Great Spirit is our ruler we will maintain our rights. These lakes and these woods were given us by our fathers, and we will part with them only with our lives."

He proposed to capture Detroit by stratagem, and would have succeeded had not his plans been betrayed to Maj. Gladwin by an Indian maiden whom that officer had corrupted and infatuated.

He was forced to the alternative of a regular siege, in which he displayed wonderful fertility of resources. Several parties sent to the relief of the besieged garrison on ships were surprised and cut off. Vessels were boarded by the savages from their canoes. Immense fire rafts were floated down the river to destroy the ships of the English. A currency of birch bark, with Pontiac's stamp, was employed in securing supplies from neutral French settlers and neighboring tribes, and, to his lasting honor let it be recorded that Pontiac saw to it that every piece that bore his sign manual was fully redeemed. Not a few white individuals and communities are put to shame by the integrity, sacrifice and fidelity of the great Ottawa chieftain.

In the simultaneous attack made upon the other forts along the lakes and through the wilderness all had fallen before the crafty and courageous assaults of Pontiac's confederates, except Fort Pitt and Niagara, Lee Boeuff, Venango, Presque Isle, on Lake Erie; Lea Bay, on Lake Michigan, St. Joseph's, Miami Ouachtanon, Sandusky and Mackinaw had been surprised and their garrisons massacred, some of them tortured at the stake. Gya-sutha, the celebrated Seneca chief, commanded the horde of savages that besieged Fort Pitt, which was bravely defended by Ecuyer,

the Swiss commander of the British garrison, until finally relieved by the gallant Bouquet and his army of deliverance, after the most desperately contested battle ever fought between whites and Indians.

In an article published in the *Guardian* for December, 1880, I gave an account of Bouquet and his great victory, by which some of my ancestors were saved from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the red savages. One of my great-great-grandfathers had received a large grant of land and had established himself where Harrison City, in Westmoreland county, Pa., now stands, a few months before the Pontiac Conspiracy broke out.

He had gone to help bury some distant settlers massacred by the Indians, when an Indian whom the family had befriended brought word after night that a general massacre of whites was about to take place, and if they remained till morning all would be killed.

Our great-great-grandmother had a babe three days old, but in such an emergency, with horrible death or more horrible captivity staring herself and children in the face, she rose from her sick couch. The horse was saddled, and the mother, with the tender babe in her arms, and another very small child on the horse behind her, and older children following on foot with their small herd of cattle, set out through the wilderness for Fort Ligonier, some thirty miles distant. Our great-grandfather was only three or four years old, and had a lame foot, affected with a painful stone-bruise, but with the help of an older brother he got along rapidly. The father had been notified of the flight and danger by a few lines written on the door of the dwelling, and also made good his escape. The Indians got so close to them as they neared the Fort that they were obliged to leave their cattle, which were captured by their savage pursuers. The bullets of the Indians rattled against the gate of the little fort as the family pressed into the enclosure at daybreak.

Our great-grandfather afterwards served as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, for which he was pensioned; but although he lived to be nearly a hun-

dred years old he never forgot that race for life in the days of his childhood.

Pontiac besieged Detroit for fifteen months, although most of his allies, in Indian style, became discouraged, and gave up the contest after a few months of ineffectual effort to capture the fort, which was well protected by cannon on the ramparts, and by schooners at anchor on the broad deep river in front.

The other tribes made peace with the English, but Pontiac was defiant. When Capt. Morris came with proposals of peace to him, Pontiac met him on the outskirts of his camp and refused to take his hand. With flashing eye, he exclaimed, "The English are liars." He rejected all proposals, and with his four hundred warriors passed from village to village among the tribes, calling on them to rise and fight for the preservation of their race. When appeals were unheeded, he threatened the timid—"If you hesitate, I will consume your tribes as the fire consumes the dry grass on the prairies." They agreed to rally when he would give the signal for war again. He made a vain attempt to secure the aid of the French at Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi, and sent messengers to the warlike tribes all over the West and down both sides of the great river, even to New Orleans. The French commander there discouraged the movement by assuring the messengers that they had made peace with the English, and that Pontiac must not expect any aid from them.

Baffled and disappointed, full of rage and indignation, he at length had to give up his grand project, which Tecumseh took up at a later period with similar results. Refusing to make terms with the English, Pontiac withdrew to the country of the Illinois Indians and located, with 200 warriors, near the junction of the Kankakee with the Illinois river. He entered into an alliance with the powerful tribe of the Pottawatomies, which prevented the Illinois from enforcing their threats against Pontiac, to drive him and his Ottawa warriors off by force if they did not leave before two moons had transpired. Pontiac and thirty of his warriors, while hunting Buffalo on one occasion, were waylaid, and, with the exception of Pontiac and a few others, all were

slain by a large body of Illinois Indians. Pontiac was wounded, but made his escape by the superior fleetness of his pony.

Raids and reprisals were made by the Ottawas and the Pottawatomies, and many were from time to time slain on both sides. At length a council of leading war chiefs of the respective tribes met near the present site of the city of Joliet, Ill. The harmony of their deliberations was broken when the Ottawas and their allies claimed part of the territory of the Illinois as a condition of peace. Kinebro, the head chief of the Illinois Indians, said, "Rather than submit to these terms, he and his warriors would sacrifice the last drop of blood in their veins, and let their squaws and papposes be scalped by a barbarous enemy."

Pontiac then rose and spoke with his old-time eloquence, urging his brother chiefs to stand firm and never lay down the tomahawk until their demands were granted. Kinebro, finding himself unable to cope with Pontiac in debate, and seeing that the allies were carried away by the enthusiastic valor of the great chief of the Ottawas, drew his scalping knife and plunged it into the heart of Pontiac.

Thus fell one of the master spirits of the Indian race. Some historians have given different versions by confounding the real Pontiac with an impostor of that name, who was assassinated at Cahokia, in 1767, by a drunken Indian, who was bribed to do the deed by an English trader named Williamson. The death of Pontiac, under the circumstances, created intense indignation among all the tribes who had ever been marshalled under his leadership. Rumors were sent to the Winnebagos, of the North, and the Kickapoo, of the South-West, who agreed to help avenge the death of the great Pontiac. Over his remains a council was held by the allies, who swore by the great Manito of war not to lay down the tomahawk until the fallen chieftain's death should be avenged by the destruction of the Illinois Indians, who abetted the cowardly deed of Kinebro. The Miamis united with the tribes already mentioned, and Bernet, the white outlaw, also with a band of warriors, joined in the bloody strife.

The combined forces made the most formidable Indian army ever collected in the West. Death and annihilation to the Illinois was the savage oath of the ferocious avengers. The smaller towns along the Illinois river were first destroyed, and finally La Vantum, their great capital, which was defended by their bravest warriors, was suddenly assaulted. The skull and cross bones of Pontiac were borne on a red pole by the avengers. Their first attack met with a bloody repulse. A council of war was called by the invaders, at which the leading war chiefs, with fiery eloquence, advocated that nothing short of extermination of the Illinoisans would meet the demands of the case or be acceptable to the great Manito of war. The Illinois warriors had spent much of the night in dancing and premature rejoicing over the repulse of the assailants, and were taken by surprise in the morning. After terrific carnage, the allies were again repulsed with great slaughter. But again and again they returned with reinforcements to the conflict. Thus for twelve long hours the carnival of death went on in and around La Vantum, the great Indian city of the West. Night came on, and still the battle raged, until a heavy rain storm put an end to hostilities. During the darkness and storm the Illinois Indians crossed the river in their canoes and ascended Starved Rock, the old site of Fort St. Louis, where Tonti had so signally repulsed the Iroquois. Here the remnant of 1200 Illinois Indians, including 300 warriors, rallied and thought themselves secure.

But the allied forces, not content with the destruction of the town and other property of the Illinois, quickly surrounded the Rock, determined to avenge the death of Pontiac by the complete annihilation of all who in any way approved of his assassination. With ferocious yells they rushed up the rugged pathway on the only accessible side of the rocky summit. But brave and desperate Illinois warriors, with war clubs and tomahawks, sent them bleeding and mangled down the steep declivity. Again and again did the fierce avengers attempt to storm the almost impregnable heights. Many were slain as soon as they reached the summit, and hurled

over the precipice into the river below. After losing many of their bravest warriors, the allies gave up the assault and began the slow and tedious work of starving out the besieged Illinoisans. At the time of the attack upon the town a French and Indian half-breed warrior, named Belix, who had greatly distinguished himself in previous battles, was being married to the beautiful daughter of chief Kinebro.

When the assault was made upon the Rock, Belix stood foremost and most valiant among the defenders, and with his war-club dealt death-blows upon many of the assailants. His bride stood near by to encourage her gallant lord, but when she saw him fall with skull cloven by a tomahawk, she uttered a wild scream and sprang over the Rock, falling from crag to crag until her lifeless body dropped into the river below.

Fifty-one years had elapsed since the rock had been abandoned by the French, and the palisades and earthworks afforded but little protection against sharpshooters who took possession of neighboring cliffs and joined in a galling fire upon the Illinois. Kinebro, whose rash and dastardly act had precipitated the war, was killed in this way. But soon a rampart, sufficient to ward off bullets was erected by the besieged along the exposed edges of the precipices.

But the worst enemy now began to assail them. Hunger began to gnaw at their vitals with remorseless tooth. The small supply of provisions, brought along in their flight from La Vantum, were soon exhausted. The Rock of refuge became an altar of sacrifice, of whole burnt offering, to the Illinois in the end. For their relentless foes never relaxed in the siege until the last Illinois but one had perished. A warrior, the solitary exception, let himself down by a buckskin cord into the river on a dark and stormy night and escaped, but all the rest—warriors, squaws and papposes perished. Some of the squaws, in the delirium of hunger and thirst, would spring with their infants into the river. Warriors would make a sortie only to be slain or driven back by the merciless avengers. Some feasted on the dead. The death-song was chanted, and at last, when a final as-

sault was made, only a few feeble survivors remained to be tomahawked.

Thus perished the once powerful and arrogant Illinois, and thus terribly was the assassination of the great Pontiac avenged. Great must have been the magnetism of the man in life and death who marshalled the conspiracy which nearly drove the English East of the Alleghanies, and which combined the savage hosts of the lakes and the prairies to expiate "the deep damnation of his taking off" by a holocaust that is unparalleled even in the history of savage warfare and retaliation. Well may the old site of Fort St. Louis, the scene of the first white settlement in the Mississippi valley, two hundred years ago, be called STARVED ROCK in commemoration of that closing tragedy and catastrophe in the history of the great tribe whose name is perpetuated not only by the river along which they roved, fished and hunted, and fought their numerous foes, but also by the title of one of the greatest and most prosperous States in the American Union. Had the policy of Tonti been pursued, or an earnest and persevering effort to Christianize the Illinois and neighboring tribes been made by the early French settlers, instead of giving themselves up to mercenary traffic and carnal indulgence, how different might have been their own history and that of the rude barbarians who hailed their first advent as a boon from heaven.

Nemesis still stalks through the ages. Time brings its revenges sooner or later, not always in the terrific form in which the death of Pontiac was expiated, but still sure and certain is the final judgment of history and of humanity, whether civilized or barbarian. Witness the fate of avaricious Spaniards in Mexico, Peru, etc. True it is and ever shall be, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is the reproach of any people"—yea, not only the reproach, but the ruin of all who persist in violating the laws of God and the rights of humanity. "The heathen shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." But saith the great Redeemer of mankind, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against my Church."

By living union with Him, as faithful members of His Mystical Body, we

shall be enabled to overcome the world and enter triumphant the better country where wars and rumors of wars, sin and sorrow, wrong and outrage, sickness and suffering, never mar the peace and joy of the sanctified and glorified inhabitants.

SOMETHING ABOUT WOMEN.

BY REV. I. E. GRAEFF.

Among all the social questions of the day there is none more vital, and more in a direct line with the progress of the times, than that of the proper status of woman. Her position in relation to the stronger sex has been in a gradual course of change ever since the blessed Gospel began to shed its light in the world. Christian women, from the days of the apostles, were understood to be on a level of perfect equality with men in all the spiritual blessings of the faith. And this worked for their temporal good. It delivered them from the blind and barbarous contempt in which the sex is held in the heathen world. Still, in secular matters, it must be acknowledged the process of improvement was slow in coming up to the ideal which the gospel set up. It required time to break up the force of habit and of deep rooted ideas. But time, and the grace of God, have wrought a wonderful change, and we see to day a state of things which has in it all the possibilities of a rational equality.

The progress made in this matter, just like progress generally, was not without conflict and without one-sided false movements. There have been false notions and exaggerated claims, both in its favor and against it. No vital movement of any kind is likely to escape from these troubles. Christianity, the central power and life of history, could not take hold and grow in the world without running into dangerous extremes. Nothing is more interesting and more instructive within the entire range of human study than the manner in which Christian ideas developed and made themselves felt. Surely, the manner was not always the same, and sometimes it was far out of the way, and yet the living force that was

back of it was always the same blessed agency of progress. And this divine power in history, in spite of the follies and errors of men, did not fail to do its great work and leave its many blessings. If women have crossed the bounds of reason and have endeavored to force themselves into positions for which they were never intended, they have committed no greater wrong, either to themselves or to the other sex, than has been done to them and to the nobler tendencies of humanity from the days of the fall in Paradise to the age in which we live. It is enough that we know that things have changed for the better, and that now society is in possession of the light and experience by which the highest possible degree of happiness can be secured, provided people do not shut their eyes wilfully and suffer themselves to be led by blind passion rather than by the enlightened common sense of this Christian age.

The intellectual and social advance made by the fair sex within the lifetime of the present generation has been rapid and comprehensive. Time was when intellectual culture was regarded as of but small importance in the education of women. Along with this popular notion went theories and customs which so effectually held all the avenues of business and professional life for the occupancy of men that a woman could get into them only by dint of extraordinary force of character and good luck. This matter is now radically changed. Men are no longer in exclusive possession of high intellectual culture, and in elementary popular education they do not find themselves simply on a square level with their fair companions, but in some communities at least they are in imminent danger of being left egregiously behind, just because girls stay at school longer and study better than boys do. It is a common thing in these days, and is getting to be more and more common, to see women in places and pursuits formerly not filled by them, and therefore in the enjoyment of an independence of which their mothers and grandmothers had not the faintest idea. From this state of things may come all that the sex can justly claim and successfully hold in the way of legal enactment and social pre-

rogative. Hence we may reasonably conclude that we have very nearly reached the climax of female emancipation, at least in public opinion, although there is still a great deal to do to bring up individual cases to this high standard of the popular modern Christian mind.

And that no one may run wild on the subject of social progress and imagine that all the injustice of former prejudice, ignorance and selfishness is effectually left behind in our new and more enlightened state of affairs, it may be proper to hint that this new order involves some serious risks. Girls must not imagine that they are in a world in which they will be free from the hardships of former generations, simply because they are cultivated and in a condition of self helpfulness. The ignorance of the sex has caused it much wrong, and the physical dependence of woman has encouraged a dominating spirit in those on whom they depended. Wrongs of this kind may be removed by the force of intelligence and self-dependence, only, however, to be encountered again in another form. It will be best to illustrate this matter to make it plain and easily understood by any one, by citing a case of family life.

Somewhere in the anthracite coal fields of our keystone State there is a wedded couple. Both husband and wife first saw the light of day under the immediate shadow of the British Lion, and were both well brought up and highly educated in their native country. Apparently they are living happily together, and have children. Both have the capacity of doing each its full share towards making a comfortable living. The wife is making a fair and square use of her ability, but the husband always got tired of the best positions, and made it a business to lean on the strong character of his generous, active and cultivated wife for the necessities of life, though he was fully able to do as much for the financial exchequer of the household as his devoted companion. By this time the reader may be inclined to pass judgment, and to set this man down as an unfeeling boor, or as a haughty, tyrannical scapegrace, who has neither feeling nor manners. But

no; whatever may be supposed to be wanting in his character, he is said to be a man of gentle manners and of kind impulses, and, as far as his neighbors are able to judge, lives in full harmony with his family. Both he and his wife and children seem to have so much of the milk of good nature in them, that his unmanly habit of dependence is quietly tolerated, and all goes smoothly on, while the wife makes all the living. And this, one may be allowed to suggest, should be taken as an illustration of the risk that goes along with the independence of modern women. Of course, wives of a different constitutional make-up would likely find some way of arousing a sense of manly self-respect in their worser halves, and bring them promptly into the traces; but then that is no reason why women should not be told that, in proportion as they advance in personal self-reliance, they may be met with a corresponding decrease of support from the other side of the house. At any rate, as the fair sex takes possession of the active walks of life and thus decreases the opportunities for practical effort on the part of men, a heavier burden may sometimes fall on those who seem to be the gainers in the case, and this is a matter that may as well be looked squarely in the face.

Goethe, the great German poet, by the transcendent force of his genius, is occupying a high place in the realm of literature. As a poet, he stands on a level with Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, and as a social economist, he has left some deliverances which are original, masterly, and replete with useful suggestions. He has put on record a brief narrative of an incident in family life, which comes in admirably here as a help in setting forth clearly the rights and responsibilities of women, and more particularly of those who are married.

"A young man once became tenant of a large hotel, which was established in a good situation. Amongst the qualities which recommended a host, he possessed a more than ordinary share of good temper. He was peculiarly fortunate in selecting a pursuit in which he found it necessary to devote a considerable portion of the day to his home du-

ties. He was neither careful nor negligent, and his own good temper exercised a perceptible influence over the numerous guests who assembled around him.

"He had married a young person who was of a quiet, passive disposition. She paid punctual attention to her business, and was attached to her household pursuits, and loved her husband, though she often found fault with him in secret for his carelessness in money matters. She had a great love for ready cash; she thoroughly comprehended its value, and understood the advantage of securing a provision for herself. Devoid of all activity of disposition, she had every tendency to avarice. But a small share of avarice becomes a woman, however ill extravagance may suit her. Generosity is a manly virtue, but parsimony is becoming in a woman. This is the rule of nature, and our judgments must be subservient thereto.

"Margaret (for such was the name of this prudent personage) was very much dissatisfied with her husband's carelessness. Upon occasions when large payments were made to him by his customers, it was his habit to leave the money lying for a considerable time upon the table, and then to collect it in a basket, from which he afterwards paid it away, without making it up in packages, and without keeping any account of its application. His wife plainly perceived that, even without actual extravagance, where there was such a total want of system considerable sums must be wasted. She was, above all things, anxious to make her husband change his negligent habits, and she became grieved to observe that the small savings which she collected and so carefully retained were as nothing in comparison with the money that was squandered, and she determined, therefore, to adopt a rather dangerous expedient to make her husband open his eyes. She resolved to defraud him of as much money as possible, and for this purpose had recourse to an extraordinary plan. She had observed that when he had once counted his money, which he allowed to remain so long upon the table, he never reckoned it over a second time before putting it away; she therefore rubbed the bottom

of a candle-stick with tallow, and then, apparently without design, she placed it near the spot where the ducats lay exposed, a species of coin for which she entertained a warm partiality. She thus gained possession of a few pieces, and subsequently of some other coins, and was soon sufficiently well satisfied with her success. She therefore repeated the operation frequently, and entertained no scruple about employing such means to effect so praiseworthy an object, and she tranquillized her conscience on the subject by the reflection that such a mode of abstracting her husband's money could not be termed robbery, as her hands were not employed for the purpose. Her secret treasure increased gradually, and soon became very much greater by the addition of the ready money which she herself received from the customers of the hotel, and of which she invariably retained possession.

"She carried on this practice for a whole year, and though she carefully watched her husband, she never had reasons to believe that his suspicions were awakened, until at length he began to grow discontented and unhappy. She induced him to tell her the cause of his anxiety, and learned that he was grievously perplexed. After the last payment which he had made of a considerable sum of money, he had laid aside the amount of his rent, and not only this had disappeared, but he was unable to meet the demand of his landlord from any other channel; and as he had always been accustomed to keep his accounts in his head, and to write down nothing, he could not possibly understand the cause of the deficiency.

"Margaret reminded him of his great carelessness, censured his thoughtless way of receiving and paying away money, and spoke of his general imprudence. Even his generous disposition did not escape her remarks; and, in truth, he had no excuse to offer for a course of conduct the consequences of which he had so much reason to regret. But she could not leave her husband long in this state of grievous trouble, more especially as she felt a pride in being able to render him once more happy. Accordingly, to his great astonishment, on his birthday, which she

was always accustomed to celebrate by presenting him with something useful, she entered his private apartment with a basket filled with rouleaux of money. The different descriptions of coin were packed together separately, and the contents were carefully endorsed in a hand-writing by no means the best. It would be difficult to describe his astonishment at finding before him the precise sums which he had missed, or at his wife's assurance that they belonged to him. She thereupon circumstantially described the time and manner of her abstracting them, confessed the amount which she had taken, and told also how much she had saved by her own careful attention. His despair was now changed into joy, and the result was that he abandoned to his wife all the duty of receiving and paying away money for the future. His business was carried on even more prosperously than before, although from the day of which we have spoken not a farthing ever passed through his hands. His wife discharged the duty of banker with extraordinary credit to herself; no false money was ever taken, and the establishment of her complete authority in the house was the natural and just consequence of her activity and care; and, after the lapse of ten years, she and her husband were in a condition to purchase the hotel for themselves."

Thus writes the great German master, and that evidently with the intention of defending the rights of women and of clearly designating the proper relation of the two sexes in the matter of authority. There can be, to his mind, no absolute rule here, giving the right to command and govern to the one sex while the other is bound simply to obey. Of course, not every wife could take the place that this young hostess did, and adopt the same perilous measures for the accomplishment of even the noblest ends; nor is this necessary, since not all husbands are like Goethe's host, unable to manage their own finances. Still, dark clouds could often be dispelled from the sacred retreat of homes if wedded persons would habitually exercise the good sense which the gifted writer has set before us in his own masterly way.

And as for the young, be they maid-

ens or be they men, it would be well if they would make a note of the narrative and store it away for future reference. The journey of life has its halts and its turning points, and much depends upon temper and good sense as to how these may be passed over. It would be a pity to miss one's happy destiny by some ugly hooks and crooks of personal disposition, or some false and overdrawn theory of personal prerogative. Far better to strive after unity of aim and harmony of effort, even though there must be a surrender of personal considerations, than to stand on one's dignity, with a sacrifice of both peace and prosperity. After all, it matters but little who rules, provided that government be wise and beneficial, and the reins be held by those who have gotten possession of them by lawful activity.

AN OLD BOAT.

I passed a boat to-day on the shore
That will be launched on the sea no more.

Worn and battered—the straight keel bent,
The side, like a ruined rampart rent ;

Left alone, with no covering,
For who would steal such a useless thing ?

It was shapely once, when the shipwright's
hand
Had laid each plank the master planned ;

And it danced for joy on the curling wave,
When first the sea's broad breast it clave ;

And it felt the pulse of the well-timed stroke,
That rang on the thole-pin of tuneful oak.

Oft it has carried home the spoil
Of fishers, tired with night-long toil ;

And often, in summer days it knew
The laugh of a pleasure seeking crew.

Or launched by night on the blinding waves,
It has rescued a life from the sea's dark
graves.

It is useless now, as it lies on the beach,
Drawn high beyond the billow's reach ;

And none of all it has served in stress,
Remember it now in its loneliness.

—*The Spectator.*

MOTHER'S TURN.—“It is mother's turn to be taken care of now.”

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words.

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it: and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which for years they have patiently borne.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SWISS VALOR.

At the battle of Sempach, eleven hundred Swiss herdsmen were arrayed against the whole army of Austria. The Austrians were afraid of nothing but that the Swiss might finally succeed in making their escape. Before the battle the Swiss sung their ancient battle-hymn: “In the midst of life we are in death;” then they fell on their knees and prayed with outstretched arms. “See!” exclaimed an Austrian knight, “they are already praying for mercy.” “Yes,” replied another, who knew them better, “they are praying for mercy, but it is God's mercy, not ours; and what that means we will soon discover.” In the subsequent battle the little company of Swiss defeated the whole Austrian army; and even now, whoever speaks of Swiss valor is sure to refer to the battle of Sempach.

OUR CABINET.

GRANDFATHER'S SPELLING BOOK.

We wish somebody would write a song about it that would be as popular as "Grandfather's Clock." It is more than ninety years old, and, of course, looks antiquated. Everything looks queer when it gets to be nearly a hundred years old. If you and I should reach that age, it is more than likely that the young folks will consider us very old-fashioned.

The book is heavily bound in leather, and is printed on thick paper. In those days one spelling book was often made to serve for a whole family, and, of course, it had to be substantial. There was no such thing as getting a new book every few months. Books and money were too scarce for that.

The title is so long that we will not quote it in full. The following is the most important part of it: "A New Guide to the English Tongue, By Thomas Dilworth, Schoolmaster at Wapping, Philadelphia, Printed by James Johnson, 1791." Opposite the title is a portrait of "Thomas Dilworth, Schoolmaster," which looks almost rude enough to have been engraved with a pen-knife. Somebody has added a big pipe, drawn with a pen, so that the school-master appears to be smoking. Possibly this was done by grandfather himself when he was a boy. Boys, in those days, were apt to do some very foolish things.

The contents of Dilworth's Spelling Book are of the most varied character. It is, in fact, not only a Primer and Spelling Book, but a Reader and Grammar, all in one. Probably very few scholars got further than to the end of this book, if indeed they got so far. The author evidently attempted to put too much into a single volume, and

much important matter was therefore omitted. Let us, however, compare the first reading lesson with that contained in one of the first readers used by our children at the present day. The following is the first reading lesson in Dilworth:

"No man may put off the Law of God.
The Way of God is no ill Way.
My Joy is in God all the Day.
A bad Man is a Foe to God."

Let us now turn to Appleton's First Reader, which is used in many of our schools. It was printed in 1880, and is beautifully illustrated. Our little girl has just brought it to us at our request, and it is no doubt a favorable specimen of the books used in many of our primary schools. On turning to the first lesson intended to be read at sight, we find it introduced by a picture of a rat, standing on his hind legs and holding a hat with one paw and a base-ball bat with the other. The following is the lesson which the child is expected to read:

"Is this a rat?
This is Mr. Rat, and he has a bat.
Has he a hat?
He has a hat and a bat."

We have no room for extended comment, but do not hesitate to say that, so far as the reading lessons are concerned, we greatly prefer Dilworth to Appleton. The earliest lessons of childhood are sure to linger in the memory, and even in old age there are times when we seem to hear them again like some soft strain of distant music. It may serve as a shield against temptation to consider that "No man can put off the law of God;" it may strengthen the weary heart to exclaim, "My Joy is in God all the day"; but what comfort can it bring

the aged to remember that "Mr. Rat has a hat and a bat?"

Would it not be well for some of our modern educators to study Grandfather's Spelling-Book?

NAMING THE BABY.

A woman in one of our alms-houses had her child christened George Washington Andrew Jackson. She said: "I thought he was likely to be a poor creature, so I would do the best I could for him by giving him a great name." The poor woman did not know that she was giving her child an additional burden; that such great names would suggest comparisons with the great men who originally bore them, which could not fail to be unfavorable to their unfortunate namesake.

Similar errors in naming children are by no means unfrequent. Parents imagine that an extraordinary name will confer a certain distinction upon their offspring, but the reverse is generally the case. A few years ago we heard of a member of the Kansas Legislature whose name was Epaminondas Squash. No doubt his parents imagined that by giving their child the name of a great Greek general they would add dignity to his surname, which is certainly not euphonious, but they only succeeded in rendering it more conspicuous. Would it not have been better to call him John, or Robert, or William?

Names are sometimes given to children which become ludicrous when taken in conjunction with their surnames. The eminent New Yorker whose name was Preserved Fish would doubtless have preferred a Christian name like those of ordinary mortals. It is said that a Mr. Frog, of Chester county, named his child Bull, in honor of the Rev. Dr. Levi Bull. He did not observe, until afterwards, that his child had thus become a Bull Frog.

For similar reasons alliterative names should be avoided. Peter Piper and Timothy Titmouse will do well enough in meter, but the persons who have to bear such names are sure to dislike them. Hamilton is a very good surname, but Mr. Hannibal Hamilcar Hamilton was not well named.

It is not well to name children after living great men, because these so-called great men sometimes become very little before they die. Children who, during the Revolution, were named Benedict Arnold were afterwards regarded as disgraced by Arnold's treason. An eminent New York merchant could never be induced to reveal his Christian name. It was only after his death that it was discovered that he had been named Aaron Burr.

It is hardly credible that parents should sometimes make the mistake of giving their children names which properly belong to the opposite sex, but this is certainly sometimes the case. We once knew a man whose name was Venus, and have heard of a girl who was called Virgil. In certain localities girls are not unfrequently named Aquila, though if the parents had turned to the New Testament they might have read all about Aquila and his wife Priscilla.

Scripture names are ordinarily safest, though even these must be selected with discrimination. Names taken, for their oddity, from the Jewish genealogical tables are sure to prove disappointing. However much such names may have been admired by the ancient Puritans, we would not advise any one to name his child Zurishaddai or Maher-shalal-hash-baz.

It has been said that the best garments are those which attract attention neither by their splendor nor by their inferiority, but are felt at once to be perfectly suited to the person who wears them. In the same way it may be said that the best names are those which are neither pompous nor hideous—neither too old nor too new—but are of the class that have for several generations been frequently chosen by people of taste and refinement. With all our searching it is probable that we will find no better names than those which have become illustrious in the history of the church.

AND oh, to us, dear Lord,
May grace and aid be given
To save Thy little ones for Thee,
And guide their feet to heaven;
To love, as Thou didst love,
Their tender, early days,
Till in Thy paradise above
They join our song of praise.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

THE RESERVE CORPS.

Every superintendent has been troubled by the irregularity of teachers. With the best intentions in the world they take charge of classes, but afterwards become careless and think it no great matter to absent themselves for an occasional Sunday. Sometimes, too, a teacher becomes sick, and his place necessarily remains unoccupied. Under such circumstances classes must be supplied as best they can, possibly by a visitor or by one of the elder scholars, but the arrangement cannot fail to prove unsatisfactory.

On this subject we find a suggestion, in an article by Rev. J. Max Hark, in a recent number of the *Sunday School Times*, which we commend to the attention of pastors and Superintendents. After speaking of the troubles caused by the irregularities of teachers, the writer continues:—"Such a state of affairs had for a long time worried a certain superintendent of quite a large and good school. He frequently declared it to be the one thing that troubled him more than all else in his work. He has now overcome it, has removed the load of care from his mind, and has improved his school to a wonderful degree. He started a reserve corps of teachers; and its success solved the difficulty almost at once.

He did it thus: By personal solicitation he persuaded a number of ladies and gentlemen, not connected with the school, to attend his weekly teachers' study meeting. He got them thoroughly interested in the series of lessons. The next time a regular teacher was absent he prevailed upon one of these to take his place that Sunday; and the person rather liked it. He finally succeeded in getting half a dozen of them

to promise him that, though they could, or would not become regular teachers, they would act as substitutes whenever needed. Soon their number was increased, until he had as many of these regular substitutes as he had classes in school. Then he assigned each one to a particular class; that is, each class, in case of the teacher's absence, always had the same substitute. This was a great gain. No worriment about unsupplied classes. No unprepared substitutes. No substitutes unacquainted with their classes, and unversed in the methods and routine of the school. For it was not long ere, by regular attendance at the weekly teachers' meetings, and repeated practice in the work of teaching in the school, this reserve corps became as efficient in the work, and as interested, as the 'regulars' themselves."

ANCIENT PROVERBS.

When Satan wishes to raise a harvest he plants the seeds of pride.

The heart is the source, the tongue is the fountain.

Heart and tongue are but a span asunder.

Even-song and morning praise
Scatter blessings on our ways.

"I SEND out my children to their daily tasks, surrounded by the hallowed breath of prayer," said a Christian father. So doing he aided them in the struggle against evil. "If my children get angry with each other," said another, "I at once make them all sit down and sing together in unison some pleasant hymn or song; its soothing effect is magical; they forget their little quarrels and go kindly to their sports again."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON VI.

August 6, 1882.

THE FRUITLESS TREE.—MARK 11: 12-23.

Commit to memory verses 12-14.

12. And on the morrow, when they were come from Bethany, he was hungry:

13. And seeing a fig tree afar off having leaves, he came, if haply he might find any thing thereon; and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet.

14. And Jesus answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever. And his disciples heard it.

15. And they came to Jerusalem; and Jesus went to the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money changers, and the seats of them that sold doves;

16. And would not suffer that any man should carry any vessel through the temple.

17. And he taught, saying unto them, Is it not written, my house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? but ye have made it a den of thieves.

18. And the scribes and chief priests heard it, and sought how they might destroy him: for they feared him, because all the people were astonished at his doctrine.

19. And when even was come, he went out of the city.

20. And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots.

21. And Peter calling to remembrance saith unto him, Master, behold, the fig tree which thou cursedst is withered away,

22. And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God.

23. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, and shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE UNFRUITFUL TREE WITHERED
2. THE POLLUTED TEMPLE CLEANSED.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much 'fruit.'" John 15: 8.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 12. *Morrow*—Monday of Passion week. 13. *Fig tree* * * *leaves*; it usually bears fruit first, then leaves. *Time not yet*—had not fully come, but it made a show of fruitfulness. 15. *Began to cast out*; He had done the same nearly three years before; but the evil custom was revived. (Read John 2: 13-19). 16. *Through the temple, i. e.*; through the court of the Gentiles. 17. *Written*; Isaiah 56: 7. 19. *Even*—Monday evening. 20. *Morning*—Tuesday. *Dried up*; the barren must perish. 21. *Thou cursedst*; Peter says: Jesus had not used the word cursed. 22-23. A lesson on faith. *Mountain* means any great obstacle, hindrance, difficulty.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 32. But why art thou called a Christian?

Ans. Because I am a member of Christ by faith, and thus am partaker of His anointing, that so I may confess His name, and present

myself a living sacrifice of thankfulness to Him; and also, that with a free and good conscience I may fight against sin and Satan in this life, and afterwards reign with Him eternally, over all creatures.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 12. When did the events of this lesson take place? What does the hunger of Jesus teach us concerning His nature? 13. Which usually appears first on a fig-tree, leaves or fruit? Did this tree, then, make a profession of fruitfulness? What had it only?

14. What sentence was passed upon the unfruitful tree? What fruits does God expect of those who profess the faith of Christ? (see Galatians 5: 22-26). What nation put forth leaves, but bore no fruit? Is this the case with hypocrites and unfruitful members?

15-16. When, before, had Jesus cleansed

the temple? What court of the temple was specially polluted?

17. What is God's house? What do wicked men try to make it?

18-19. What made cowards of His enemies?

20-21. What did Peter say?

22. What reply did Jesus make?

23. What is meant by *mountain*? Has the faith of Christians already cast down the mountains of idolatry in many lands? What prayer ought we to make? (Lord, increase our faith).

LESSON HYMN: "What shall I render to my God."

LESSON VI. Aug. 6, 1832.

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

I. THE UNFRUITFUL TREE WITH-
ERED.

Early on Monday morning of Passion Week Jesus departed from Bethany on His way to Jerusalem, and He was hungry. He may have "risen up a great while before day" (Mark 1: 35), and thus have started on His journey without breakfast. The reality of His human nature is proved by His hunger. No doubt, the disciples were also hungry.

The fig tree stood by the wayside, and whatever fruit it might bear, would be for the use of the passer-by. Jesus approached this, if haply He might find fruit; for it had already put forth leaves, and made a profession of fruitfulness. Leaves are *promises*; and all *professions* are promises to God and man.

Did Jesus not know the tree was barren before He approached it? Perhaps not; for it was a part of His humiliation to subject Himself to our human condition, and to learn as we do. He did not always *use* His Divine power and knowledge, though ever at His command. No man exerts his full powers of body or mind at all times. On certain occasions only, men put forth all their efforts. So with Jesus.

The time for figs was not yet. Why, then, did it put forth the promise of fruit? It was a type of the Jews, who professed to be God's servants but *omitted* to bring forth good fruits. The sins of *omission* are thus condemned as well as those of commission.

No man eat, etc. This was the sentence against the barren tree. There is nothing said here about a *curse*, though Peter afterwards interpreted the *adverse judgment* as equivalent to a curse.

In His hunger we see the humanity of Jesus; in His power to wither the tree we see His Divinity. Here is warning, not for the open transgressors, but for us who are professors of religion,—who have much to *say* about Christianity. We raise high expectations; how are we fulfilling them?

The *lesson* which Jesus specially enforces is—*faith in God*. v. 22. (1). Faith relies upon God's almighty power. (2). It is patient, willing to wait long, if need be. (3). Does not despair of final victory, but removes mountains.

This does not mean heaps of earth and stones, but obstacles in the way of the believer. Faith gives the victory over the hindrances of the flesh and of the mind—over the oppositions of the world and of the devil. Christian faith has overthrown the mountains of heathenism in many lands, its idolatry, cruelty and wickedness.

II. THE POLLUTED TEMPLE.

Twice Jesus cleansed the Temple—once at the beginning of His ministry, and again at its close. See John 2: 13-17. The evil practices had returned.

Buying and selling are out of place in God's house. Church fairs often prove a snare to a congregation. Far better would Christians contribute liberally of their means, and thus support their church, than to resort to doubtful practices in order to get help. Especially should such practices of selling and buying be kept outside of the church edifice. It is "a house of prayer."

The Scriptures teach that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. (1 Cor. 6: 19). Hence we are to reverence our bodies, and keep them pure and chaste.

He drove out the desecrators of the Temple. His zeal terrified them, and they fled before Him. Their guilt made them afraid. The glance of His eye was appalling to them as the lightning's flash. Here behold the *severity* of Christ, as well as His goodness.

HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SERMON?

—Let us, if only for the sake of variety, change this trite commentary on our Sunday engagements. How did you enjoy the prayers? How did the reading of God's Word affect you? How much reality did you feel in confessing your sins? How many of your sick, weary, sorrowful and sinful friends did you remember on your knees? How much did your thoughts go with the hymns you sang? How much did you pray that the servant of God might be blessed in his word, and that your own soul might be humbled and assured in the love of Christ? And how far has the prayer been answered? "Oh, but," you say, "these are really private questions." Then put them to yourself, dear friend.—*Christian Commonwealth*.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON VII.

Aug. 13, 1882.

PRAYER AND FORGIVENESS. MARK 11: 24-33.

Commit to memory verses 24, 25.

24. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.

25. And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.

26. But, if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.

27. ¶ And they come again to Jerusalem: and as he was walking in the temple, there come to him the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders,

28. And say unto him, By what authority doest thou these things? and who gave thee this authority to do these things?

29. And Jesus answered and said unto them I will also ask of you one question, and answer me, and I will tell you by what authority I do these things.

30. The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men? answer me.

31. And they reasoned with themselves, saying If we shall say, From heaven; he will say, Why then did ye not believe him?

32. But if we shall say, Of men; they feared the people: for all men counted John, that he was a prophet indeed.

33. And they answered and said unto Jesus, We cannot tell. And Jesus answering saith unto them, Neither do I tell you by what authority I do these things.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE TRUE SPIRIT OF PRAYER. Vs. 24-26.
2. THE AUTHORITY OF CHRIST. Vs. 27-33.

GOLDEN TEXT. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." Matt. 6. 12.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 24. Believe that ye receive; the power of prayer is according to the measure of faith. 25-26. Stand praying: to stand in prayer is the attitude of confidence: to prostrate ourselves is to pray with depreciation, as a penitent sinner. Both attitudes have their time and place. But in every prayer, charity and a forgiving spirit are necessary. Forgive, says Jesus. 27. Come again to Jerusalem—on Tuesday. 28. By what authority? Who licensed you to preach? They questioned His right. 29. I will ask you. He met their question by another one. 30. Baptism of John—his whole mission. Was it Divine, or only human? 31-32. They reasoned. Probably Nicodemus or Joseph of Arimathea told the Apostles this. 33. We cannot tell.—they would not. Jesus then refused to tell them of His authority: I do not tell.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 33. Why is Christ called the only begotten Son of God, since we are also the children of God?

Ans. Because Christ alone is the eternal and natural Son of God; but we are children adopted by God, of grace, for His sake.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 24. On what does the power of prayer depend? What is faith? What does Christ tell us to pray for?

25-26. What is the true spirit of prayer? Is there forgiveness for unforgiving people? Are our prayers always answered in the way we desire? How often must we forgive? (See Matt. 18: 21-22).

27. On what day did this delegation come to Jesus? Where was Jesus at the time?

28. What did these enemies call in question? Did public teachers generally receive

authority from the scribes and priests? Had Jesus asked for such permission?

29-30. Had this same party ever authorized John to baptize? Did they ever positively decide for or against John? Who sent him? Who gave Jesus His authority?

31-32. Were these men afraid to confess the truth? Had not John told who sent him to baptize? (John 1: 33-34).

33. Would Christ have answered sincere inquirers? Did He gratify idle curiosity or quibbling? Who sent Jesus, and gave Him authority?

LESSON HYMN: "My dear Redeemer, and my Lord, etc." 4

LESSON VII. Aug. 13, 1882.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

I. THE TRUE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

To pray for an object, without really *desiring* it, is mere formality. Desire is the soul of true prayer. Longing is the first condition.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." Longing desire prayeth always, though the tongue be silent. If thou art ever longing, thou art ever praying. (Augustine).

The second condition is faith. *Believe that ye receive them.* Faith is not arbitrary or lawless; it is submission to *God's will.* It must rest on the foundation of His revealed will. In answer to believing prayer, God worked many miracles of old; He still works those miracles of a more inward, spiritual kind.

V. 25. *When ye stand praying.* To stand in prayer is the attitude of confidence. A child does not fear to stand before its father. A guilty person cowers before his master, and falls prostrate.

Standing and kneeling in prayer are both proper for the Christian. Kneeling in supplication, in confession of sins, etc.; standing in giving thanks and ascribing praise.

A third condition of prayer is forgiveness. *Forgive, if ye have aught against any.* On this condition God will forgive us.

"He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man has need to be forgiven." (Lord Herbert). "To err is human; to forgive is divine."

V. 26. An unforgiving spirit is not of God, who is ready to forgive. It shows that the heart is unrenewed and without charity. How then can such a spirit enter into the kingdom of love? *If ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.* (See Quarterly Notes).

II. THE AUTHORITY OF CHRIST.

V. 27. *They come again to the Temple.* This was on *Tuesday* of Passion Week. It was the last occasion on which Jesus appeared as a Teacher and Prophet; and our lessons for the next five Sundays will be the words which he spoke at this time.

Three classes of persons approached Him in a very formal manner, and de-

manded whence He had received authority to teach *the chief priests, the scribes, and the elders.*

Their question rests on the fact that public teachers in general were licensed to teach. Who gave Jesus His authority and license? The Jewish rulers certainly did not.

Instead of answering directly, My heavenly Father gave me this authority, He asks them another question. Who commissioned John the Baptist to teach and baptize? Did the priests, scribes, and elders? No. Then *his baptism was not of men.* Did God send him? Why then did ye not believe him?

They were caught in their own trap, and said: *we cannot tell*; that is, they *would* not.

Jesus means to say that John and He had received authority from the same source—not from earth, but from heaven. So did the Prophets of old.

Jesus refused to answer their question; because an answer to so formal a demand would have implied that He was accountable to these earthly rulers. But they had no right to question His authority.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.—*First*—And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord (Mark 12: 29).

Second—For they themselves show of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God (1 Thess. 1: 9).

Third—But I say unto you, Swear not at all (Matt. 5: 34).

Fourth—And he said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath (Mark 2: 27).

Fifth—Honor thy father and thy mother (Matt. 19: 19).

Sixth—Thou shalt do no murder (Matt. 19: 18).

Seventh—Thou shalt not commit adultery (Matt. 19: 18).

Eighth—Thou shalt not steal (Matt. 19: 18).

Ninth—Thou shalt not bear false witness (Matt. 19: 18).

Tenth—And he said unto them, Take heed and beware of covetousness (Luke 12: 15).—*Exchange.*

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON VIII.

August 20, 1882.

THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN. MARK 12: 1-12.

Commit to memory verses 9-11.

1. And he began to speak unto them by parables. A *certain* man planted a vineyard, and set an hedge about *it*, and digged a *place for* the wine-fat, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country.

2. And at the season he sent to the husbandmen a servant, that he might receive from the husbandmen of the fruit of the vineyard.

3. And he caught *him*, and beat him, and sent *him* away empty.

4. And again, he sent unto them another servant: and at him they cast stones, and wounded *him* in the head, and sent *him* away shamefully handled.

5. And again he sent another; and him they killed, and many others; beating some, and killing some.

6. Having yet therefore one son, his well-beloved, he sent him also last unto them, saying, They will reverence my son.

7. But those husbandmen said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours.

8. And they took him, and killed *him*, and cast *him* out of the vineyard.

9. **What shall therefore, the Lord of the vineyard do? He will come and destroy the husbandmen, and will give the vineyard unto others.**

10. **And have ye not read this scripture? The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner:**

11. **This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.**

12. And they sought to lay hold on him, but feared the people; for they knew that he had spoken the parable against them: and they left him, and went their way.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE VINEYARD.
2. THE HUSBANDMEN.
3. THE LORD OF THE VINEYARD.

GOLDEN TEXT: "The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner." Ps. 118: 22.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 1. *Vineyard*—a symbol of the field of duty and service of God. See Is. 5: 1-7. Also Matt. 20: 1. The Jews were "the goodly vine." *Hedge*, wall or fence for protection. *Place for the winefat*—a cistern, cut either out of a rock or the ground. *Tower*—a watch-tower. *Husbandmen*—the Jewish rulers, scribes and priests.

2-5. *Sent a servant*, &c. These servants were the prophets and reformers. *Fruit*—goodness and obedience. 6. *One Son*—Jesus, greater than all *servants*. 7-8. *The Heir*; by killing Him, the rulers thought the government would remain in their hands.

9-12. *What shall the Lord do?* The answer is a *prophecy* of what afterwards took place. *Sought to lay hold of Him*; to do just what He foretold. And yet they feared the people.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 34. Wherefore callest thou Him our Lord?

Ans. Because He has redeemed us, both soul and body, from all our sins, not with

gold and silver, but with His precious blood, and hath delivered us from all the power of the devil, and thus hath made us His own property.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 1. To what is the Jewish Church compared? Who planted this vineyard? What else did he do for its safety? To whom did he let, or rent, it? Who were the husbandmen? Was anything left undone that could have been done for the Jews?

2. Who was sent to the husbandmen? What was he to receive? What does *fruit* signify?

3. How did the Jews treat the servants?

4-5. Were many servants sent? Who are meant by servants? Who beheaded John, the last of the prophets?

6-8. Has the owner but one son? Who is

He? Is the Son greater than the servant? (Heb. 1: 1. And 3: 5, 6). Ought the Jews to have revered Jesus? Did He seek for spiritual fruit among them? Did He find it among the rulers? How did they reason and plot against Him? Did they seek to keep the government in their hands?

9-12. Will every man be judged? Every Church and nation? What will be the fate of the wicked? Who is the Corner-stone of the Church? What foolish builders rejected Him? Whose *doing* is the exaltation of Christ? How can "the inheritance be ours"?

LESSON HYMN: "Behold the sure foundation stone."

LESSON VIII. Aug. 20, 1882.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

I. THE VINEYARD.

Both in the Old and in the New Testament the Church is compared to a vineyard. In the 80th Psalm, vs. 8-15, the Jewish nation is called the "vine brought out of Egypt," and "planted" by God in a good land. Isaiah describes it fully in chapter 5, vs. 1-7.

The hedge was a row of thorn bushes planted around a field to fence it in and to exclude intruders. So the Mosaic Law was the hedge of God's vineyard.

A place for the wine-fat; dug out of the solid rock, or a cistern in the ground, well walled and cemented. Over this was the *press*, by which the juice was expressed into the vat or cistern. *The tower* was high, enabling the watchman to have a view of the whole vineyard.

"The vineyard represents the Church or fold of God's service. This must be girt as with a *hedge*; it must have its *ordinances* for receiving the flow of the Divine nourishment; it must have its *towers* and *watchmen* against the assaults of the profane or the incursion of hypocrites." (Whedon).

Let it out to husbandmen: the rulers, guides and teachers of the Jews, under whose care and culture the fruits of righteousness were expected to spring up.

Went into a far country—that is, seemingly withdrew, and left His people to labor and bring forth good fruit.

II. THE HUSBANDMEN.

God sent His servants to receive of the fruits of righteousness. These servants were the Old Testament Prophets; the fruits which were expected were righteousness before God, and justice and kindness towards men—in one word, love.

But the husbandmen looked on the vineyard as their own property, and regarded not themselves merely as *stewards*. Hence they maltreated God's servants, the prophets, who warned and rebuked them. Which of the prophets have not your fathers killed?

"In the fulness of the times God sent forth His Son;" but *Him they slew*. The wickedness of the rulers grew worse, and reached its climax in the crucifixion of Christ. They denied His *authority*, as we learned in our last lesson.

Out of the vineyard; they delivered Him over to the Gentiles, the outsiders. Thus these husbandmen thought they would be no longer *servants*, but *lords*.

III. THE LORD OF THE VINEYARD.

He will come and destroy the husbandmen. This is the declaration of Jesus; a prophecy of what should come to pass. Forty years afterwards the prediction was fulfilled. A new vineyard took the place of the old; the Christian Church succeeded the Jewish. The ministers of the Gospel received the vineyard, and the occupation of priests, scribes and rulers was gone.

10-11. Then Jesus quoted from their own Scriptures: "*The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.*" The *builders* answer to the husbandmen. The *Heir* is here the corner-stone, which is Christ, who builds together both believing Jews and Gentiles in one new building of God.

(See Quarterly for Practical Lessons).

THE SEASON.

The thermometer is too often a foe to the Sunday school. As if there were some pulley and rope attachment between them, when the mercury sinks below zero the doors to the country schools fly to, and are closed for the winter. When it rises into the nineties, the doors of the city Sunday schools fly open, and there is a scampering into the country, the woods, or to the sea-shore. For the summer season the exodus already has begun. And now what are the saunterers in the fields, the woods, and by the waters going to do for the classes they have left behind them? In their cool retreats, and in their abundant leisure, how many things might find their way into the hot and dusty cities from which they came that would give delight to their scholars, and make the senders sure of a heartier welcome on their return? A letter, now and then, enclosing some pressed specimens of wildwood flowers; a box of sea-shells; a photograph of the locality, etc. The post office and the express companies stand ready to run on such errands for a very small compensation. But, alack! many teachers have gone away without the address of one of their scholars!—*S. S. Times*.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON IX.

August 27, 1882.

PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES SILENCED. MARK 12: 13-27.

Commit to memory verse 17.

13. And they send unto him certain of the Pharisees, and of the Herodians, to catch him in his words.

14. And when they were come, they say unto him, Master, we know that thou art true, and carest for no man: for thou regardest not the person of men, but teachest the way of God in truth: Is it lawful to give tribute to Cesar, or not?

15. Shall we give, or shall we not give? But he, knowing their hypocrisy, said unto them, Why tempt ye me? bring me a penny, that I may see it.

16. And they brought it. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? And they said unto him, Cesar's.

17. And Jesus answering, said unto them, Render to Cesar the things that are Cesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. And they marvelled at him.

18. Then come unto him the Sadducees, which say there is no resurrection; and they asked him, saying,

19. Master, Moses wrote unto us, If a man's brother die, and leave his wife behind him, and leave

no children, that his brother should take his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother.

20. Now, there were seven brethren: and the first took a wife, and dying left no seed.

21. And the second took her, and died, neither left he any seed: and the third likewise.

22. And the seven had her, and left no seed: last of all the woman died also.

23. In the resurrection therefore, when they shall rise, whose wife shall she be of them? for the seven had her to wife.

24. And Jesus answering, said unto them, Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the scriptures, neither the power of God?

25. For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven.

26. And as touching the dead, that they rise; have ye not read in the book of Moses, how in the bush God spake unto him, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and God of Jacob?

27. He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living: ye therefore do greatly err.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE EARTHLY KINGDOM. Vs. 13-17.
2. THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM. Vs. 18-27.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." 1 Tim. 4: 8.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 13. Pharisees—religious zealots. Herodians, a political party attached to King Herod. 14. We know Thou art true—trying to deceive by flattery. Tribute—poll-tax. The Jews hated the tax, because it was a sign of their subjection to Cesar—that is, the Roman emperor. 15. A penny, a denarius, equal to 15 cts. 16. Image and superscription—likeness and writing. 17. Render, &c. Fulfil your duties to the earthly ruler, and also to the Heavenly King.

V. 18. Sadducees, a skeptical, unbelieving sect of the Jews. 19. Moses wrote—Deut. 25: 5. 23. In the resurrection—meaning to say, if there is to be a resurrection. 24. Ye know not. Jesus then declares, (1) that there shall be a resurrection; (2), He proves it from the Old Testament. 25. Angels, spiritual beings who do not die.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 35. What is the meaning of these words, "He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary?"

Ans. That God's eternal Son, who is, and continueth true and eternal God, took upon

Him the very nature of man, of the flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, that He might also be the true seed of David, like unto His brethren in all things, sin excepted.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 13. What two parties were sent to catch Christ in His words? Were they friends or foes to one another?

14. Was their saying concerning Christ true? Did they really mean what they said? What is meant by giving tribute? Who was Cesar?

15. What was in their hearts? How much was a penny (i. e., denarius) worth?

16. What is meant by image and superscription? Whose image does a good heart bear?

17. What was Christ's reply? Must we

help to support the government of the State? Do we owe higher duties to God also? How shall we render Him a true service?

18. What did the Sadducees deny?

19-23. What did this incident tend to disprove? Did they think that death ends all?

24-25. What two things did the Sadducees not know? Shall the dead rise again, according to Jesus' word? Shall they marry? Like whom shall they be?

26-27. Of whom is Jehovah 'the God? Does this imply that men live after death? Where shall the good live?

LESSON HYMN: "Dear Saviour, we are Thine."

LESSON IX. Aug. 27, 1882.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

I. THE EARTHLY KINGDOM. vs. 13-17.

By nature we are citizens of the earthly kingdom; we live at a given time and place, and under a certain ruler. But the earthly life is not all; there is a *future* life also. We are immortal beings. There is a heavenly Kingdom to which we are also related. Our lesson for to-day teaches us, *first*, our *duties* in this life; and *secondly*, our *condition* in the life to come.

The rulers of the Jews perceived that Jesus had spoken the parable of the wicked husbandman against them; and they therefore stirred up a new opposition. They sent the Pharisees and Herodians to question Him. (See Instructions for *Pharisees* and *Herodians*).

Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar? Must a Jew pay tax to a heathen ruler? If Jesus had said *yes*, they would have said: He is *no* true patriot. For Cæsar was an usurper, a tyrant. If *no*, they would have said: He is a rebel against the government.

The reply of Jesus is wisdom itself, and is the final answer to the question which has been raised in every age: what are the duties of men toward governors? The relation of Church and State is not always harmonious, and is often conflicting. Here the Christian learns the duties he owes to both governments. Render to the ruler the things that belong to him, etc. (See Quarterly).

II. THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM. Vs. 18-27.

Now came another clique, the *Sadducees*, who denied the resurrection. We are told also that they did not believe in the existence of spirits and angels. They might be called *materialists*, denying the reality of the spiritual world. We have many of them in our days.

These Sadducees tried to show some difficulties that beset the condition of men in the future life—provided there be a future life. They mention the supposed case of a woman who had seven husbands.

In heaven the saints will not have a *mere repetition* of the experiences and relations they sustained on earth. There

will be no marrying, no births, no deaths. The state of the blessed is like that of the angels.

In relation to the resurrection, Jesus positively declares that it shall take place; He also declares that the power of God is sufficient to bring this to pass. God is *the God of the living*; because He lives, His children also shall live.

It is sometimes said the Old Testament does not teach the doctrine of the resurrection: It certainly does not bring that truth to light, as Jesus brought it to light through the gospel. But it was *implied* in the Old Testament; in the very name of God. *The God of Abraham*, etc. The continued existence of man is taken for granted, rather than asserted.

1. Our golden text speaks of two lives: the present and the future.

2. It is foolish to forget the claims and responsibilities of that life which is to come.

[NOTE.—The teacher should always consult the *Quarterly*, which supplements these *Guardian* notes.]

WILLEGIS.

"Willegis, Willegis,
Recole unde veneris!"

BY THE EDITOR.

It grieved the lords of Mainz full sore
That Willegis the mitre wore:

He was a wagoner's son;
And so, for fun,

The nobles scribbled, o'er and o'er,
Rude cartwheels on the bishop's door.

But when he saw it, Willegis
Was not at all displeased at this;
He called an artist, near at hand,
And quickly gave him this command:

"On every door you see,
I pray you, paint for me

A wheel of silver in a field
Of crimson—this shall be my shield;
And let the proud escutcheon bear
This motto, writ in letters fair:

"Willegis, Willegis,
Bethink thee whence thy coming is!"

'Tis said that on that very day
The nobles wiped their scrawls away:

They learned a lesson then,
To honor honest men,
And later bishops there
In their escutcheon bear,
From that day unto this,
The wheel of Willegis.

—From the German of August Kopisch.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE LONGFELLOW BIRTH-DAY BOOK—Arranged by Charlotte Fiske Bates. Nineteenth Thousand. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1882.

The compiler of this charming little volume has applied the beautiful Moravian idea of a Birth-day Book to the writings of our favorite American poet. The book is divided into sections for every day in the year, and each of these contains choice selections in prose and verse, taken exclusively from the works of Longfellow. Under the day of the month are the names of a number of eminent men who claimed it as their birth-day, and a blank space is reserved for the autographs of friends of the owner of the volume. The signatures thus indicate the birth-day of the writer, and may often, when the day comes round, suggest those little attentions which do so much to cement friendship. The poetical selections have been made with exquisite taste, and are generally appropriate to the season.

SERMONS BY REV. CHARLES WADSWORTH, D. D., Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publishing Company, 1510 Chestnut St., 1882.

That these are sermons of a very high order will not be called in question. It is said that they have been printed from the manuscript of the author "just as they were delivered, and without any revisal except such as could be given them as the book was passing through the press." Revision was certainly unnecessary, for Dr. Wadsworth never left his work unfinished. Every one of his sermons was in the best sense a work of art, and he lingered over it like an artist when he adds the finishing touches to his picture. He did not, like too many others, depend on elocution to make up for deficiencies in composition, but elaborated every sentence of his discourses with the utmost care. His sermons were therefore not only thoughtful and edifying, but unusually brilliant. In imagery it might have been said of him, as it was of Krumacher, that he was "a millionaire." In splendor of diction he was unrivalled, and for this reason, if for no other, his sermons deserve a permanent place in the theological literature of our country.

We have compared this volume with an earlier series of Wadsworth's sermons, which appeared in 1869. There has been, we think, a manifest improvement. If the rhetoric is less florid, the thought is more profound, and there is occasionally an almost prophetic apprehension of the realities of the celestial world which the preacher was about to enter. We hope the present volume will be extensively circulated and that the publishers will be encouraged to issue additional series of the sermons of the great Philadelphia preacher.

THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS CRISIS.—By Augustus Blauvelt. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882.

We have neither time nor inclination to

review this book. As, however, it may happen to fall into the hands of some of our readers, we would simply warn them not to be terrified by its portentous title, nor to be led astray by its contents. The author was, some time ago, deposed from the ministry of the Reformed (Dutch) Church for the rationalistic character of his writings, and the present volume is of the same general tenor. He believes that we are in the midst of a great religious crisis, which threatens the very existence of the church, and in his own way he does his best to hasten the end by taking away the objects of our faith. In the opinion of such men a crisis is always imminent, but with some of them "the wish is father to the thought." The church may seem to be tottering to its fall, and yet, year after year, it evidently grows stronger. Some one has compared it with the celebrated leaning tower of Pisa, which appears to be always on the point of falling to the earth, and yet stands unmoved from generation to generation. The skeptic may think he discovers signs of decay in the ancient structure, but he cannot overturn it, nor, least of all, can he build another like it.

We observe that our copy of this book is labelled on the cover "The Present Religious Conflict"—not *Crisis*, as on the title-page. There is no doubt that we are in the midst of a great conflict, and that the enemies of the truth have at no time been more active than at present. Thousands may fall, like the author of this book, but the church has the infallible assurance of final victory.

GARFIELD'S WORDS; suggestive passages from the Public and Private Writings of James Abram Garfield. Compiled by William Ralston Balch. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1881.

The character of this volume is sufficiently indicated by its title. It is a handsome little book, containing a brief memoir of our late President, with nearly five hundred short extracts from his writings, which abundantly prove the high culture and excellent sense of their author. The portrait of President Garfield is one of the finest we have seen.

WINES: SCRIPTURAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL—By Norman Kerr, M. D., F. L. S., New York, National Temperance Society and Publication House.

The writer of this book begins by assuming that wine, in the present sense of the word, is "a narcotic poison, poisonous alike to body and to brain;" and he therefore insists that "wines scriptural and ecclesiastical" must at the beginning have been unfermented. In support of his position he has gathered much interesting information, but we cannot say that we are impressed with the force of his reasoning. Many previous writers have taken the same position, but their assertions have not commended themselves to the favorable judgment of the best Biblical scholars. It is questionable whether such extreme views are calculated to promote the cause which they are intended to serve. The book is a fine specimen of typography.

THE CHILDREN'S SERMON ; With a Selection of Five Minute Sermons to Children, by the Rev. John C. Hill. Philadelphia, Presbyterian Board of Publication. Price 50 cents.

This is a charming little book. It contains a brief introductory essay on the necessity of preaching to children, and then gives fifteen specimens of sermons which are literally not more than five minutes long. The sermons are childlike, but not childish, and are models of what discourses to children ought to be. We have read several of them to a company of little folks, and they are loud in their praises.

DECLAMATIONS AND DIALOGUES FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—By Prof. J. H. Gilmore, Chicago: Henry A. Sumner and Company, 1881. Price 50 cents.

In places where Sunday School entertainments are still in vogue, this "speaker" may prove useful. There are several hundred pieces in prose and verse, most of which are intended for very young children. The selections appear to have been made with excellent judgment.

THE WONDROUS SICKLE, OR HOURS WITH ORIENTALS. By A. L. O. E. New York, Robert Carter and Brothers, 530 Broadway, 1882.

We have here a series of stories illustrative of the work of missions. The writings of the authoress are to be found in almost every Sunday School library, and do not require special commendation. They are not only interesting, but are pervaded by a fervent Christian spirit. The present volume affords the reader many vivid glimpses of oriental life, and cannot fail to create a longing to aid in extending the blessings of the Gospel to the benighted millions of India.

UNDER THE SHIELD. A tale by M. E. Winchester. New York, Robert Carter and Brothers, 530 Broadway, 1882.

This is an excellent story for young people. The principal character is an honest English boy, who, having been brought by the teachings of a pious mother *under the shield* of genuine Christian faith, is not only kept safe in many trials, but becomes instrumental in leading others to the same secure refuge. There is nothing weak or sentimental in this book. It is very interesting, and at the same time conveys important religious lessons.

CHILD'S HEIDELBERG CATECHISM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES. By E. V. Gerhart, D. D. Philadelphia, Grant, Faires & Rodgers, Printers, 1882.

Dr. Gerhart deserves the thanks of the church for having prepared this excellent little catechism. It will be very useful as an introduction to the study of the Heidelberg Catechism, of which it is an abridgment. The book was prepared at the suggestion of Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Mifflinburg, who offers it for sale. Price, postpaid, 8 cents a copy, or 75 cents a dozen.

PRACTICAL LIFE; or Ways and Means for developing Character and Resources. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Published by J. C. McCurdy and Co., Philadelphia. Price \$2.75.

This is a very useful book. It pleasantly discusses Domestic Life, Social Relations, Business, Books, Dress, and many similar themes which are constantly presenting themselves in practical life. It very sensibly answers the questions which occur in the family, and withal suggests many ways of making home more pleasant. We know of no book which is more likely to furnish instruction and amusement, especially during the long evenings of winter. It will probably be a favorite with young and old.

THE COMPARATIVE NEW TESTAMENT.— Philadelphia, Porter and Coates, 1882.

This is a very convenient volume. On the same page we have both the Old and the New version of the New Testament in parallel columns, so that the two may be easily compared. There is also an interesting history of the Revision, with an account of the methods pursued by the Committee. The text is beautifully printed, and the publishers vouch for its absolute correctness.

OLIVE'S STORY—By Mrs. O. F. Walton, Author of "Christie's Old Organ." New York, Robert Carter and Brothers, 1882.

Little Olive, at her mother's suggestion, writes a journal of her experiences at home and at school. The style is simple, as befits a girl of thirteen, but the incidents are well chosen and interesting. We have no doubt the book will prove a favorite with the children.

THOUGHTS ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By Joseph Alden, D. D., L. L. D. With an Introduction by William Cullen Bryant. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882. Price \$1.00.

Many of these thoughts are very beautiful, and they are simply and clearly expressed. The introduction was found lying on Mr. Bryant's desk at the time of his decease, having been written for this book at Dr. Alden's request. It is but a fragment, but is valuable as a testimony to the Christian faith of the distinguished poet. Like all of the publications of G. P. Putnam & Sons, this book is a fine specimen of typography.

THE WORLD'S FOUNDATIONS; OR GEOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS. By Agnes Giberne. New York, Robert Carter and Brothers, 1882.

We can heartily recommend this book as a guide to beginners in the study of the grandest of the natural sciences. Without entering into the discussion of mooted questions, it gives the results of the most recent scientific researches in the simplest possible language, and is throughout pervaded by a spirit of childlike reverence for the great Creator. It is a blessing to be taught Geology in such a school.

 1882. 

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NO. 9.

HOPE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Hope within the spirit slumbers,
As in lily-cups the dew;
Hope, when tempests' wrath has ended,
Shows its bright celestial blue.
Hope is like a flowret, springing
From a bleak and rocky wall;
Hope, like diamonds in the waters,
Gleams when tears of sorrow fall.

Ah! how oft deceived and broken,
Poor, confiding, human heart!
Still thou turnest to the heavens,
Seeking grace to heal the smart.
Ever, like Arachne, spinning
Webs of hope, from day to day,
Though to-morrow's sun should find them
Swept by cruel hands away.

From the German of Baron Franz von Gaudy.

PET NAMES.

BY REV. J. SPANGLER KIEFFER.

We have come to attend the Twenty-fifth Annual Commencement of that flourishing institution, the Greenwood Female Seminary. The young ladies of the graduating class will presently appear on the platform, in all their beauty and glory; for which auspicious moment whilst we are waiting, let us entertain ourselves by examining this programme of the exercises, placed in our hands as we entered the hall, and this catalogue of the Seminary, also conveniently at hand.

Do you observe anything peculiar in the young ladies' names recorded here? Is it not somewhat remarkable that the great majority of them terminate in *ie*? They are nearly all of them pet names, names of endearment and affection, names of the darling form. Let us run

over the list: Minnie, Mamie, Mollie, Katie, Libbie, Jennie, Sallie, Lulie, Lillie,—and so on, apparently, to the end. One cannot help asking, what has become of Mary, Sarah, Jane and Elizabeth? Are they “clean gone forever;” and shall we never behold their honest faces again? Here, to be sure, we do find one Mary on the programme. Blessings be on the straightforward and old-fashioned name, than which no sweeter one was ever spoken or printed. And thanks be to this young lady, whoever she may be, for letting her Christian name stand, in its simple and unaltered form, on this programme, where it serves, by contrast, to relieve the monotony of an almost entire prevalence of pet names.

This habit of publishing the names of young ladies in their diminutive form, is not peculiar to the Greenwood Female Seminary; if it were, we should hardly be writing about it now. As far as we can tell, it is a very common practice. It seems to be characteristic of Female Seminaries in general. Whoever has noticed the lists of young ladies' names, as given in catalogues and programmes, and as they occasionally appear in the newspapers, will have observed this tendency towards the use of pet names. The most serious and striking instance of this, that has fallen under our observation, was afforded, a year or two ago, by one of those newspaper reporters, who, writing from places of fashionable resort, are accustomed to give minute descriptions of the appearance and attire of the fashionable ladies participating in some ball or other public festivity. The particular writer in question described in detail the distinguished appearance and elegant toilet of “Miss Pussy Popkinson.” We are not sure of the last name, but we are perfectly cer-

tain as to the first. Farther than this, it seems to us, the rage for the use of pet names in public could not well go. We give it, avowedly, as an exceptional and extreme instance, as an illustration of what this tendency might possibly, in the end, bring us to; and we would respectfully submit that the public appearance of "Miss Pussy Popkinson" ought to serve as the high-water mark in the deluge of this passion for pet names, and ought to mark the beginning of a return to a more sensible practice as regards the naming of young ladies in public.

Let it not be supposed that we are speaking in condemnation of these names of tenderness and affection. The use of them is legitimate and inevitable; under certain circumstances, exceedingly appropriate and beautiful. Every language has its diminutives, and could ill afford to be without them; the lack of them would be no credit to the language. The name of every daughter or sister, as used by those to whom she is near and dear, continually gravitates towards the diminutive form, as the natural and proper expression of the love they cherish for her. Viewed in this light, there is something interesting and agreeable in all pet names. It is pleasant to reflect, for example, as regards the names on this programme, how much parental and fraternal affection they stand for, how much of family love is represented in them. They were born in the sacred privacy of home; they owe their origin to the tenderness of loving hearts; their native clime is the atmosphere of the family circle.

This very circumstance, however, is the ground of our objection to their public and indiscriminate use. Just because they belong to loving parents, brothers and sisters, they ought not to be the common property of a multitude of indifferent strangers. The delicate bloom of these names of tenderness and affection, like the bloom of the peach or plum, cannot well be preserved when exposed to rude and frequent handling. They part with much of their characteristic sweetness, when dragged forth from that privacy which is their natural and appropriate abode into the glare of a publicity for which they were never meant. A sort of sacredness belongs to

them; and a sound taste cannot but feel that it is a sort of violation or profanation to use them lightly or heartlessly, as they cannot escape being used if made the common property of the outside world. They belong to the home; let them not fall into the hands of the catalogue, the programme, or the newspaper.

Where love is, let there be full freedom to use names specially expressive of love. No possible objection can be made to the use of these endearing names by those on whose lips they may be supposed in some degree actually to mean what their form implies that they mean. But, while the fondly loved daughter or sister is thus habitually addressed by those who are nearest and dearest to her, let the name by which she confronts the world be the name which was originally given her, her proper name, in its full, dignified, and, so to speak, official, form. Let this be her name as inserted in the catalogue and the programme; as announced from the platform or in the newspaper; as read out on high and solemn public occasions, such as those of Confirmation or Marriage. Let her not venture into publicity except under the shelter of such formality. Whenever a public appearance is necessary, let Mary appear as Mary, and not as Mamie; Louisa as Louisa, and not as Lulie; Elizabeth as Elizabeth, and not as Lizzie.

The practice with which we are finding fault is not the unimportant and trivial evil it might at first appear to be, for it is a part, and a symptom, of a false way of thinking and feeling, which, like everything false, is capable of working great injury. And the change we are suggesting will appear more important than might at first be supposed, if viewed in its proper light, as belonging to the culture of that reserve which is an essential element in every well-developed character. The necessity of such reserve, in particular, the necessity of its being inculcated as a part of the education of girls, is so well expressed in Miss Brackett's volume on "The Education of American Girls," that we prefer to let her say for us, in her own words, what we would desire to say on this point: "In the unrestrained and affectionate intercourse of the fam-

ily, the girl has not felt the necessity of concealing in any degree her real self. She is under an observation that is intelligent and sympathetic, and she is sure of the kindest construction of all her actions. If she talks or laughs loudly, for instance, it is not supposed that this springs from a desire to attract attention, but from the natural, innocent overflowing of healthful spirits, and a forgetfulness of self. But her social education cannot be called finished till she has in some measure been taught to distrust others. She must learn that society is not one vast family, abounding in sympathy and always ready to put the kindest construction on her words and actions. * * * We must so educate her that she will not lightly give her confidence or show to uninterested persons too much of her real self. In other words, we must educate her into a reserve, into the gentle, unoffending dignity which holds all but the nearest and dearest at a little distance from herself." This is truly and wisely said; it puts the matter in the light in which it ought to stand; it indicates the true reason why the public use of pet names is to be objected to, namely, because it is in violation of the principle of reserve which no one, and especially no young lady, may with impunity contravene.

Evidently, there is something in publicity, whatever it may be, which makes it impossible for a lady to venture into it safely, except under the protection of some sort of concealment or reserve. We may not agree with the declaration of Pericles, in his celebrated oration delivered at the public funeral of those who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian War; in which oration, as reported by Thucydides, the great statesman and orator, says, in speaking of woman, that it is her great glory, "to be least talked of among men, either for good or evil." The expression has been much criticised. Undoubtedly, it would be going too far to say that publicity is not at all, under any circumstances, for women. Certainly, the world could poorly afford to do without all that has been achieved for its welfare by those noble women to whose lot it has fallen to stand more or less conspicuously before the public gaze; who, as writers in poetry or prose, as educators, as philan-

thropists, as moral reformers, have been well-known and much talked of among men. Nevertheless, there is an element of truth in what Pericles said; and, witnessing to the perils of publicity for woman, it is significant that, whenever it falls to her lot, a sound instinct leads her to interpose some protection against it; to practice some species of concealment or reserve; to meet it, at least, with a full measure of dignity and formality. Notice this in the names those women are known by, whose names are most familiar to the public. There is not a pet name among them. They are the full proper names of women; names that speak of no affection and ask for no tenderness; names of earnest women, who, in simple and dignified reserve, ask only a hearing for the message they have to deliver. Perhaps no American woman's name has been so frequently and publicly used as that of her who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Harriet Beecher Stowe well understood the difference between Harriet and "Hattie" when she affixed her name to that immortal story which has made her known throughout the civilized world, and has exercised, probably, a more extended and powerful influence than any other work proceeding from the pen of woman. Who does not feel that Elizabeth Barrett Browning could never be the same to us as "Lizzie Browning," or that "Lizzie Phelps" would be an absurd name for our country woman, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, to be known by? Felicia Hemans, Lydia H. Sigourney, Dinah Maria Mulock, are names of the same order and tell the same story. Marian Evans, not content with the protection of her own full and unaltered name, went farther still, and hid herself more securely by adopting a name of masculine form, which became so thoroughly hers that, to this day, she is known only as George Eliot to the vast world that reads her writings. Charlotte Brontë had done substantially the same thing before her, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Currer Bell," a name preserving her initials, but designedly so framed as to leave it in doubt whether it belonged to a man or a woman. Her first thought, indeed, had been, masculinizing the Charlotte and translating the Brontë (taking it as if a Greek

word) into English, to write under the signature of "Charles Thunder;" a name sufficiently unlike a pet name, one would certainly think! So much for the uniform and significant testimony of the examples of women who have had to do with publicity, on the question of the use in public, of girls' pet names.

Whilst we have criticised this practice as not being in accordance with sound taste, let us not be misunderstood as charging a want of good taste upon the young ladies themselves whose names are thus published in catalogues and programmes. They do but follow the custom; no thought of impropriety is in their gentle and innocent hearts. Who could find fault with them, as they stand radiant, happy and hopeful, on the platform to-day? Who can gaze upon them without a warm feeling of interest and sympathy, or reflect upon this crisis in their lives, in its relation to what has preceded and what is to follow, without a strong sense of its unutterable pathos? In the case of most of these young ladies, this is their first, and will be their last, appearance on the public platform, —the happier they for that? So, while all that we have said remains true, no harm has been done by them, and no harm will come to them, from this isolated act of using in public the endearing names they are known by in their own homes. Moreover, this much is to be said, for some of these young ladies at least, that, in some instances, these pet names are the only names they have! These are their names, as actually-given by their parents when they were baptized. This shifts the responsibility, and reveals another objectionable practice, to call attention to which is our last point in this article. When parents name their children, in baptism, let the names they give be genuine and original names, in their proper form. Whatever "variation" of the name they may intend the child to be known by, in the family circle, let the name that is solemnly and formally given it in baptism, be a real name and not a pet name. What minister has not winced when asked to baptize a child Katie, or Sallie, or Lulie? There is need of a sounder taste in regard to this matter. It may be that this article will fall into the hands of parents who are intending to present

their child (the prettiest baby in all the world!) for baptism. One word to these fond parents. You have full liberty to express your affection for your little girl by giving her, in your own home, whatever endearing variation of her name you may prefer; but, when the minister, taking your fair child in his arms, and holding it over the font, says, solemnly, "Name this child," then say Mary, and not Mamie; or Elizabeth, and not Lizzie; or Sarah, and not Sadie.

AN INDIAN RAID IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Many of our readers have no doubt heard of the Egypt church, in Lehigh county. Its records extend back unbroken for about one hundred and fifty years, and it may, therefore, evidently lay claim to considerable antiquity. There, on the west bank of the Lehigh river and in the fertile region drained by the Coplay creek, a number of sturdy Germans and Swiss made themselves homes early in the last century, and from them many of the most prominent and influential families of eastern Pennsylvania derive their lineage. Most of the families bearing such familiar names as Kern, Kohler, Troxel, Mickley, Deshler, Schreiber, Steckel, Burkhalter, Saeger, and Balliet are descended from the sturdy pioneers of Egypt.

At the time of the first settlement the Indians were still in the land. Gradually, it is true, they withdrew beyond the Blue mountains, but for many years isolated Indian families lingered on their old hunting grounds. The Shawano chief Kolapechka, called by the whites Coplay, resided for a long time after the first settlement near the source of the stream which has received his name. He was a good man, and was frequently employed by the government to carry important messages. It is also related that an Indian family occupied a wigwam on the farm of Jacob Kohler, remaining there until 1742, when by order of the Six Nations all the Delawares in this region were compelled to remove to Wyoming. Everything indicates that

the relations of the Germans and the Indians were for twenty years, at least, exceedingly pleasant.

It so happened, however, that a Scotch-Irish settlement was formed a few miles away, on the opposite side of the Lehigh. The Irish and the Indians appear to have been from the first bitter enemies, and in several instances friendly Indians were shot without provocation, while on their way to Philadelphia or Bethlehem on official business. The most bitter enemy of the Indians was a certain Lieutenant Dodge, who had a fondness for collecting scalps, and was by no means particular as to the means which he employed in obtaining them. The Indians consequently became exasperated, and, Heckewelder informs us, a number of them agreed to take vengeance as soon as war should be declared.

The French and Indian war excited the Indians along the whole border, and the animosity thus aroused continued to exist for many years. On October 7th, 1763, when the troubles were at their worst, Captain Jacob Wetterholt and a little company of soldiers left Bethlehem for Fort Allen. On the way they spent a night at the tavern of John Stenton in Allen township. They anticipated no danger, but a small party of Indians, who may have heard that their special enemy Lieut. Dodge was with the company, approached unperceived during the night, and when the door was opened in the morning by the servant of Capt. Wetterholt he was shot at and instantly killed. Capt. Wetterholt and Sergeant McGuire were also shot at and dangerously wounded, and John Stenton was shot dead. Capt. Wetterholt was taken to Bethlehem, and died next day.

The Indians did not attempt to enter the house, and thus the redoubtable Lieut. Dodge escaped with his life. That he felt himself in a critical position is evident from a letter which he found means to send to Timothy Horsfield, of Bethlehem, and which we give *verbatim*;

“John Stentons, Oct. the 8, 1763

Mr. Hosfield, Sir, Pray send me help for all my men are killed But one, and Captn. Wetterholt js amost Dead, he is shot through the Body, for god sake send me help.

These from me to serve my country and king so long as j live

Send me help or I am a Dead man this from me Ljut Dodge

Sargt. Meguire is shot through the body —Pray send up the doctor for god sake.”

After the attack on Stenton's house the Indians burned several houses in the neighborhood, and brutally murdered some six or eight persons. On the same day twelve Indians were seen wading across the Lehigh river at a place still called the “Indian Fall,” just above Siegfried's Bridge, and taking their way westward through the woods in the direction of Egypt. It was subsequently believed that they intended to take vengeance on a storekeeper in the neighborhood, with whom they had quarreled, but that they failed to find the way. At any rate none of their victims had done anything to excite the enmity of their murderers.

On the northern border of the Egypt settlement there were three farms, occupied respectively by John Jacob Mickley,* Nicholas Marks, and John Schneider. Mickley's farm was nearest to the river, and was consequently first visited by the Indians. It was a beautiful morning, and three of the children were gathering chestnuts at some distance from the house. The children were John Peter, Henry, and Barbara; the eldest was eleven years old, the youngest seven. No doubt they were as happy as children always are when gathering nuts, but suddenly their joy was changed to terror. Out of the adjacent forest a band of painted savages came rushing upon them. Little Barbara could run but a few steps when she was overtaken and knocked down. Henry had reached the fence, but while he was climbing it an Indian

*John Jacob Mickley was born at Zweibrücken in the Palatinate in 1697, and came to America in 1733. The family is said to have been originally of Huguenot origin, the name having at first been written Michelet. John Jacob Mickley, the elder, left three sons, besides several daughters. His eldest son, John Jacob, settled on a tract of land adjoining the site of the present village of Hockendaguna, Lehigh county. From him most of the Mickleys in that region are descended. The second son, John Martin, removed to Adams county, where he has many descendants. John Peter, the third son, whose escape from the Indians, is here related, was a fifer in the war of the Revolution. He subsequently settled in Bedminster township, Bucks county, and has many descendants in that county and in Philadelphia.

threw a tomahawk and killed him instantly. Both of these children were scalped, but the little girl lived in an insensible condition until next morning. Peter reached the woods and hid himself between two large trees, surrounded by brushwood, where the Indians could not find him. Here he remained for some time, hardly daring to breathe, until hearing the screams of the Schneider family, he knew that the Indians were at that place, and that the coast was clear. Then, without returning home, he ran with all his might to tell the sad news to his brother John Jacob, who was at the house of Adam Deshler, where the neighbors often found a refuge in times of danger.

After killing the Mickley children the Indians, for some unexplained reason, did not attack the house of the parents. There is a tradition that the Mickleys had a very fierce dog, who had a special antipathy to Indians, and that the latter was afraid of him, though it is hardly to be supposed that a whole war party could be kept at bay by a single dog.

Passing by Mickley's house the Indians came to that of Nicholas Mark's. Here the family saw them coming and succeeded in making their escape. The Schneider family were, however, not so fortunate. Father, mother, and three children were ruthlessly murdered. Two daughters, who had attempted to escape, were overtaken and scalped, but subsequently recovered. As they were very poor the legislature voted them a small appropriation. Another daughter was carried away as a captive, and we are in ignorance of her final fate.

After setting fire to the houses of Marks and Schneider the Indians took a direct course for the Blue mountains. They must have known that the country had been aroused, and that their only safety lay in a speedy escape. Their expedition appears to have been from the first a mere raid, undertaken by individuals rather than by the tribe as a whole. They sought to take vengeance on the whites for real or supposed wrongs, and only succeeded in injuring a people who had done them nothing but good.

On the centennial anniversary of these occurrences Oct. 8th, 1863, a number of members of the Mickley family held a reunion at the ancestral homestead, and

on this occasion the late Joseph J. Mickley, the eminent antiquarian, of Philadelphia, delivered an address containing many of the facts which we have here related. The story is brief, and does not tell about the dreadful measures of retaliation which succeeded this Indian raid; but it is interesting as giving us a glance of some of the dangers which our ancestors were compelled to endure a hundred years ago.

DER KESTE-BAAM.

Der Kestebaam vun alle Bäm, halt ich mer
far der schönst;
Wann du net ah so denke kannst, glab ich net
daz du'n kennst.
Der Stamm is dick, die Rin is brau, die Näst
sin lang un viel;
Die Blätter grü un schö gezackt, der Schatte—
immer kühl.
Mit seine Blätter, Blüt un Frucht, is er net in
der Eil—
(Was ebbes rechtes werre will, nemmt immer
'n guti Weil.)
Wann Mäple schun, un Weidebäm, mit Blätter
steh'n bedeckt.
Hot en die Sun un Frühlingsluft, mit knapper
Noth, geweckt.
Wann dan die Luft 'mol wärmer werd, daz
Eis un Frost vergeht,
Stellt er sich glei so lustig 'raus, wie mer's
net mehne deht.
Far'n langi Zeit scheint nix gericht—ken
Blüthe un ken Frucht;
(Die Kersche un die Mäple-blüth, find jeder
ohne g'sucht,)
Doch endlich weisze Schwänzcher sich—recht
in de Blätter drin—
Sel gebt di Blüthe (bass just uf!)—bis sie
'mol fertig sin.
Un dicht derbei, am frische Holz, wachs'n
kleene Klettcher 'raus—
Dort wachse 'mol die Keste drin—sel gebt ehr
stachlich Haus.
Die ganz schö sach is so versteckt—'s schwetzt
niemand leicht dervun,
Doch endlich wann's mol zeitg is, kummt alles
an, die Sun.
'S gehn ganze lange Woche hi, doch endlich
gebts 'n Lust—
Die Schwänzcher wachse lang un dick, de
Klettcher schwellt die Brust.
Die Schwänzcher gucke weisz, un sin just—
"gar zu süsz,"
Die Bolle sin noch grü un zart, un—"steche
em ke Füz."
Guck just mol hi, des is 'n Lust—so Blüthe
wie des sin—
'S sin dicke klumpe—breet un lang, un gar
ken Blätter drin!
Die Süzigkeit bringt Käffer bei, un Mücke—
allerlei—

Macht des mich bös üw'r so gezeug?—Ich bin
jo ah derbei!

Des is 'n Genuss(gewisz ich leb!) far Aage,
Nas', un Ohr—

Nix Könnt mer schöner--besser sei, im
ganze, lieve Jahr.

* * * * *

Die Blüthe werre welk un brau, un falle
endlich ab—

(So gehts mit allem Blütheschmuck, zum
diefe, stille Grab.)

Dann wachse erst die Bolle recht, die Stachle
spitze sich—

Reech net zu nächst mit deiner Hand, gewisz,
sie steche dich!

In jed're Boll sin Keste drin, die wachse nau
erst aus,

Un wann sie schutzlos wäre drin wär bal 'n
jedi draus—

Die Vögel, Mäns, un's "Kinner-stoff" wär
Tag un Nacht druf los—

Drum sin die Dorne ganz am Platz, grad so
wie bei der Ros'!

Wann dann die Keste weiter sin, un brau, wie
Hasselnüss,

Springt jedi Boll in Kreuzform uf, in weite,
tiefe Risz.

Doch net zu schnell, hab noch Geduld—'sis
immer noch net Zeit—

Sie falle endlich deer zn Fusz, dann host du
sie net weit.

Du brauchst die "Gert" un Brügel net—kenn
Angst un—"Gott erbarm!"

Erwart die Zeit un hab Geduld bis noch me
"Keste-Starm"

(Geduld is doch 'n grossie Sach, erspart uns
Noth un Müh;

Wer ohne sie sei Glück versucht—der find's
doch werklich, nie!"

Guck mol so'n Boll genauer ah--Wie
wunnerbarlich schö—

Inwennig zart, wie Kissestoff; auswennig
"Stachl' un Zäh!"

Was is doch des 'n Unnerschied, un doch die
Zweiso dicht—

('S gebt viel zu lerne üweral, vum beste
Unnerricht.)

Vun alle Bäm im Vaterland, ob wild noch
oder zahm,

Setz ich mich in der Schatte hi, unner mei
Kestebaam—

Ich steck mer Blättcher an die Brust, 'n
Blümche uf der Hut;

Un denk derbei, mit süszer Lust, wie haw
ich's doch so gut!

E. K.

ALBUM LINES.—Miss Phoebe L——n
once asked Sir David Brewster to con-
tribute some lines to her album. In
vain did the philosopher protest that
verse-making was not his forte. The
lady would accept no excuse. So Sir
David snatched a pen, and wrote:

"Phoebe,
Ye be
Hebe.
D. B."

OUR POLITICAL DEGENERACY.

BY REV. T. G. APPLE, D. D.

It is felt on every side that fearful political corruption prevails in the management of our national and state government, and that it has entered into the local government of county, city, and town. The subject has, indeed, become as trite as that of the weather in ordinary conversation. No matter how the general subject may be started, when the closing remark comes that terrible corruption has come to permeate and dominate all our politics, assent is readily given and so the conversation or discussion ends.

Several thoughts are suggested by the subject which may be worthy the earnest consideration, especially of young men, into whose hands the direction of political affairs must soon pass.

I. Our first thought relates to the manner and spirit in which the men who are elected and appointed to hold offices of public trust are commonly spoken of. And the *public press* must come in here for a large share of responsibility—a responsibility that tells powerfully upon the rising generation. We refer to the universal habit of speaking disrespectfully of men who occupy public places, and of those who are aspirants for office. Of course the reply is ready at hand that a spirited and pungent criticism of public men is necessary in order to restrain the natural tendency towards corruption. But this necessity does not excuse the wholesale and slanderous abuse of those who occupy offices of trust and honor. St. Peter (1 Peter ii. 10) refers to those in his times who "despise government, presumptuous and self-willed, who are not afraid to speak evil of dignities, &c." From the manner in which our rulers are spoken of in the public press the young are trained to think lightly and contemptuously of men in office from the president down to the most inferior office-holder. This begets a want of reverence for government itself, and a habit of disrespect for those who administer it. In the ordinary associations of life men are taught to treat those around them with respect; they regard the sacredness of personality even in those whose lives and ac-

tions may not deserve commendation. Why then should not the same gentlemanly courtesy be observed towards those in office? Nay, why should not even greater care be observed to speak of them personally with gentlemanly respect, while their public acts are criticized, and if need be condemned? Respect and reverence for government lie at the basis of all civic virtue. But the public press is responsible to a large extent for the manner in which this is cultivated in the minds of the young. A man need only be brought forward for public office and at once his character is blackened in one way or another, even though it has previously stood fair in the estimation of his fellow-men. The higher the office the more bitter is the denunciation. Young persons are led to suppose from reading such denunciation from day to day that all who are in office and who are candidates for office, must in the nature of the case be bad and corrupt men. We drop titles in this country, but with them we often, nay generally, drop even a respectful address. The name of the president is bandied about like that of any Tom, Dick, and Harry, without even the usual "Mr." attached to it.

There is no rational excuse for this prevailing disrespect of office and office-holders. The office and the man may be respectfully referred to even while honest criticism is made of whatever wrong may be connected with them. There is one point in reference to which reformation may begin. And one way to begin it is to introduce a different spirit and language into the family and the school. If the *press* considers it necessary to continue its language and style, let parents and teachers infuse into the minds of the young respect and reverence for the government, and for rulers as "ministers of God" (Rom. xii. 4). This will at least lay a foundation in the young for a respectful spirit towards the government, and go far towards counteracting the demoralizing spirit that will confront them in after years from other sources. It may be said, if the government is bad it ought to be denounced. We answer no; let the wrong be denounced, but the government be respected. The two are not the same. "Whereas angels, which are

greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord" (2 Peter, ii. 11), or as St. Jude has it (i. 9), "Yet Michael, the archangel, when contending with the devil, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee."

II. Our second thought is, that in this unqualified defamation of our rulers there is a vast deal of exaggeration and downright falsehood. Ah, it is said, you do not know the amount of political corruption that prevails; all politicians are corrupt, and you cannot overdo the matter in denouncing office-holders. But here we dissent. The wilful and confirmed dishonest and corrupt office-holder is the exception, not the rule. Our presidents, senators and governors, our legislators and judges, as a class, are honest and upright men. They are so regarded and treated in private social life. How is it then that while in their private business and social relations they are trusted, honored, and esteemed, they must needs wear a totally opposite character the moment their hands touch the administration of the government? We grant there are exceptions. Not all are honest and upright. Corruption in public places often comes to light; but we still maintain it is not the rule. It could not be while all the acts and measures of public men are constantly open to the observation and watchful criticism of the public.

With all its imperfections, faults, and corruption, our government and its administration are immeasurably superior in honesty, integrity, and purity, to most of the despotic and monarchical governments of the past. Wrong and oppression are not legalized as they were in many of those governments, and are even now by some of the governments of the old world. The people are less oppressed with taxes, less held under the despotic sway of the wealthy and the titled, more free to enjoy the fruits of their labor, than in the best governments of Europe with all its boasted civilization and culture.

And yet to listen to some of the purists and reformers of the day one would suppose that America is the most corrupt nation on the globe, and its government ready to fall to pieces on

account of the corruption of our politics! It is not so. Many evils necessarily go along with free government, but we have no vile oppression here, for instance, in Pennsylvania. But do not corrupt political bosses rule the people, and does not the political machine grind them down into the very dust? Is it not admitted that any of the parties when in power oppress the people, and bribe, and lie, and steal? Is it not all a grab-game for office, and a frantic rush for the spoils? One would, indeed, think that our politics are a very pandemonium, and expect to see a veritable smoking Tophet, and the people roasting in it, to listen to the exaggerations that are indulged in when this subject is spoken of. And yet, visit our well-to-do farmers and observe their happy families, their quiet, serene, life, or go into our towns and cities and observe the prosperous business, and the good living of the laboring man, compare all these with the condition of things in the monarchies of the old world, and then say whether we are suffering so terribly from the awful corruption of our politics.

There is corruption in all the walks of life, in business and trade, in the social circle, everywhere, but balance against this the honesty and integrity of the majority of our business men, and the purity of the majority of our homes. Why not do the same in reference to our governmental affairs? Why speak of our happy social life, and of our prosperous business life, and then find only corruption so soon as we come into the sphere of political life?

But, it is said, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and we must exaggerate the evil in order to prevent corruption. We do not believe it. Exaggeration, even in the pulpit, where it is often found, does not lessen, it rather promotes the evil. Faith in men is essential to the maintenance of the social fabric. Let that once be lost, and the foundations are gone.

Some men exaggerate the prevailing corruption in order to publish and exalt their own immaculate virtue. But instead of justifying exaggeration, such egotism, vanity, hypocrisy and selfishness, only damns it. Do not seek to blacken your antagonist

in order to appear the fairer yourself by the false contrast. Be true, and fair, and honest, in your denunciation of corruption and wrong, and you will still have enough of that work to do.

III. And now a third thought occurs: the way to correct political corruption, allowing as we do that it exists, lies not so much in party mechanical organizations and external management and method, as in the cultivation of private virtue. We do not undervalue the power of "machinery" for good or evil. When the "political machine" comes to be used for corruption, another machine may have some power to correct the evil. Such machinery is undoubtedly necessary in order to carry on our political life. So, at least, it seems. There is much of it introduced even into our education now-a-days, under the head of "*methods of teaching*," &c. We do not undervalue methods and plans and schemes. But the hard work of reforming the evils of society falls back at last upon the virtuous formation of individual character. The two exert a mutual influence, we know, but the lasting moulding power comes from individual character. A few bad individual characters will leaven a whole organization, and if they do not entirely corrupt it they at least give it bad reputation. And so also strong good individual characters will operate to inspire virtue into the mass.

Where, then, are we to form individual good character? In the family, in the school, and above all under the moulding power of the religion of Christ. It may be said that they have been tried and still they do not suffice. But for whatever good we find in our modern civilization over the degradation of heathenism, we are indebted to Christianity, and, as factors in its bosom, to faithful family training and good schools. These are the common beneficent powers that, like the air we breathe, are not indeed so much observed and noted as great boasting plans of reformation, but they are, after all, the reliable powers to mould our civilization.

Let a pure Christianity be revered and honored, let family government and discipline be encouraged and maintained, and let our good schools go on

doing their daily work, and we will not fail of good citizens, and through them our political life will at least be preserved from utter corruption. The lesson is not far-fetched nor startling, it appears even commonplace, but it is none the less true, that the promotion of private virtue and the formation of good individual character, are the true supporters of public virtue and political integrity. And so we close our remarks on our political degeneracy—AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

THE SILENT SEARCHERS.

When the darkness of night has fallen,
And the birds are fast asleep,
An army of silent searchers
From the dusky shadows creep;
And over the quiet meadows
Or amid the waving trees,
They wander about with their tiny lamps
That flash in the evening breeze.

And this army of silent searchers,
Each with his flickering light,
Wanders about till the morning
Has driven away the night.
What treasures they may be seeking
No man upon earth can know;
Perhaps 'tis the home of the fairies
Who lived in the long ago.

For an ancient legend tells us
That once, when the fairy king
Had summoned his merry minstrels
At the royal feast to sing,
The moon, high over the tree-tops,
With the stars refused to shine,
And an army with tiny torches
Was called from the oak and pine.

And when, by the imps of darkness,
The fairies were chased away,
The army began its searching
At the close of a dreary day;
Through all the years that have followed
The seekers have searched the night,
Piercing the gloom of the hours
With the flash of the magic light.

Would you see the magical army?
Then come to the porch with me!
Yonder among the hedges
And near the maple tree,
Over the fields of clover
And down in the river-damp,
The fire-flies search till the morning,
Each with his flickering lamp.

—Henry Ripley Dorr.

BEGINNINGS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. V.

The Defence of the Catechism.

The Heidelberg Catechism is so mild and pacific in its general character that we can hardly realize how its publication could have given the signal for one of the most violent conflicts in the history of the church. No doubt its authors did not expect their work to be received without question, but the fierceness of the attacks which it invoked must have far exceeded their anticipations. The Roman Catholics were of course its bitter enemies. The Council of Trent, which had been in session for many years, was just coming to a close. Though ostensibly called to restore peace to the church it had but served to intensify the existing bitterness. It had been entirely under Jesuit influence; the Protestants had not been heard, and the anathemas by which they were condemned were unexampled in their violence. It has been said that "nobody can curse like the pope," and the council certainly adequately expressed the papal sentiments.

It is not impossible that the publication of these anathemas may have some influence on the elector Frederick, in inducing him to insist on the insertion, in the second edition of the catechism, of the celebrated 80th question, in which the mass is declared to be "an accursed idolatry." Compared with the decrees of the council this was a moderate statement. It did not curse individual opponents, as the Roman Catholics had done, but was at most a very emphatic assertion of the grounds which had induced Protestants to reject the mass. The Roman church had to some extent recovered from the first shock caused by the attacks of the Reformers, and the leaders were now ready to renew the conflict. They had, however, been held back to some extent, by the treaty of Augsburg which recognized the existence of Protestantism in the German Empire. If now it could be made to appear that the Reformed church did not hold to the Augsburg confession, and was thus ex-

cluded from the terms of the peace, it might be crushed without hesitation, and Protestantism would be made to suffer greatly without being afforded an opportunity for retaliation. The fact that the Heidelberg catechism had, in unmistakable language declared the universal sentiment of Protestants with reference to the mass, was enough to exasperate the Romanists to employ all possible means for its suppression.

The extreme Lutheran party was hardly less violent. Hesshusius, the controversialist whom Frederick had expelled from Heidelberg, saw his opportunity, and at his instigation the pulpits of northern Germany rang with denunciations. The catechism was charged with teaching doctrines contrary to the Augsburg confession, especially with reference to the person of Christ and the Lord's Supper, and the emperor and princes were adjured to employ the sword of secular power for the destruction of heresy. Several princes united in an address to the elector Frederick, in which they not only accused him of having renounced the Augsburg confession, but warned him that "Zwinglianism and Calvinism is a seditious spirit (*spiritus seditiosus*) which wherever it breaks out seeks to control the government, and causes disturbances not only with foreign powers but among the subject people."

In describing a storm it is in vain to attempt to speak of every single blast. The elector's troubles rapidly accumulated. Even his household was divided, and his eldest son Louis, who ruled the Upper Palatinate as his father's representative, took sides with the extreme Lutheran party. All this opposition however only served to fortify Frederick in his position; he proceeded to remove pictures and crucifixes from the churches, and introduced the Calvinistic form of church government, which many of the German princes regarded as treason to the privileges of their order. In reply to the accusations brought against him, he calmly asserted his faithful adherence to the Augsburg confession. With regard to the question of the real presence, his declarations were clear and decided. Thus he says in his reply to the princes; who had accused him of Zwinglianism and Calvinism: "We

would kindly inform you that we have never been greatly troubled to know what Zwingli and Calvin wrote, and have not read their books. . . . If it is Zwinglianism and Calvinism to suppose that the elements in the Lord's Supper are mere signs, and that the body and blood of Christ are not present, or received, we beg to inform you that this is not our view of the subject and that we are unjustly suspected of holding it, inasmuch as the true and living presence of the body and blood of Christ in the Lord's Supper is in our churches preached, taught, and believed. That you may not suppose that our words and deeds do not agree we would inform you, that we require of our ministers and theologians to offer the following testimony concerning the Lord's Supper, namely:

That we do not therein receive bread and wine alone, as holy, divine signs and seals (as the Holy Scriptures as well as the Augsburg confession and the Apology call them); nor that we receive only the merits of Jesus Christ alone nor His Divinity alone, but the Lord Christ wholly and completely, true God and man, His real body and real blood which was broken and shed for us upon the cross—also all His merits, benefits, heavenly treasures, blessings, and eternal life—truly, without all deception and not in mere fancy, but substantially, *re ipsa*, by the power and effect of the Holy Spirit; and all this is given and presented to us by the Lord Himself, through faith, as the meat and drink of our souls; and also that we thereby have complete communion with Christ, becoming true members of His blessed body, so that He lives and remains in us and we in Him forever."

It might seem to the modern reader as though this strong confession ought to have satisfied Frederick's opponents that he believed in the doctrine of the real presence, but it was far from having this effect. "What is it after all," they inquired, "but a Calvinistic confession? Does it not represent the humanity of Christ as conveyed by the Holy Spirit, through faith, as the meat and drink of our souls?" The confession was objectionable to the extremists because it did explicitly declare that Christ's humanity is present in the sacrament "under the

form of bread and wine," being thus orally received by unbelievers as well as believers. On the other hand there was a more moderate Lutheran party which was willing to accept Frederick's confession as substantially in accordance with the Augsburg confession, and it was owing in great measure to their silent influence and support that the elector was able to sustain himself during these dark and trying hours.

THE SECOND HELVETIC CONFESSION.

Immediately after the publication of the Heidelberg Catechism Olevianus had sent a copy of the book to Bullinger, accompanied by a letter in which he said: "If there is any good in this book we owe a great part of it to you and to other noble spirits in Switzerland." In reply Bullinger said: "I regard this as the best catechism that has ever been written. May God crown it with His blessing." These intimate relations between Switzerland and the Palatinate continued, and when Frederick found himself in trouble he wrote to Bullinger, requesting him to prepare a full confession of the doctrines of the Reformed church. This confession, which was published by Frederick in 1566, was primarily intended to serve as a defense against those who said that the Reformed churches were at variance among themselves; but it actually became a bond which united the church of the Palatinate with those of Switzerland and France. In this way Henry Bullinger was not only instrumental in uniting the followers of Calvin with those of Zwingli, but succeeded in bringing the church of Frederick III into the same communion.

THE DIET OF AUGSBURG.

The emperor Maximilian II, who had ascended the throne in 1564, was a man of extraordinary ability. Though a Catholic he was more liberal than any of his predecessors, and he was even supposed to be secretly inclined to Protestantism. He had addressed a friendly warning to the elector Frederick immediately after the publication of the Heidelberg Catechism, but seemed disinclined to carry matters further. The importunity of the German princes, however, finally induced him to call a

meeting of the diet, and Frederick was cited to appear.

This citation was a very serious matter. It was well known that the majority of the princes proposed to exclude the elector from the terms of the treaty of Augsburg, which would have deprived him of his government, and perhaps even have cost his life. His brother, Richard of Simmern, warned him of the danger of attending the diet, but he exclaimed: "I believe that God who has brought me to a knowledge of His Gospel still reigns, and if it should cost my blood, I would regard martyrdom as an honor for which I could not sufficiently thank Him in time or eternity."

The diet met in Augsburg on the 23d of March 1566. The emperor and empress appeared with a magnificent retinue, and were welcomed with extraordinary festivities. At the beginning of the meeting the Protestant delegates held what might now be called a "caucus," in which they determined to prepare an address to the emperor, demanding greater religious liberty; but they at the same time resolved not to allow Frederick to sign the petition unless he should first satisfactorily explain his views concerning the Lord's Supper. Several princes even insisted that he must sign what was designed to be an "iron-clad" confession, to the effect that "the real body and blood are actually present in the sacrament under the form of bread and wine, and are offered and received with the visible elements; that the aforesaid true body and blood are not only spiritually but corporeally presented and received, so that through the communion of His flesh and blood Christ dwells in us corporeally; and also that Christ is not only in us spiritually through His love but also by natural communion."*

A few days after these proceedings Frederick arrived, and it soon became evident that his presence was producing a reaction. Those who had never before seen him were impressed by his evident sincerity, and this favorable impression was heightened by several eloquent sermons preached by his chaplain.

The elector quietly but firmly declined to sign any new confessions, insisting

* Heppe's History of German Protestantism, 2, p. 120.

that he had done as much as could justly be expected by declaring his adherence to the confession of Augsburg. He also entered a formal protest against being tried for his faith until the Saxon theologians and those of Württemberg had come to an agreement among themselves. His danger was, however, by no means at an end; and at one time it was currently reported in Heidelberg that the elector had been arrested and executed.

On the 14th of May the emperor proposed a decree commanding Frederick to abstain from introducing "Calvinistic novelties," and requiring him to restore to the Roman church the property of certain convents which had been alienated by the civil power. During the discussion of this measure the elector was required to absent himself from the assembly; but after its adoption he re-entered the hall followed by his favorite son John Casimir, whom he called his "spiritual armor-bearer," the latter carrying the Bible and the Augsburg confession. On this occasion he offered his memorable defense of which the following is a brief extract: "I am still of the opinion that in matters of faith I have but a single master who is the King of kings and Lord of lords; therefore I am not troubled about my head, but about my soul which is in the hands of God who created it. . . I have never read Calvin's works, and therefore do not know whether you are right in calling me a Calvinist, but I confess that my catechism contains the substance of my faith; it is so fortified with proofs from the Scriptures that it cannot be refuted. Finally, I am comforted by the assurance that my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has given unto me and all believers this blessed promise, that all we lose here for His name's sake will be restored to us a hundred fold in the world to come."

The effect was the elector's defense was very great. At its conclusion Augustus of Saxony put his hand on his shoulder and said: "Fritz, thou art more pious than the whole of us!" The margrave of Baden also said to the princes at the close of the session: "Why trouble ye the elector? He has more piety than all of us together." When the emperor finally inquired whether Frederick was to be regarded as standing under the Augsburg confession it was

resolved "that he was in full accordance with the confession in the article of justification by faith, which had caused the schism in the church, and in many other articles, but that he did not fully accept the article concerning the Lord's Supper. As, however, he had indicated his willingness to yield to proofs taken from the word of God, they would in due time seek to convince him of his error. In the mean time the princes had no desire to oppress the Elector of the Palatinate, or others, in Germany or in foreign lands, who might vary from the confession in one or more articles, and thus to increase the sufferings of the confessors of Christ."

This action of the diet had been entirely unexpected. Frederick returned to Heidelberg and was received with great rejoicing, and was now permitted to proceed unmolested in his work of Reformation. The sacramental controversy was, however, by no means concluded. In the Lutheran church, especially, it continued to rage with great violence, until finally a number of German princes followed the example of Frederick and with many of their people formally passed over to the Reformed church.

FREDERICK'S LATER YEARS.

The Elector of the Palatinate was now known as Frederick the Pious, and he well deserved his honorable title. In his efforts for the upbuilding of the church he was indefatigable. The University of Heidelberg flourished as it had never done before, and was withal pervaded by an earnest Christian spirit. The oppressed and persecuted Protestants of foreign countries found in him a friend and protector. When the Reformed people of the Netherlands fled from the murderous tyranny of the Duke of Alva, and settled by thousands in the lower Rhine provinces of Germany, Frederick not only relieved their necessities but sent his court-preacher Dathenus to organize them into churches. After the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew he sent an army, under the command of his favorite son John Casimir, to aid the persecuted Huguenots. Another of his sons lost his life in battle in the Netherlands, but the father consoled himself with the thought that he had died

on the field of honor in defense of God and of religion. Gradually the Elector came to occupy a sort of paternal position with reference to the whole Reformed church, and his influence was felt in distant lands. Even Queen Elizabeth consulted him with reference to the affairs of the church of England.

During Frederick's later years his chief source of sorrow was the continued alienation of his eldest son, Louis, who was still violent in his opposition to the Reformed church, and even refused to see his father on his death-bed, though the latter earnestly requested it. The last days of the pious elector were, however, exceedingly edifying. To the friends who gathered around his dying bed he said: "I have lived long enough for you and the Church; I am now called to a better life. I have done for the Church all I could, but my power was limited. God, who can do all things, and who cared for His Church before I was born, liveth and reigneth in Heaven still, and will not forsake us; nor will He suffer those prayers and tears which I have offered up in this chamber upon my knees for my successor and the Church, to be without a blessing." Then addressing his court-preacher he said: "The Lord may call me hence whenever it pleaseth Him; my conscience is at peace with the Lord Jesus Christ whom I have served with all my heart. I have been permitted to see that in all my churches and schools the people have been led away from men and directed to Christ alone." And again he exclaimed: "I have been detained here long enough through the prayers of God's people; it is now time that I should be gathered into the true rest with my Saviour." Then he requested his pastor to read the 31st Psalm and the 17th chapter of John, and after praying audibly and fervently he gently fell asleep in the Lord. His death occurred on the 26th of October, 1576.

AFTER FREDERICK'S DEATH.

Louis VI. assumed the government immediately after his father's death. He immediately dismissed the Reformed professors, and introduced a strictly Lutheran church-order. Pastors were required to subscribe to the new order or to leave the country. Many of these says

Von Alpen "submitted for the sake of their wives and children," but others found a refuge at the court of Prince John Casimir, who ruled over several provinces. This state of affairs continued for about seven years, when Louis suddenly died, leaving an infant son, in whose name John Casimir assumed the government. The young prince was brought up in the Reformed church, and so it happened that the latter was for many years the established church in the Palatinate. The lines between the confessions had now been drawn, and Reformed and Lutheran churches existed side by side. The struggle was not yet over, but there was a season of rest.

The books in explanation and in defense of the Heidelberg Catechism, written during this period, and subsequently, are almost innumerable. The most celebrated and valuable of these is the commentary bearing the name of Ursinus, first printed at Heidelberg in 1591, of which an English version has been published in this country by Rev. Dr. G. W. Williard. This great work was, however, really prepared by the distinguished theologian David Pareus, who gathered the notes taken by students from the lectures of Ursinus, and moulded them into a complete whole; and must therefore, be regarded as sharing in the honor of having produced it.

Among later expositions of the catechism we have found none so valuable as John D'Outrein's "Golden Jewel," first published in Dutch in 1719. We have a German translation, edited by F. A. Lampe, which once belonged to Rev. John Christopher Gobrecht, one of the patriarchs of the Reformed church in the United States. It is a volume of nearly twelve hundred pages. Though it contains some minor peculiarities of doctrine it is still of great practical value, and we regret to say that we know of no English translation.

The defense of the Heidelberg catechism was everywhere conducted with self-sacrificing devotion, and thousands of men and women have shed their blood in its behalf. Though often attacked it is so thoroughly grounded in the Word of God that it can never be refuted. The Reformed church everywhere regard it as a precious legacy, and we trust it will be venerated to the latest generation.

THE AGED MINSTREL.

From the "Platt-Deutsch" of Klaus Groth.*

BY THE EDITOR.

I once was young and fair,
I once was free from care,
Bright roses bloomed upon my cheek,
My ringlets played at hide and seek;
And I was young and fair,
And I was young and fair.

I once was free and bold;
I sang for young and old;
The people praised me when I sung,
They said that I was fair and young;
For I was free and bold,
For I was free and bold.

I did not spare my breath,
I never thought of death.
Through distant lands I took my way,
And everywhere the world was gay—
Ah! who could think of death?
Ah! who could think of death?

And still I sing and play,
While creeping on my way;
I sing, but no one asks me why
'Mid songs of youth and love I sigh;
But still I sing and play,
But still I sing and play.

"THE KING'S BUSINESS."

Slowly and aimlessly out of the village wandered poor, half-witted Nat that pleasant summer afternoon. He had no particular destination, "only goin' somewhere"—his reply always to any question in regard to his movements. During the morning he had been parading the village street, his hat trimmed luxuriantly with feathers, while he sounded forth his own praise through the medium of a tin horn. Of course he had attracted attention. A small army of urchins had surrounded him, front and rear, and he had taken their shouts and teasing remarks for applause and admiration. But now his grandeur was gone. One by one his followers had forsaken him, until at last he was "left alone in his glory," and with poor Nat, like the rest of us, what does glory amount to when there are none to witness?

* This celebrated "Platt-Deutsch" poet was born at Heide, April 24th, 1819. In 1875 he was a professor at the University of Kiel.

And so he moved onward in his drifting, uncertain way across the creek at the edge of the village, up the hill, until his stalwart form stood out against the sky—for Nat was strong in body though weak in mind; then he passed down on the other side to where the road entered a forest which stretched miles away. It was here quiet and lonely, but Nat fancied this. He occasionally liked to escape from human voices and human habitations, to get away by himself and talk with the birds, the trees and the flowers. Here in the wood the wild vagaries of his brain found full play. Here no one disputed his claims to greatness, no one denied his being a noted general, a gifted orator or musician, when the fancy seized him to be such. In fact Nat always had "greatness thrust upon him;" he was never an ordinary man in his own estimation, and he was not now.

But on this occasion a new fancy had taken possession of him—he was on business for the King. What King, or what was the particular business he did not precisely know, but he had derived his idea from various sermons he had heard at the village church and Sunday-school, which he attended with scrupulous punctuality through all weathers, and although he understood but little of the proceedings, yet chance sentences had fastened themselves on his sluggish brain.

"I'm on business for the King," he muttered, reaching up his great strong hand and wrenching a huge overhanging branch from its place and speedily converting it into a walking stick. "Yes, I'm on business for the King, the King of all around here, the birds, the trees, the flowers and the bumble-bees. He sent me, He did. Parson said so t'other Sunday. He said the King sent out his messengers to do His work. He sent out twelve on 'em once't, an' they wasn't to take no money in their purse nor nothin' to eat. Guess He sent me, 'cause I hain't got no money an' hain't had nothin' to eat all day."

He strode onward, murmuring his thoughts as he went, until after a time he came upon a public road which ran through the wood. A placard fastened to a tree by the roadside attracted his attention, and he paused to consider it.

He could not read, but as his eyes were fixed upon the printed characters the tinkle of a cow-bell was heard down the road, and presently a cow came into view, followed by the short, sturdy figure and round, freckled face of Tommy Brock. Tommy was flourishing a large stick and shouting at the cow in his efforts to keep her in a proper homeward direction. As he came up he exclaimed:

"Hello, Nat! What are you doin' here?"

"I'm on business for the King," replied Nat with dignity.

"On business for—who?" asked Tommy in surprise.

"For the King. He sent me," said Nat again. "That's His orders there, I take it," pointing to the placard. "What is it, Tommy?"

"That? Why that's only an advertisement," answered Tommy, his eyes opening wider in his astonishment. "It says, 'Go to Tracey's Half-Way House for a square meal.'"

"Yes, I know'd it! I know'd it!" exclaimed Nat exultingly. "The King said take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' He'd take keer of me. He says 'Go,' an' I'll obey orders," and instantly his tall figure was moving swiftly down the road.

Tommy gazed after him a minute in bewildered silence, and then exclaimed emphatically as he turned away:

"My! but ain't he cracked!"

With rapid steps Nat hurried forward, swinging his huge stick and talking to himself. He had taken the placard as a veritable command to go to Tracey's, and thitherward he directed his steps. It was not the first time he had been there. On previous occasions when he had passed that way he had been kindly treated by Mrs. Tracey, and perhaps that had something to do with the alacrity of his movement, and he hastened down the road till it brought him to a small stream, on the bank of which stood a saw-mill. Mr. Tracey, the owner of the Half-Way House, was engaged at work here, and he turned aside to speak to him.

"I'm on business for the King, and I'm goin' to your house," he announced with the dignified gravity that belonged to his royal commission.

"On business for the King, and goin' to my house, eh?" answered the person addressed, a good-natured smile crossing his kindly face. "Well, I reckon that's a high honor to me. You've got a tramp afore you, though, Nat—a good seven miles."

"I must obey orders," replied Nat simply.

"That's right—obey orders. Well, if you do go tell Mrs. Tracey I'll be home to-morrow night. Tell her, too, not to be uneasy about that money bein' in the house, 'cause I'll see to it when I come."

"What money's that?" asked a fellow workman as Nat turned away.

"My pension. My claim was allowed last week, and I got my money—five hundred dollars—yesterday. I was foolish not to put it in the bank right off but I didn't, and as I didn't have time to go to town yesterday I had to leave it at home. I reckon it's safe enough, though, till to-morrow night, and then"—

"Hist!" interrupted his companion suddenly. "What's that?"

Tracey paused to listen.

"I didn't hear anything," he said.

"I thought I heard some one over there," pursued the other, pointing to a large, high pile of boards a few feet distant—the boards being piled in form of a square, with a large cavity in the centre. "Most likely it was rats, though."

"More likely to be rats than anything else, there's so many about here," answered Tracey. Then he added jocularly: "Maybe, though, it's them burglars that's been playin' mischief 'round these parts for the last week or so—maybe they're stowed away in that pile of lumber. My! if I really believed that I'd be uneasy myself, for the chaps would have heard all I said about my pension."

"What burglars is that?" inquired the other.

"What burglars? Why, man, don't you read the papers? Why, only yesterday the Sheriff and his deputies rode by my house on the hunt for 'em. Last Saturday night they broke into Lawyer Burke's house, in the village, and carried off about a hundred dollars, and then on Sunday night they got into the rail-

road station, broke open the safe, and made off with about three hundred more. That's the biggest of their hauls, though they've entered several other places."

The conversation was continued on this topic for a few minutes, and then dropped. Neither of the men thought it worth while to investigate the cause of the noise, and they pursued their work for a short time and were then called over to the other side of the mill. Just as they disappeared a face peered over the top of the board-pile from the inside, another followed a moment later, and presently two rough, villainous-looking men came into view, and seeing they were unobserved, sprang quickly to the ground and hastened into the forest.

"Close shave that, as bein' as we was hid there all last night and all day till now," said one as he pushed through the underbrush.

"Yes; I thought as once them mill chaps was a comin' to look," responded the other. "Good for 'em as they didn't, an' took us for rats; 'cause the p'lice be on the look-out now an' we don't want to use no shootin' irons an' make things too hot. We must move out lively from 'ere, Bill."

"Not till we get that 'ere pension," answered Bill significantly. "That lay-out were as good as pitched at us, an' it'd be a pity not to take it. 'Sides, the government owes me a pension for all the time I've lost in jails and prisons, an' this ere's a good chance to get it. I knows where the crib is, 'cause we stopped there last week for somethin' to eat, don't you mind? This feller that owns it was there at the time. There is nobody but a woman an' two little uns, an' they're easy fixed, an' there aint no other house nigh."

"But there's that 'ere other chap as said as he was a goin' there?"

"Him? He's crazy, an' if he goes there at all he'll only stop a bit an' move on. A tap on the head 'll settle him, anyway, if he's there—but then he won't be there."

During this time Nat was not idle. His tall form, with long and steady stride, was hastening forward "on business for the King." It did not occur to him what he should do when he reached Tracey's and had been supplied

with food. At present he was "obeying orders"—and beyond that his thought did not go. It was indeed a long walk he had undertaken, and it was just at dusk that he reached his destination. The Half-Way House was a lonely hostelry, situated at the intersection of two roads, with no other house in sight, and was a common stopping-place for persons passing to and from the city. Nat stepped boldly upon the broad piazza in front, and with full consciousness of his right walked unhesitatingly into the pleasant sitting-room. Mrs. Tracey came forward to meet him.

"Why, Nat, is that you?"

"Yes'm," he answered gravely. "I was told to come here an' get a square meal. The King sent me."

"The King sent you? Well, I guess I'll have to give you a supper then," said she. "And by the way, Nat, did you see my husband on your way here?"

"Yes'm; and he said for me to tell you he'd be home to-morrer night, in' for you not to be uneasy 'bout that money."

"O dear! I did so hope he'd come this evening," she sighed.

She was indeed uneasy on account of the money in the house. She had slept but little the preceding night for thinking of it, and had worried about it all through the day, and now another lonely night was before her. As she was preparing supper for her guest, another thought came to her. Could she not induce Nat to stop there for the night? His notion of wandering made it an uncertain request, and even if he remained, with his beclouded intellect, he could not be depended on in case of trouble. Still he would be company, and perhaps he might aid her—she prayed for that—if she needed help.

"Nat," she said, as she poured out a glass of milk for him, "won't you stay here to-night?"

"I don't know whether it be orders," he answered uncertainly. "Parson said the King sent out his messengers, an' they wasn't to take no money nor nothin' to eat, an' I don't know if it be right to stop."

"O yes it is," replied Mrs. Tracey, catching at once an idea of his thoughts. "I heard what the parson said too. When the King's messenger entered a

house he was to abide there—that is to stop. Don't you remember?"

Nat considered the proposition.

"Yes'm, that's his orders. I'll stop," he said.

"And, Nat," pursued the lady, rendered eager by her success, "there's another thing the King said—you heard it at Sunday-school. He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'—that is such little children as mine there," pointing to them as they stood at her side. "And the King said too, 'Who-soever shall offend one of these little ones it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.' The King doesn't wish any harm to come to his little ones, in any way—you remember that?"

"Yes'm," replied Nat absently.

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Tracey, driving the concluding nail into her argument, "if any bad, wicked men should come here to-night, and try to hurt me or these little ones that belong to the King, you would help us wouldn't you?"

She waited anxiously for the reply. Nat looked at her vaguely for a moment, and then his eyes wandered aimlessly around the room, and then back to her. Finally he said quietly:

"The King sent me. I'll obey orders."

How far he understood she did not know, and all her effort could draw out no more definite reply, and with that she was obliged to be content. As the evening grew late she provided her guest with a sleeping-place, in an adjoining room, by throwing a few quilts on the floor—for Nat would sleep nowhere else—and then she lay down, without undressing, on a bed beside her children. But it was a long time before slumber visited her troubled spirit.

As for Nat, no thought of worry or anxiety for the future was on his mind and he "slept the sleep of the just" and his dreams were peaceful. But after a time those dreams became disturbed and discordant—a voice seemed to be calling to him from his King, and presently he awakened with a start.

"Nat! help! Nat, the King wants you!" came in smothered tones from the other room.

In an instant he sprang lightly to his

feet, and grasping his stick he strode forward and opened the door. A fearful struggle met his view as he entered. Two rough, evil-looking men were there—one holding Mrs. Tracey, the other the children—and the villains were evidently trying to bind and gag their victims. As Nat witnessed the scene his tall form seemed to tower yet higher, and a strange, fierce light gleamed from his eyes.

"I belong to the King!" he thundered. How dare you offend his little ones?"

At this unexpected intrusion one of the burglars released his hold of Mrs. Tracey, and sprang forward with an oath to meet him. But it was in vain. The great stick was whirled in the air, and then came down with fearful force on the head of the villain, and he sank senseless to the floor. The remaining burglar hastened to his comrade's assistance, but he was like a child in the hands of a giant, and in a moment he, too, was helpless and motionless. Nat stooped and drew the two insensible forms toward him.

"Now bring them ropes, and I'll hang a"—he paused, and left the sentence unfinished. "But there aint no millstones 'bout here to hang 'round their necks!" he added, looking up bewildered. "Do you b'lieve a big rock would do? I must obey orders."

"No, I don't believe a rock would do," replied Mrs. Tracey, smiling in spite of her alarm. "But they will be coming to presently; I would just tie their hands and feet and leave them until morning."

"Yes'm, so I will. The King said tie 'em hand and foot—that's his orders. They won't offend his little ones any more," and in a few minutes Nat had them safely secured.

I need not tell of the night that followed, of how Nat kept sleepless guard over his captives, and of how, when morning came and help came with it, the burglars were safely lodged in the county jail. All that is easily surmised. But at last Nat was a hero—not only in his own eyes but in the eyes of all others. He bore his honors meekly and with dignity, as a right belonging to a servant of the King. He accepted the numerous congratulations and hand-

shakings, wondering, perhaps, what it all meant, and replying to the questions heaped upon him with the simple statement: "I just obeyed orders." Nothing, however, could induce him to accept any reward for his services. The royal command was to take no bread, no money in his purse, and he would not.

But Nat did not lack for friends after that. He still continued his wandering, and, as the story spread, homes and hearts were open to him everywhere. But it was at Tracey's that he was more especially welcomed, and as the years came and went it was noticed that his visits became more frequent and his stays more prolonged. Indeed, as Tracey expresses it:

"He'll get his orders to come here an' die yet, I reckon; an' he's welcome to all the care we can give him. An' I just believe that away up in that other world we read about, he'll be as clear-headed as anybody, and in genuine earnest will forever be 'on business for the King.'"

ERSKINE M. HAMILTON,
in *Our Continent*.

NATIONAL SONGS.—It is impossible to exaggerate the part which these have played in human annals, from the triumphal chant of Miriam down to the "Wacht am Rhein." History is full of tributes to their influence. It was the "Song of Ronald" which won the battle of Hastings, and "Ca Ira" carried the tri-color of the French Revolution over Europe. "Lillibullero" could once, like "Harvey Duff" to-day, set on foot an émeute; the "Ranz des Vaches" makes Switzers long to revisit their mountains; nothing stays Highlanders in the field when they hear upon the bagpipes "The Campbells are Coming" or "Tullochgorum;" and the Irish go mad to the tune of the "Wearing of the Green." Who can estimate the share taken in the events of the last eighty years by Rouget de L'Isle, the composer of the "Marseillaise," or the social influence exercised by the scarcely remembered musician, buried in a lonely grave at Tunis, who wrote "Home sweet home?"—*London Telegraph*.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

At the battle of Jena, when the Prussian army was routed, the Queen, mounted on a superb charger, remained on the field attended by three or four of her escort. A band of hussars seeing her, rushed forward at full gallop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group, and pursued her all the way to Weimar. Had not the horse which her majesty rode possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair Queen would infallibly have been captured.

Fair Queen, away! To thy charger speak—
A band of hussars thy capture seek.
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way.
Speak—speak to thy charger without delay;
They're nigh.

Behold! They come at a break-neck pace—
A smile triumphant illumines each face
Queen of the Prussians, now for a race—
To Weimar for safety fly!

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash
Over the field like the lightning's flash—
Fled.

Away, like an arrow from steel cross-bow,
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,
The Queen and her enemies thundering go—
On toward Weimar they sped.

The royal courser is swift and brave,
And his royal rider he strives to save—
But no!
'Vive l'empereur!' rings sharp and clear;
She turns and is startled to see them so near
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear
And away he bounds like a roe.

He speeds as tho' on the wings of the wind.
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.
No more
She fears, tho' each trooper grasps his reins,
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs, and
strains,
For ride as they may, her steed still gains
And Weimar is just before.

Safe! The clatter now fainter grows;
She sees in the distance her laboring foes.
The gates of the fortress stand open wide
To welcome the German nation's bride
So dear.
With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,
And the gates at once on her enemies close.
Give thanks, give thanks! She is safe with
those
Who hail her with cheer on cheer.
—*St. Nicholas*.

A couple of lawyers engaged in a case were recently discussing the issue. "At all events," said the younger and more enthusiastic, "we have justice on our side." To which the older and warier replied, "Quite true, but what we want is the chief-justice on our side."

MODERN HEBREW LITERATURE.

"One of the most interesting facts about modern Jewish literature," says the Jewish Chronicle, "is the large number of works that have been translated into Hebrew within quite a recent period. It is scarcely too much to say that specimens of all the great literatures of the world now exist in modern Hebrew, which is as nearly as possible written in a purely Biblical style. The New Testament has of course been frequently translated, chiefly for conversionist purposes; but the last rendering by Professor Delitzsch, of Leipzig, now in a third edition, is a model of Hebrew and a marvel of accuracy. The Koran, too, has been partly translated, but not yet finished. The whole of the Apocrypha has been done into Hebrew by Dr. S. I. Frankel, while the voluminous works of Josephus also exist in a version by Kalman Schulmann. In Italian literature, the 'Inferno' of Dante has been translated by Dr. Formiggini. Parts of Petrarch and Tasso exist in Hebrew, and the 'Dialoghi d'Amore' of 'Leo Hebræus' (Judas Abrabane.) have been restored to the language of their author. From the French, Racine's 'Esther,' by Rapaport, is the chief work with which we are acquainted, though Eugene Sue's 'Mysteries of Paris' and 'Wandering Jew' have both reached several editions in Jewish forms. Turning to the language dearest to modern Jews of a scholarly mind, the masterpiece of German literature, Goethe's 'Faust,' has been translated by M. Letteris with such success that it has been said that the version in parts excels the original. 'Hermann and Dorothea' has likewise been Hebraized. A work so interesting to Jews as 'Nathan der Weise' has found an appropriate home among them in their sacred tongue. It is needless to remark that many works of modern Jewish writers in German, such as Zunz, Geiger and Graetz have spread among their Polish brethren in a Hebrew garb. But to come home to England. Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Othello' now exist in the language of Shylock through the instrumentality of J. H. Salkinson, a 'New Christian,' who likewise rendered 'Paradise Lost' ac-

cessible to those who can only read Hebrew. It is natural that a book like the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' written in so Biblical a style, should go easily into the original language of the Bible, and it is not therefore surprising that the Hebrew translation, prepared in Palestine Place, has reached a third edition. We believe that 'Robinson Crusoe' now serves to delight the youth of Polish Jews in the only language that they read. Of later works, the Earl of Beaconsfield's 'Alroy' was issued as the feuilleton of a Hebrew periodical, and is about to be published in book form. We may add that parts of Addison, Ossian, Gay, Young, Goldsmith, and Pope have been rendered into Hebrew, that 'God Save the Queen' exists in three different versions, and that the discussion scene of 'Daniel Deronda' was communicated to the Hamagid in an almost literal Hebrew translation."

GOOD WRITING.—If you desire to write for the press, and to be what is termed a "good writer," there are two all-important things that you must look after. One of these is a plain and easy style, clearly within the comprehension of all disposed to read after you; and the other is a theme calculated to interest everybody as near as it is possible for everybody to be interested. The first of these attainments may be most easily secured by a careful study of modern writers, such for instance as Irving, Hawthorne and Dickens; the other must come through a knowledge of human nature and the exercise of good common sense. Without an association of these two things no person can become a good, or in other words, a popular writer. We have in mind several men of our immediate acquaintance, who write smoothly and beautifully; but who, lacking the second requisite, are not at all liked as writers. On the other hand, we can place our finger upon men whose judgment, so far as relates to what would please the people, is almost entirely perfect, but who, when they undertake to put their thoughts in words, put in their words so badly and round their periods so roughly that no person cares to read after them for any great length of time.—*Printers' Circular.*

OUR CABINET.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN POETRY.

Those of our readers who understand the old vernacular will be delighted with "Der Keste-Baam," which appears in the present number of the GUARDIAN. It is in our opinion a production of a very superior order. Apart from its unquestionable poetic merits, it proves that the author has carefully watched those minute forces of nature which escape the attention of the ordinary observer.

It will be noticed that this poem is written in the dialect of Eastern Pennsylvania, which differs in some respects from that spoken in the central and western portions of the state. The orthography is German, which is as it should be. English spelling as applied to the writing of Pennsylvania German is only admissible in burlesque. It is, in fact, just as absurd as it would be to write pure German after the same fashion.

NOBLEMAN AND COBBLER.

It is stated in the English papers that the last descendant in a direct line of Can Grande della Scala, the famous chief magistrate to whom Dante dedicated his great work, died recently of apoplexy in his native town, Verona. This last scion of a once mighty race, Giuseppe Massimo della Scala, was a Count and Marquis, but lived in poverty all his life. He earned a precarious livelihood as a cobbler.

A REMARKABLE ROOM.

"There is a room in the house now occupied by Francis Gibson, Esq., Spring township, Perry county, Pa., in which occurred the birth of John Banister Gibson, chief Justice of the Supreme

court of Pennsylvania, George Gibson, Commissary of the United States, John Bernhisel the Mormon delegate to Congress, Hon. John Bigler, Governor of California from 1852 to 1855, and Hon. William Bigler, Governor of Pennsylvania from 1852 to 1855."—*Wright's "History of Perry County."*

It has been suggested that such a room would be a good thing to have in a family.

HENRY ANTES—A MAN OF MARK IN THE PROVINCIAL TIMES.

The name of Henry Antes ranks high in the early history both of the Reformed and the Moravian church of this country. In the opinion of his cotemporaries he was a man of extraordinary piety, and no doubt if he had been a Roman Catholic he would long since have been declared a saint. A sketch of his career is contained in Harbaugh's "Lives of the Fathers," but since the publication of that valuable work, many additional facts have been discovered, which must add considerable to his fame. Mr. Henry S. Dotterer, of Philadelphia, has recently read a monograph before the Pioneer Society in which all these facts are carefully brought together, forming a most interesting sketch of this colonial worthy.

There are many descendants of Henry Antes among the readers of the GUARDIAN, and some of these will no doubt be interested by the romantic statement that their ancestor was a near descendant of another Henry Antes who about 1620 was born a Baron von Blume, entered the monastic life, and adopted the Greek translation of his name *Anthos*, a flower, which his American descendents have called Antes. This mode was then in fashion; as Melancthon, from Schwarzerd,

black earth. Attaching himself to his cousin, a Baroness von Blume, a superior in a convent in Mayence, they were married, became Protestants, and were among the first Palatines who removed to America."

Mr. Dotterer's essay has been published in five successive numbers of the "Schwenksville Item," a paper which is published near the place where Antes resided. It is however so valuable that, in our opinion, it deserves more extensive publicity, and we hope it will be issued in a form that will render it more suitable for preservation.

COPPER CENTS.

The large copper cent is now rarely seen. When one occurs it reminds us of the days when our mental image of the coin corresponded with its actual size, and we valued it much more highly than most of us do at present. It is well known that many persons have amused themselves by attempting to collect all the dates, and that very few have succeeded. Large prices have sometimes been paid for fine and rare specimens, and it is therefore common to affix a fictitious value to all of them. It should, however, be remembered that such high prices are but rarely paid except for coins which are almost as perfect as when they left the mint. Such specimens it is needless to say, are but rarely found, except perhaps in the corner-stones of old churches.

A few facts with reference to the old cent may perhaps interest some of our youthful readers. It began to be coined in 1793 and was discontinued in 1857. During this period it was coined every year but 1815. It was long believed that a few specimens were struck during the latter year, but it is now concluded that all the known cents bearing that date are counterfeit or alterations.

The rarest cent is 1799. This is curious as a considerable number are known to have been coined in that year. There is a legend that a ship-captain bought a large number of them immediately after they were coined and took them to the west coast of Africa, but a better reason for their disappearance is to be found in the fact that the metal was unusually soft, and the inscription

therefore soon wore away. Next in rarity is 1804, and third 1793. Of the latter date there are a number of distinct varieties, and some of these are much rarer than the usual type. Next in the order of rarity are 1809 and 1795. Of the latter date there are two varieties, of which one is much thicker than the other. The thick kind is by far the rarest.

These are all the dates which can really be considered rare. In order that our readers may form some idea of their numismatic value we may mention that a coin dealer in Philadelphia offers good specimens for sale at the following prices: 1799, \$15; 1804, \$10; 1793, \$5; 1795, \$2.50; 1809, \$2. Good specimens are cents which are slightly worn but have every feature and letter distinct. Specimens which are entirely untouched by circulation command higher figures. It should, however, be remembered that a person having but a few rare specimens for sale would be lucky if they could obtain from a dealer more than half the price which is demanded of purchasers.

OUR BLUE BLOOD.

Two centuries and a half ago,
Off trudged to work with shouldered hoe
A woman, barefoot, browned and rough,
With pluck of Puritanic stuff.
Six lusty children tagged behind,
All hatless, shoeless, unconfined,
And happy as the birds that flew
About them. Naught of books they knew,
Save one they read at twilight hour,
Brought with them in the staunch Mayflower.

A pretty lady thin and white,
In a hammock swinging light,
Languishes, and in the shade
Devours rhyme and lemonade,
While bending near, her lover sighs,
And gently fans away the flies.
She murmurs: "'Tis so nice that we
Are neither of low family,
But of old Puritanic stock,
That landed upon Plymouth Rock."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE CHURCH.

He that negotiates 'tween God and man,
As God's ambassidor, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitful
To court a grin when you should woo a soul,
To break a jest when pity should inspire
Pathetic exhortation, and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales
When sent with God's commission to the heart!

—*Cowper.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

SINGING DOGGEREL.

Of making Sunday School singing-books there is no end. The demand is constant and the supply is abundant. There are plenty of Sunday Schools which are not satisfied unless they can change books every season. It is, indeed, just as much a matter of fashion as a change of coats or bonnets.

In meeting this demand many publishers seem to be chiefly concerned to produce books with taking titles and jingling tunes. The contents of the so-called hymns appear to be very little regarded. They generally consist of miserable doggerel, which but for the rhymes could hardly be distinguished from prose. This is bad enough, but the case is even worse when the author, either ignorantly or intentionally, teaches false doctrine. On a recent visit to a Sunday School in the country we heard the children singing a dreary hymn which taught, if it taught anything—that after conversion Christians can live just as they please. Good works were represented as obstacles to salvation. Two lines still linger in our memory :

“Cast away good works forever !
They will rob you of your crown.”

We know, of course, that we are justified by faith alone ; but we also know those who are implanted into Christ by faith must bring forth fruits of thankfulness. To cast away good works forever would be to renounce all part in the kingdom of our Lord. It was perhaps fortunate, in this instance, that neither teacher nor children appeared to think of the meaning of the hymn. They sang it to a tune which sounded very much like “Jenny, crack corn ! I don’t care ;” and we don’t think they cared about anything but the tune.

One of our exchanges gives us speci-

mens of the bad taste and bad grammar of certain doggerel rhymes which appear in a recent collection of Temperance Gospel Songs. Here is a parody on “Little Drops of Water :”

Little drops of claret,
Now and then, at first,
Forms an awful habit,
And a dreadful thirst.

The following specimen is, if anything worse than the preceding :

My eyes were of the deepest blue,
No lustre did they lack,
But now you see they both are red,
And one is also black !
My nose was never beautiful,
But then ’twas not amiss ;
Old Alcohol he touched it up,
And what d’ye think of this ?

Now we ask, in all solemnity, Is it right to teach children such stuff as this ? How can pastors and teachers justify themselves when they promote the introduction of books which either teach destructive doctrine, or turn the worship of God into a frivolous amusement ? Would it not be better to sing those grand old hymns in which consecrated genius offers its noblest tribute to its Creator ? Let us teach the young to appreciate their beauties, and they will no more desire to sing doggerel.

HINTS TO GIRLS.

Give your best sympathy. There is no greater human power than the tenderness of woman. If you can minister to some one in sickness, lessen somebody’s distress, or put a flower in some poor home, you have done a thing you will always be glad to think of. You will be remembered, and a woman asks no grander monument than to live in hearts.—*Lutheran Observer.*

PUTTING OFF SALVATION.—The steamship Central America, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel seeing her signal of distress, bore down towards her. Perceiving the danger to be imminent, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the Central America.

"What is amiss?"

"We are in bad repair, and are going down,—lie by till morning," was the answer.

"Let me take your passengers on board now." But as it was night the commander of the Central America did not like to send his passengers away lest some might be lost, and thinking that they could keep afloat a while longer, replied: "Lie by till morning."

Once again the captain of the rescue ship called, "You had better let me take them now."

"Lie by till morning," was sounded back through the trumpet.

About an hour and a half later her lights were missed, and though no sound was heard, the Central America had gone down and all on board perished. because it was thought they could be saved at another time.

How suggestive of the fate that may await those who persist in putting off the claims of the Gospel. Jesus cries:

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are laden, and I will give you rest." Alas! the folly of those who answer, "not now; wait—when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee." —*Exchange*.

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S SAYINGS.—Better go round about than fall into the ditch.

No one knows the weight of another's burden. What children hear at home, they tell abroad.

Better out of the fashion than out of credit.

The cobbler's wife is badly shod.

Leave off no clothes, till you see a June rose.

He doeth much, that loveth much.

Do not ride till you are ready, or you may fall off.

One hair of a woman draws more than a team of horses.

A friend is easier lost than found.

He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

The latest fashion is often the latest folly.

If God lights the candle, Satan cannot blow it out. (Whit Sunday.)

If thou canst not see the bottom, wade not.

It is mean to say what you don't mean.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

LIST OF BOOKS APPROVED BY THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY BUREAU.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Pubs., Boston, Mass.

Myths and Myth-Makers, John Fisk, LL B. pp. 234, \$2.00. Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith, pp. 266, 1.00. Hyperion, Longfellow, pp. 391, 1.50. Stories from my Attic, Horace E. Scudder, pp. 269, 1.00. Dream Children, do. do., pp. 241, 75 cts. Stories and Romances, do do., pp. 298, 1.25. The Arabian Nights' Entertainment, edited by Rev. Geo. Townsend, pp. 583, 1.00. Uncle Tom's Cabin, Harriet B. Stowe, pp. 529, 2.00. Legends of the Madonna, Mrs Jameson, pp. 483, 1.50. Three Successful Girls, Julia Crouch, pp. 382, 1.50. Undine and Other Tales, Fouque, pp. 416, 75 cts. The Lamp-lighter, Marion S. Cummins, pp. 523, 1.50. The Pilgrim's Progress, John Bunyan, pp. 486, 75 cts. Paul and Virginia, De St. Pierre, pp. 149, 1.00. Tanglewood Tales, Nathaniel Hawthorne, pp. 243, 2.25. Life of Frederick the Great, Macaulay, pp. 277, 60 cts. Julius Cæsar, Liddell, pp. 247, 60 cts. Tales from Shakespeare, Charles and Mary Lamb, pp. 365, 1.00. Legends of the Monastic Orders, Mrs Jameson, pp. 489, 1.50. Play Days, Sarah O. Jewett, pp. 213, 1.50. Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country, Horace E. Scudder, pp. 250, 1.50. The Bodleys Afloat, do. do. pp. 255, 1.50. The Bodleys Abroad, do do. pp. 210, 1.50. The Bodleys on Wheels, do do, pp. 222, 1.50. The Bodleys Telling Stories, do do, pp. 236, 1.50. Life of Wm. Pitt, Lord Macaulay, pp. 227, 60 cts. Life of Joan of Arc, Michelet, pp. 238, 60 cts. Life of Robert Burns, Thomas Carlyle, pp. 203, 60 cts. The Gates Ajar, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, pp. 248, 1.50. American Prose, Editor of American Poems, pp. 424, 1.25. Odd, or Even, Mrs A. D. T. Whitney, pp. 505, 1.50. We Girls, a Home Story, do do, pp. 215, 1.50. The Other Girls, do do, pp. 463, 1.50. The Silent Partner, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, pp. 302, 1.50. Success and Its Conditions, Edwin P. Whipple, pp. 333, 1.50. Life of Martin Luther, Bunsen, pp. 250, 60 cts. Life of Mahomet, Edw. Gibson, pp. 236, 60 cts. Life of Columbus, Lamartine, pp. 236, 60 cts. Hitherto, Mrs A. D. T. Whitney, pp. 473, 1.50. Rural Folks, do do, pp. 451, 1.50. Ivanhoe, Sir. Walter Scott, pp. 350, 1.00. Life of Victoria Colonna, pp. 239, 60 cts. Life of Mary Stuart, pp. 275, 60 cts. Life of Hannibal, pp. 320, 60 cts. Sight and Insight, Mrs A. D. T. Whitney, pp. 344, and 333, 1.50. The Wonderbook for Boys and Girls, Hawthorne, pp. 240, 1.25.

PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION BOARD, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pleasant Talk with the Young on Passages of Scripture, Rev. Chas. A. Smith, D. D. 280 pages. The Wildfords in India, Author of Poke and her Sisters, 304 pages. Outside the Gate, 336 pages. Now and then at Daisy Dingle Farm, Mead Middleton, 203 pages. Those Dark Days, Helen C. Chapman, 288 pages. Deacon Gibb's Enemy, Mrs A. K. Dunning, 336 pages. Chinks of Clannyford, Kate W.

Hamilton, 380 pages. From Exile to Overthrow, Rev. John W. Mears, D D, 475 pages. Boys at Eastwick, M. E. Griffith, 255 pages. Bessie and I, Lilian F. Wells, 304 pages. Elijah, the Favored Man, Robert M. Patterson, 216 pages. Week Day Religion, Rev. J. R. Miller, 315 pages. Almost a Nun, Julia McNair Wright, 398 pages. Alypius of Tagaste, Mrs. Webb, 361 pages. Ride through Palestine, 524 pages. Rambles Among Insects, 279 pages. Summer by the Sea, 304 pages. Daisy and her Friends, 256 pages. The Story of Madagascar, 313 pages. We Three, 270 pages. Farmer Tompkins and his Bibles, 330 pages. The Theban Legion, 239 pages. Wat Adams, the Young Machinist, 247 pages. Oriel, 340 pages. A Good Name, 240 pages. Aonio Paleario, 112 pages. Leaves and Fruit, M. E. Griffith, 368 pages. Consequences, Mr. Dunning, 392 pages. Scattered, do do, 272 pages. Letting Down the Bars, do do do do. Old Portmanteau, Kate Hamilton, 277 pages. House that Jack Built, do do, 368 pages. Rufus the Unready, Martha Farquaharson, 308 pages. William Farel, Wm. Blackburn, 347 pages. Chumbo's Hut, Jno. Hosmer, 234 pages. John Calvin and his Enemies, Rev. Thomas Smith, D. D., 208 pages. Finding Jesus, Eliz Strong, 160 pages. Through the Wilderness, Mary Willard, 207 pages. Westward, a Tale of Emigrant Life, Mrs Wright, 272 pages. Four Friends and their Fortunes, Author of Oriel, 320 pages. Trye's Year in India, Julia Thompson, do do.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
New York.

The Lost Estate and Other Stories, Mrs Ballard, 217 pages, \$1.00. No Danger, Mary Hodges, 360 pages, 1.25. The Prince of Good Fellows M. E. Wilmer, 367 pages, 1.25. Rose Clifton, Mrs E. J. Richmond. 426 pages, 1.50. The Voice of the Home, S. M. J. Henry, 405 pages, 1 25. A Day with a Demon, Julia McNair Wright, 95 pages, 40 cts. Little Blue Jacket and Other Stories, Mrs M. A. Paull, 162 pages, 75 cts. Bread and Beer, Mary Dwinell Chellis, 381 pages, 1.25. Her Heritage, Laurie Loring, 354 pages, 1.25.

ESTES & LAURIOT, Pubs., Boston, Mass.

Christian Heroines, 290 pages. The Young Woman's Friend. 250 pages. Papers for Thoughtful Girls, 344 pages, in set 4.50. Winning his Way, Chas. Coffin, 258 pages, 1.25. Zig-Zag Journeys in Europe, Hezekiah Butterworth, 311 pages, 1.75. Zig-Zag Journey in the Orient, do do, 320 pages, 1.75. Young Folks' History of Russia, 520 pages, 1.50. Do do America, Hezekiah Butterworth, 535 pages, 1.50. Do do Boston, do do, 480 pages, 1.50.

CASSEL, PETTER, GALPIN & Co., New York, London and Paris.

We have here a list of Books especially intended for children of the Infant-School. They are filled with beautiful stories and fine illustrations. 1st set Little Folks' Stories, 12 vols., at 25c.; 2nd set Bible Stories, 4 vols., at 25c. These average 60 pages.

DODD, MEAD & Co., Pubs., New York.

We have here another fine lot of books for little folks, finely bound, beautifully illustrated, and filled with entertaining and instructive stories. The names of the books are as follows:

Little Folks' Ballads, A Christmas at School, A Day in the Woods, Little Nursery Songs, for the Twilight, A Long Day, Bobby Shalto, Uncle Dick's Portfolio, Dick and Grace. The Fish Boy, Songs for the Fireside, A Winter Story, Jack Greene, Little Folks' Songs, A Book about Indians.

These books contain about 50 pages, and are sold at 25 cents a piece.

It is the object of the Bureau to select books for the Sunday-school which are of superior excellence in every respect. The above have been thoroughly examined and are heartily recommended as books of such a character.

REV. C. S. GERHART, A. M.

REV. H. M. KIEFFER, A. M.

REV. R. L. GERHART, A. M.

MISS ALICE NEVIN.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE ORPHAN WANDERERS; containing Cared For, and How a Farthing became a Fortune. By Mrs. C. E. Bowen. New York, Robert Carter and Brother, 530 Broadway, 1882. Price \$1.00.

These are interesting stories, illustrative of the Providence that cares for young children. The book is well suited for the Sunday School library.

SWEETBRIAR, OR DOINGS IN PRIORSTHORPE MAGNA. By Agnes Giberne. New York, Robert Carter & Bro's, 530 Broadway, 1882.

A story of life among the middle classes in England. It gives the reader an accurate idea of the social condition which it is intended to represent, and the authoress proves herself a careful student of human nature.

THE PETTIBONE NAME. A New England Story, by Margaret Sidney. Boston, D. Lothrop and Company, 32 Franklin Street. Price \$1.25.

As a description of rural life in New England this book is certainly to be commended. The story is well told, and the principal characters unusually well drawn. The book has the elements of popularity, and will, no doubt, be extensively circulated.

ACTON: OR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS. By Erie Arnold. Boston, Congregational Publishing Society, Congregational House.

This is a pleasantly told story, intended to induce the young to make an early confession of their faith in Christ. In our opinion this object would be more likely to be accomplished if the religious experiences of the youthful characters were not so minutely related. Examples of cheerful, healthy Christian living are more likely to attract the young than particular accounts of the struggles which are sometimes necessary in reaching this happy condition. The design of the book is most praiseworthy, and we hope it may do good.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON X.

September 3, 1882.

LOVE TO GOD AND MEN.—MARK 12: 28-44.

• Commit to memory verses 29-31.

28. And one of the scribes came, and having heard them reasoning together, and perceiving that he answered them well, asked him, Which is the first commandment of all?

29. And Jesus answered him, The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord:

30. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment.

31. And the second is like, *namely* this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

32. And the scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth: for there is one God; and there is none other but he:

33. And to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love *his* neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.

34. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God. And no man after that durst ask him *any* question.

35. And Jesus answered and said, while he taught

in the temple, How say the scribes that Christ is the son of David?

36. For David himself said by the Holy Ghost, The Lord said to my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand till I make thine enemies thy footstool.

37. David therefore himself calleth him Lord; and whence is he *then* his son? And the common people heard him gladly.

38. And he said unto them in his doctrine, Beware of the scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and *love* salutations in the marketplaces,

39. And the chief seats in the synagogues, and uppermost rooms at feasts:

40. Which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: these shall receive greater damnation.

41. And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury, and many that were rich cast in much.

42. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing.

43. And he called *unto him* his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury:

44. For all *they* did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, *even* all her living.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE RELIGION OF LOVE, vs. 27-34.
2. THE RELIGION OF PRETENSE, vs. 38-40.
3. THE RELIGION OF SACRIFICE, vs. 41-44.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." Deut. 6: 5.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 28. First commandment—greatest. 30. Heart, soul, &c.—with our entire being. Thy neighbor—fellow-man. 33. More than all burnt offerings—love is better than all outward forms of service. 34. Discreetly---wisely. Not far—in the right road. 36. David said, in Psalm 110. 37. Lord . . . Son—Lord as to His Divine nature; son as to His human nature. Common people—the people in general. 38. Long clothing--robes such as priests wore. 39. Uppermost rooms--chief seats. 40. Pretense—false show. 41. Treasury, which was in the court of the women. 42. Mites—the smallest coins in use, worth less than a quarter of a cent. 43. Cast more in---in the sight of God.

CATECHISM.

Ques. What profit dost thou receive by Christ's holy conception and nativity?

Ans. That He is our Mediator, and with

His innocence and perfect holiness covers, in the light of God, my sins wherein I was conceived and brought forth.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 28. What question did the lawyer ask Christ? Is it an important one?

29-31. Repeat the answer which Jesus gave. What is meant by loving God *with all heart, soul &c., &c.*? Who is your neighbor? What is the soul of all true religion? What is the fulfilling of the law? What is the greatest of all virtues?

32-33. What is worth more than all outward services? What enables us to worship God aright, and help our fellow-men?

34. What did Jesus say to the lawyer? Is it enough to be *near* the Kingdom? What is better?

35. What question does Christ ask? How was Jesus the Lord of David? How was He his Son?

36. Where did David call Jesus his Lord?

37. What class of people heard Jesus gladly? Do you like to hear His words? "What think *ye* of Christ?"

38-40. What kind of religion was that of the scribes? (See outline.) What did they love? What wicked things did they do? What did they do for a pretense? What shall be their reward? Can we deceive God by pretense and hypocrisy?

41. In what part of the temple was the treasury? Who inspected the gifts? Who cast in much?

42-44. How much did the poor widow give? In whose sight was it much? Does Christ take notice of all we give? What makes a gift valuable?

LESSON HYMN: "Oh Love divine, how sweet thou art."

LESSON X. Sep. 3, 1882.

Three events are recorded in our lesson for this day: 1st, the question of the young lawyer is answered by Jesus; 2d, the Pharisees fail to answer Christ's question in regard to the Messiah; and 3dly, the sacrifice of the poor widow is commended as a perpetual example.

The Pharisees and Scribes were fond of disputing about religious questions; hence this question of the young lawyer seems natural enough. He evidently felt a certain admiration for Jesus, and really desired to have a true answer to his question, which is an important one. *Which is the first commandment?* There were about 248 *positive* commands, and 365 *negative*, in all 613. Who could keep them all? Now which is the chief? We will keep *that* in lieu of keeping them all.

Hear, O Israel, etc. These words every devout Jew uttered twice a day. It was his acknowledgment, (1) that there is but *one* God, and (2) that *Jehovah* (the LORD) is that God.

Love the LORD thy God with all thy soul. Thus *love* is regarded as the essence of all true religion, and as the very soul of obedience to the commandments. *Love is the fulfilling of the law.*

1. The *heart* is the seat of the emotions and affections.

2. The *soul* here means the *life*—the vital principle. Love with thy *life* means, “love must manifest itself not only in feeling: it must rule the whole life, words, conduct, acts”

3. The *mind* denotes all our intellectual powers and activities our thoughts, studies, designs, &c.

4. Thy *strength* indicates the force of love—there must be enthusiasm and power in it—not mere feeling and sentiment.

This is the first commandment; that is, this *sincere, fervid, intelligent, and energetic* love will lead to keeping the commandments.

The second is like it; it is founded in love also. Where love to our fellow-man reigns there is an end to all injustice, violence, oppression and war.

The young man was satisfied with Jesus' answer, and ratified it. (vs. 32-33).

Thou art not far; he stood *at the door* of the Kingdom of love; he only needed

yet to *enter in* by faith in Christ. “If thou art not far off, come in; otherwise thou hadst better been far off!”

The Christian religion is that of *love*. (See outline, first part).

It was necessary for Jesus to bring the Jewish teachers face to face with the great question: Who is the Christ? Is He divine, or only human? *Whose son is He?* The scribes say, He is the Son of David. And David called Him LORD.

Notice: (1) Our Lord declares that David wrote the 110th Psalm; (2) that David was inspired, (“said by the Holy Ghost”). There was no earthly ruler who was *over* David, whom he could call Lord. He referred to the Christ: *Jehovah*, who would become the true seed of David, joining God and man in one person.

Thereupon Jesus warns the people against the *religion of pretense*. (See outline, part second). These Scribes and Pharisees pretended to be very pious; but it was all on the surface. There was formality and performance of ceremonies, but not genuine love and obedience.

The religion of sacrifice, (Outline, part 3), is illustrated by the conduct of the poor widow. Jesus watches the people at the treasury. It is safe to say He ever watches what His disciples do in the way of making sacrifices to support the Gospel.

The rich cast in much, but could spare it, and would never feel that they had made a *sacrifice*. The widow had little or nothing left; her sacrifice was heroic.

Cast more in than they all—in God's reckoning, more in the amount of faith and heart. She gave all that she had at her disposal. This was an illustration of the religion of sacrifice. Self-denial ought to be exercised by every believer in Christ. It is the only way to take the higher degrees in the Christian life.

LOVE, if you would be beloved; serve, if you would be served; and humble yourself, if you would be exalted.

THERE is a great difference between the fear of God, and being afraid of God; the one is an evidence of grace, the other is a proof of guilt.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON XI.

September 10, 1882.

CALAMITIES FORETOLD. MARK 13: 1-20.

Commit to memory verses 9-11.

1. And as he went out of the temple, one of his disciples saith unto him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings *are here*!

2. And Jesus answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.

3. And as he sat upon the mount of Olives, over against the temple, Peter and James and John and Andrew asked him privately,

4. Tell us when shall these things be? and what *shall be* the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled?

5. And Jesus answering them began to say, Take heed lest any *man* deceive you:

6. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am *Christ*; and shall deceive many

7. And when ye shall hear of wars, and rumours of wars, be ye not troubled: for *such things* must needs be; but the end *shall not be yet*.

8. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be earthquakes in *divers* places, and there shall be famines and troubles: these *are* the beginnings of sorrows.

9. **But take heed to yourselves; for they shall deliver you up to councils; and in the synagogues ye shall be beaten; and ye shall be brought before the rulers and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them.**

10. And the gospel must first be published among all nations.

11. **But when they shall lead you and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand**

what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate: but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost.

12. Now the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son; and children shall rise up against *their* parents, and shall cause them to be put to death.

13. And ye shall be hated of all *men* for my name's sake: but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.

14. But when ye shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing where it ought not, (let him that readeth understand,) then let them that be in Judea flee to the mountains:

15. And let him that is on the housetops not go down into the house, neither enter *therein*, to take any thing out of the house:

16. And let him that is in the field not turn back again for to take up his garment.

17. But woe to them that are with child, and to those that give suck in those days!

18. And pray ye that your flight be not in the winter.

19. For *in* these days shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created unto this time, neither shall be

20. And except that the Lord had shortened those days, no flesh should be saved: but for the elect's sake, whom he has chosen, he hath shortened the days.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE TROUBLES FORETOLD.
2. THE SIGNS OF THEIR COMING.
3. THE PROMISE TO THE FAITHFUL.

GOLDEN TEXT: "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself." Prov. 22: 3.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 1 *Out of the temple*—Christ's final departure. *What stones, what buildings?* Large, white, polished mountains! 2. *Not one left*—40 years later all were cast down. 4. *When?* *what sign?* These questions are asked in every age. 5. *Take heed—deceive*,—sign-seekers are generally led astray. 6. *Come in my name*—deceivers, Anti-Christ. 7-8. Here many tokens are given. 9-11. These words teach disciples how to endure trouble; to have hope in the triumph of the *gospel*, and in the guidance of the *Holy Spirit*. 12-13. True of all times of fanatical zeal and religious persecution. 14. *The abomination*—the Roman banners—*Holy place*: temple-courts. 15-16. The need of *haste*, in order to escape. 17-20. These terrible calamities came to pass. But all the believers fled to Pella, and were saved.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 37. What dost thou understand by the words "He suffered?"

Ans. That He, all the time He lived on earth, but especially at the end of His life, sustained in body and in soul, the wrath of God against the sins of all mankind; that so

by His passion, as the only propitiatory sacrifice, He might redeem our body and soul from everlasting damnation; and obtain for us the favor of God, righteousness, and eternal life.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 1. What words of a disciple led to Christ's prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem?

2. What did Jesus say concerning the temple? What kind of stones composed it?

3-4. Where was Christ when His disciples asked for further information? What two questions did they ask? Do men continue to ask them?

5-9. Against whom does Jesus warn us? Have there been many *pretenders*? But has not Christ kept His people safe? Were there wars, earthquakes and famines, before Jerusalem was destroyed? In what book may we read of the fulfilment of the words in verse 9? (Acts.)

10. Was the gospel preached in all nations of the Roman Empire, before the temple was destroyed?

11. Who alone teaches us what to think and speak aright? Who speaks in and through the Christian?

12-13. What does fanatical zeal lead to? Does history verify these words? Who shall be saved?

14-16. What sign did Jesus give? What was the abomination? What should those in Judea do? Was any time to be lost? Whither did the Christians flee?

17-20. For whose sake does God shorten the times of calamity? Do you heed God's warnings?

LESSON HYMN: "My soul, be on thy guard."

LESSON XI.

Sep. 10, 1882.

Picture to your mind's eye the scene of our lesson for this Sunday, and you will be made to feel that this is one of the most interesting lessons we have had. Jesus surveying the city and temple in all their splendor and beauty, and then predicting that in a few years they would be in ruins. Nowhere on earth was it possible to find another scene of such commanding interest as that which lay before the eyes of Jesus, when He turned to look upon Jerusalem for the last time." And when He remembered how, 40 years later, His words were literally fulfilled, we have one of the arguments for the infallibility of the Founder of Christianity.

Jesus first foretells to His disciples the troubles that are about to come upon Jerusalem. This was occasioned by the remark of one of the disciples: *See what manner of stones!* Jesus replied: *Not one stone shall be left upon another.* Then as He sat on the Mt. of Olives, four of them came to Him privately and asked: (1) *tell us when shall these things be;* (2) *what sign, &c.* In Matthew we have a fuller account, chapter 24.

Notice, Jesus speaks *first* of the destruction of Jerusalem, and, *secondly*, takes that as a *type* of the destruction of the sinful world. In answer to the question, *when?* He does not tell the day or year. In answer to the question, *what shall be the sign?* He mentions many signs. Such signs as preceded the overthrow of the Jews are given before all great crises in history, and will be given before the second coming to judgment.

It is impossible here to enumerate the facts that confirmed our Saviour's words. They were fulfilled in the first age of the Church. Jerusalem was not destroyed before brother had risen against brother, and then many rumors of war, distresses, famines, earthquakes, &c. In the Quarterly Notes some of these events are enumerated.

These are the beginnings of sorrows: Mere beginnings. They are birth pangs that shall precede the birth of the new Church and society. All great crises are preludes of a new order in civil and religious life. The final judgment (*crisis*)

will usher in the perfection of Christ's Kingdom.

Our Saviour did not neglect to give His disciples *warning* of their great trials and persecutions; but He also cheered them by enumerating *the promises* to the faithful. *Take heed, &c.* The Apostles were often exposed to persecutions: they were imprisoned, beaten, brought before councils and kings, were put to death, and the "sect was everywhere spoken against." See the whole book of Acts.

Through this dark thunder-cloud the light now breaks in the assurance: *the Gospel must be published among all nations!* The right shall win the day! Christ's cause shall not fail. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation. The fact is certain, that in all of the then-known countries churches were planted within thirty years after Christ's death, or about 10 years before the destruction of Jerusalem."

In verse 11 the disciples were told how to conduct themselves under trial, with the assurance that the Spirit of Truth would lead them to speak aright. And *he that shall endure* unto the end, the same shall be saved. These words were verified, when the little church fled across the Jordan to Pella, and not one perished. (1) The end here meant, the end of the Jewish State-Church. (2) For us it means the hour of our death: (3) For the church as a whole it means the coming of Christ and the end of the world.

19-20. The afflictions of the Jews are meant. Josephus says: "Our city was raised to the highest felicity, and was thrust down again to the lowest depths of misery." There were slain 1,100,000 Jews; 97,000 were taken captive; so many were crucified that "room was wanted for the crosses, and crosses wanted for the bodies; famine devoured multitudes more. *For the elect's sake, he hath shortened the days.* "If God in His mercy had not shortened those days, the whole nation would have perished; but for the sake of the chosen ones—the believing or those who should afterwards believe—or perhaps the preservation of the chosen race whom God hath not cast off. (Rom. 11: 1), they shall be shortened." (Alford).

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON XII.

Sept. 17, 1882.

WATCHFULNESS ENJOINED. MARK 13: 21-37.

Commit to memory verses 33, 37.

21. And then, if any man shall say to you, Lo, here is Christ; or lo, he is there: believe him not.

22. For false Christs, and false prophets shall rise, and shall shew signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect.

23. But take ye heed: behold, I have foretold you all things.

24. ¶ But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light,

25. And the stars of heaven shall fall, and the powers that are in heaven shall be shaken.

26. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds with great power and glory.

27. And then shall he send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven.

28. Now learn a parable of the fig-tree: When her branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is near:

29. So ye in like manner, when ye shall see these

things come to pass, know that it is nigh, even at the doors.

30. Verily, I say unto you, That this generation shall not pass, till all these things be done.

31. Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away.

32. ¶ But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.

33. Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is.

34. For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work; and commanded the porter to watch.

35. Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning:

36. Lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping.

37. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.

OUTLINE: { BEWARE

1. OF DECEPTION. Vs. 21-23.

2. OF DOUBT. Vs. 24-31.

3. OF SURPRISE. Vs. 32-37.

GOLDEN TEXT:

"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober." 1 Thess. 5: 6.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 21-23. *Then*—that is up to the time when Jerusalem shall be destroyed. *False Christs*—deceivers. *Signs and wonders*—mock miracles. 24-27. *In those days*; what now follows, relates to the second coming of Christ, and the destruction of the evil world. *Sun, moon, and stars*—an allusion to great physical disturbances which shall immediately precede the coming of the Judge. *The angels shall gather the elect*, into heaven. 28-31. There are *judgments*, before the final judgment. *This generation*, etc. People then living. *All these things be done*—in Jerusalem, as a type of the last judgment. *Heaven and earth shall pass away*—in their present perverted condition. The atmospheric heaven, climatic conditions, etc. 32-37. *That day*—*Knoweth no man*. It is kept secret, that men may always be ready. *Neither the Son*, as long as He was in His lowly state. He knows now. *Take heed, watch*. Here our duty is set forth; also our only *safety*. The parable in ver. 34 warns us against *surprise*. *Sleeping*—careless, sinful. *Unto all*—who hear the word.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 38. Why did He suffer under Pontius Pilate, as His judge?

Ans. That He, being innocent, and yet con-

demned by a temporal judge, might thereby free us from the severe judgment of God, to which we were exposed.

QUESTIONS.

Verses 21-23. What time is meant by *then*? What are we first warned against? Who shall arise? Can you tell about Elymas, the Sorcerer? (Acts 13: 6-8). And about Simon Magus? (Acts 8: 9-11.)

24, 25. What period is meant by "after those days?" Are there many comings to judgment? Will there be a *final* coming to judgment? What signs will precede it?

26, 27. Will His coming be a hidden spiritual influence only, or a real coming in human form? What shall surround Him? Who shall accompany Him? What shall the angels do?

28, 29. In what season does the fig-tree

put forth leaves? In what season do fruits ripen? When will the great ingathering of the harvest take place?

30, 31. In what great catastrophe were all these things fulfilled? Of what was the destruction of Jerusalem a type? Will heaven and earth cease to be, or only be changed in form and made new?

32. Who alone knows the day? Does Christ know it since His glorification?

33. What is left uncertain? Owing to the uncertainty of the time, what must we do? Against what are we warned? What is meant by sleeping? By watching?

LESSON HYMN: "When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come."

LESSON XII. Sep. 17, 1882.

1. Verses 21-23 seem to refer to the time between the crucifixion of Christ and the destruction of Jerusalem; that is, from A. D. 33 to 73, a period of 40 years.

2. The remainder of the lesson refers to the second coming of Christ and the judgment day. In *those days, after that tribulation, in Judea; v. 24.*

I. WARNING AGAINST DECEPTION, 21-23. These words refer, as we said, to the 40 years preceding the overthrow of Jerusalem. Many false teachers arose, and said just what Jesus had foretold. False Christs are such as pretend to be sent of God to do certain great works. In every age some excited enthusiasts arise, and think they have a mission from the Lord to upset the existing order of things—or to “remove” a President. Elymas the sorcerer, and Simon Magus were but the forerunners of a class.

Deceive the elect, that is, those who were elected, in consequence of their faith in Christ, out of the doomed nation, and saved from the destruction. In view of these deceivers and their words and signs, Jesus utters the warning: be not deceived!

II. WARNING AGAINST DOUBT, 24-31. In *those days, after that tribulation* of the Jewish people, similar perils and persecutions will intervene, until the 2nd Advent. Of this final travail the destruction of Jerusalem is only a part—a prelude.

Sun shall be darkened, &c. “The earth shall be melted with fervent heat,” 2 Peter 3, Rev. 20. (See Quarterly Notes). Some great change must come over our earth before it can be sufficiently changed so as to be called a *new earth*. “The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain,” etc.

Gather His elect: separate them, by a glorious resurrection, into a chosen body at Christ’s right hand.

See the Son of Man coming. Three truths are here asserted: (1) Christ shall return to claim the world which had rejected Him. He shall come as the same Son of Man, but no longer in weakness and humility, but *in power and great glory*. (2) His coming will be *visible*; they shall see Him coming.

We must not think of that event as merely a great *spiritual influence* in favor of Christ. (3) His coming will be the signal for the judgment. *The angels shall gather, &c.*

The parable of the fig-tree was given as a token by which to “discern the signs of the times.” *It is nigh*; the judgment may begin at any hour.

Verse 30 is easily understood if we bear in mind that a generation is generally reckoned 40 years; and 40 years intervened from the day Christ was speaking until Jerusalem was taken. All the events occurred then on a small scale, that shall occur when the destruction of the wicked world shall take place on a large scale.

Another explanation is as follows: All time was divided into 3 periods: that *before* the Law (from Adam to Moses); that *under* the Law (Moses to Christ); the third period, or generation, *after* the Law, (from birth of Christ to 2nd Advent). 1 John 2:18 speaks of our period of the world as “the last hour.” And Paul speaks of Christians as those “upon whom the *ends* of the world have come,” (1 Cor. 10:11)

III. WARNING AGAINST SURPRISE, 32-37. The time when calamities come is unknown to us all. When Jesus was on earth in servant form, He laid aside the use of His Divine knowledge, as He did of His glory. At times, He *put forth* His knowledge and power; but generally complied with the conditions of manhood. He “grew in wisdom,” “learned obedience,” &c. Of course it was only for a little time that He thus “emptied Himself” (made Himself of no reputation). Philippians 2:7.

In view of the uncertainty of the time we must always be taking heed and watching. Otherwise we may be *surprised*. The warning of Jesus is short, earnest, and addressed to all: *watch—pray!*

As a man taking a journey. Christ is meant. His Church is the *house*. The *servants* are not only ministers, but all His people. All are to maintain due care of it and seek its good. *To every man his work*. The porter is the door-keeper, whose office it is to look out for those who wish to enter as friends, and to exclude foes; referring to the work of ministers especially. WATCH!

LESSON XIII.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sept. 24, 1882.

Supt. And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them (10: 13).

School. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God (10: 14).

Supt. Then Jesus beholding him, loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up thy cross, and follow me (10: 21).

Sch. And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions (10: 22).

Supt. And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all (10: 44).

Sch. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many (10: 45).

Supt. And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight (10: 51).

Sch. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way (10: 52).

Supt. And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord (11: 9).

Sch. Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest (11: 10.)

Supt. And Jesus answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter forever. And his disciples heard it (11: 14).

Sch. And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots (11: 20).

Supt. And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses (11: 25).

Sch. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses (11: 26).

Supt. And have ye not read this Scripture? The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner (12: 10).

GOLDEN TEXT: "And all the people came early in the morning to him in the temple, for to hear him." Luke 21: 37, 38.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 39. Is there anything more in His being crucified, than if He had died some other death?

Ans. Yes; for thereby I am assured that He took on Him the curse which lay upon me; for the death of the cross was accursed of God.

1. Recite the SUBJECT and GOLDEN TEXT of all the lessons.

2. Recite CATECHISM, *Ques.* 27 to 39.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why did the parents bring little children to Christ? How did the disciples look upon this act? What did Christ say and do? Does He love the young?

2. What hindered the rich young man from following Christ? What did he lack? What must we bear, in order to obtain a crown?

3. What request did James and John make? Who is greatest in Christ's kingdom? Who came to minister to others? What else did He do?

4. What did blind Bartimeus cry? What did Jesus do for him? What did he do to show his gratitude and love?

5. When did Christ make His triumphal entry into Jerusalem? What did the disciples say and do? On what day does the Church celebrate this event?

6. Of what was the fruitless tree a type? What was done to it? What was done to the Jewish people? In what is the Father glorified?

7. What spirit are we to exercise, if we would be heard when we pray? Will God pardon the unforgiving?

8. What was God's ancient vineyard? Who were the husbandmen? What did they do to the messengers? What to the Heir? What became of them?

9. To whom must we render tribute? What has promise of this and of the future life?

10. What is the fulfilling of the law? Whom must we love? Which is the great command?

11. What calamities befell the Jewish people? What shall befall the world? Whither must we flee for refuge?

12. Who shall come to judge mankind? When? What is enjoined upon us all? Are you watching?

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NO. 10.

THE STREAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

When pleasures vanish like a dream,
When earth's connections sever,
'Tis well to watch a flowing stream,
That tumbles on forever.

In silence on the waters gaze,
For, as they pass, they banish
The hopes and joys of former days,
While all thy sorrows vanish.

Gaze on, gaze on, as in a dream,
Until thy tears come gushing;
And, through their flood, behold the stream,
Forever onward rushing.

'Twill make the wounded spirit whole,
'Twill bind what grief doth sever;
For thus *itself* the weary soul
Sees flowing on forever.
—From the German of Nikolaus Lenau.

KARL RITTER.

BY REV. B. BAUSMAN, D.D.

It was on the evening of November 11, 1856, that I slowly felt my way down two dark, narrow flights of stairs in my temporary Berlin home. From the Leipziger Strasse I passed through the poorly lighted streets that led across to the Unter den Linden. The night air was crisp, yet not unpleasantly cold. Entering the palatial University buildings, I at once went to Karl Ritter's Lecture-room. For it was to hear and see him that I was constrained to wander through the dreary, unfamiliar streets of Berlin, in the night. The room, one of the largest lecture-rooms in the building, was filled with students—from 150 to 200. This was an unusually large attendance for an ordinary University

Lecture. In due time a tall, well-built, venerable gentleman entered. As he slowly walked up to the stand, the eyes of the students followed him with loving silence—a silence which seemed almost breathless. At one end of the room, behind a low rostrum or a platform, he took his seat, and at once began his lecture. His first sentence set scores of pens going. He was seventy-seven years of age, and showed signs of growing infirmity. His white hair was carefully brushed, and his clothing was tidy and suited for his years. Evidently he held that a professor teaches not only in what he says, and does, but also in what he wears. His subject was: Ancient Geography among the Israelites and the Egyptians. His full, rotund voice was pitched on a low key. His utterance was clear, distinct and conversational. All seemed eager to catch every word; and the busy pens on the little desks blended their faint, hurried strokes with the kindly voice of the speaker. He sat before them like a father before his children. I felt it to be a great privilege to sit at the feet of the "Father of Modern Geography."

At the foot of the Hartz mountains lies the small and very old village of Quedlinburg. Here the great poet Klopstock and the eminent geographer Karl Ritter were born. The latter here first saw the light of day on August 7, 1779. His father was a physician, a man of a noble, Christian character. He died when Karl was but five years of age. His mother was left a widow without property and with five children. She is said to have been a finely educated lady. A Mr. Saltzman was then in the act of founding a high school in Schueffenthal. He had resolved that the first scholar to be received should be a deserving poor boy, whom he would educate

without pay. It was to be a talented boy, not less than six years of age. The sad bereavement of the Ritter family called forth the sympathy of newspapers in that part of Europe. In this way Mr. Saltzman's attention was directed to the children of widow Ritter. Incidentally, he happened to meet with Karl Ritter, and at once chose him as the first scholar in his Schueffenthal School. Here he spent eleven years, until he entered the University of Halle.

Quedlinburg, the quaint old Thuringian village became a second home to him. The picturesque scenery, great mountains and fertile valleys first started his receptive mind in geographical studies, to which he devoted his long and useful life. His teacher wrote to his mother that Karl was cheerful, obedient and studious. At first he missed her, and now and then his tears flowed freely. But his tender body was soon strengthened, and his heart cheered by various amusements. One letter says: "Karl has already been trained to skate a whole hour in a stretch. When he is tired of sitting or standing about, he lays himself down on the frozen earth, looks at the heavens for half an hour and has his own thoughts about them." "Karl makes rapid progress; some day he will be made a professor of geography. It is a pleasure to teach him in this branch of his studies." This prophecy of the teacher was literally fulfilled. At length he reached an age when he should have entered the University. But where should he get the needed money? About this time, a Mr Hollweg, a wealthy merchant of Frankfort-on-the-Main, visited the Schueffenthal School. Karl Ritter's character and talents pleased the good man very much. On the recommendation of Principal Saltzman, he offered to support the youth through a university course, on the condition that at the end of it he would serve as a private tutor to his children. At Halle he advanced rapidly in his studies, which in various ways he continued after he entered the Hollweg family. He was but nineteen years of age. The family was one of the wealthiest and most refined in Frankfort. Would the poor student feel at home in such an atmosphere? Among the bright children in this Christian home, was the youngest son—afterwards

the distinguished Chancellor of Prussia, Von Bethman-Hollweg. He became the favorite scholar, who gave him much pleasure. The two became ardent lifelong friends.

Ritter ever showed a keen thirst for knowledge, and never ceased to be a scholar. In the Hollweg family he discovered that he had not paid sufficient attention to ancient literature. He says, "I keenly feel my ignorance in this department, and now clearly see how this is the basis of all thinking and knowledge." For a considerable time he went with his favorite scholar to the Frankfort Gymnasium. The graduate of Halle University sat on the same bench beside his boy pupil, and rejoiced in the privilege. And when he attended the Hollweg sons to Göttingen he sought to secure the benefits of the university there. He spent his vacations in traveling in Europe and Asia. There were few parts of Europe which he did not visit. He traveled much afoot, which helped to develop and preserve his robust bodily strength. He wrote 19 large volumes on Universal Geography, besides works on other subjects. All modern writers on this subject have reaped in good Karl Ritter's harvest field; much of their best material has been taken from the great storehouse. As for sacred geography, no one, nor the combined labors of a dozen of later writers, can compare with this humble man. When in 1820 he commenced his first lecture on Geography, he found not one hearer when the hour arrived. Later he could scarcely find a room large enough to contain all who crowded to hear him. Indeed to have heard one of Karl Ritter's lectures was in Berlin regarded as a mark of culture.

Although a great man of science, Karl Ritter was an humble Christian. And he was such in spite of many drawbacks. True, his parents were pious people. But his first teacher, Principal Saltzman, was a Rationalist—that is, a man who did not believe in the Bible as a divine revelation, nor in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Redeemer of the world. A French infidel has said: "Give me the first five years of a child's life and I will teach it to break every law of God and of man." To a boy of six years a teacher of such views is a very dangerous man. He sows the

first seed into the child's mind ; he helps to lay the foundation of character. While Ritter studied at Halle, the most of the students and professors were Rationalists. Fortunately he selected as his associates some of the more pious students.

The piety of the Hollweg home must have been a great blessing to him. But along with this he here met with distinguished Rationalistic scholars, some of whom seemed to captivate him. Among others he here repeatedly met Alexander Von Humboldt, a man of decided anti-christian feelings and views, but to a person like Karl Ritter exceedingly fascinating. Soon after Von Humboldt had returned from his long tour in America, Ritter wrote to a friend : " I have already had the good fortune to spend eight days with Alexander Von Humboldt. He is one of the most interesting men I have ever seen. On the first evening after his arrival I had the happiness to become acquainted with him. Since then I have spent the most enjoyable hours with him. You can form no idea of the extent of his knowledge, and his powers of description are most fascinating, his language beautiful, his whole demeanor exceedingly vivacious and his character most amiable."

Amid a host of brilliant rationalistic scientists, Ritter remained a meek disciple of Christ. He was always more ready to praise others than claim praise for himself. In one of his great works he makes the following humble confession : " If in the knowledge of the laws and geographical relations of the whole of animated nature perhaps here and there an interesting view may be presented, the author hereby acknowledges that for this whole tendency of his observations he is indebted to his instructive and confidential intercourse with a noble man, S. H. Sommerling. With pride I refer to the many years of friendly instruction from one who is justly called the ornament of his century and of his nation."

Ritter's biographer says : " There has never been a man who had less egotism. He was the truest and most hearty friend. With what peculiar love he embraced all who formed a part of his family circle. Without actual

children, he became a second father to many." His whole being seemed animated with the spirit of mildness and peace, which no sorrow could disturb. Within a few days he lost a dear sister, and his tenderly beloved wife. It was the keenest sorrow of his life. But his soul remained calm and peaceful. " All this was the precious result of his living faith. Karl Ritter was a Christian in the full sense of the word. He disliked to speak much about it, and refused to act as judge of the faith of others. But the mercy and grace of God were the greatest treasures of his life."

When yet in the vigor of his manhood he often thought of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and expressed his firm faith in Christ and his bright hope of a blissful immortality. He wrought with earnest patience his favorite studies, till the close of life. In 1859, at 80 years of age, he entered into rest. No man in ancient or modern times has told the world so much and so well, of so large a part of the earth's surface, as Karl Ritter. Now he and his devoted pupil, Von Bethman Hollweg, have both entered the Canaan above, for which each in his peculiar sphere did so much while in the flesh.

GRANDFATHER'S CATECHISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

Almost every family has its heirlooms. Old portraits, perhaps, or bits of china, or, possibly, even grandmother's spinning wheel. We think it is a good sign that such things are coming to be appreciated. They are ties that connect us with former generations, reminding us of their trials, and admonishing us to conduct ourselves in such a manner as not to bring shame upon the memory of the departed. There are still no doubt, plenty of people who sneer at such things, but we doubt whether they fully appreciate the spirit of the fifth commandment.

We confess we have a fondness for preserving relics of this kind when we are perfectly convinced of their authenticity. Thus, for instance, we have a large conch-shell, which belonged to our

great-grandfather, who settled in Eastern Pennsylvania exactly one hundred and fifty years ago. The old conch was used as a dinner-horn, and no doubt many thousand times it called the weary laborers from the field. It has, however, its objections as a keepsake. The youngsters about the house have learned to blow it, and occasionally, at unexpected times they fill the air with its dreadful echoes. There once was in existence a musical instrument, which, as a relic, we would prefer to possess. In our father's boyhood-days there was still in the garret of the old homestead "ein Flügel"—a sort of primitive piano—which his grandfather had made with his own hands. It has long since disappeared, and is probably destroyed; but if it should still linger in some garret of Eastern Pennsylvania, we would not only be willing to pay more for it than any one else would be likely to consider it worth, but would even promise to write an article about it.

In our library we have a relic which, though less ancient, is in our eyes more valuable than such things as these. It is a copy of the Palatinate Catechism, printed at Frankfort on the Main in 1782, which is therefore exactly one hundred years old. On the first page are written the following words: "This catechism was the property of Daniel Dubs, of Lower Milford, Lehigh county, and was thoroughly studied by all his children. He finally presented it to his youngest son, Joseph, who valued it very highly."

No doubt the book was quite new when grandfather bought it. The catechism which he himself had studied was probably nearly worn out, and as soon as his eldest son was ready to be prepared for confirmation (about 1790) he thought it time to purchase another. We can imagine him taking a load of grain to Philadelphia, and after selling it, going to the store of Melchior Steiner, or some other German bookseller, to buy this precious volume.

In making this purchase grandfather was not satisfied with the more brief form of the catechism, which is now generally used, but selected the best edition of the large Palatinate. It is a volume of nearly three hundred pages, and contains an abundance of minor

questions and proof-texts, from which we fear, in these later days, catechumens would shrink if they were required to commit them to memory. Grandfather was not afraid that his children might have to study too much. Nor was there any danger that the children would object to the labor involved in learning this catechism. Such a thing was in those days, entirely out of the question.

Grandfather was not inclined to shrink from his duties as chief teacher of his family. His pastor it is true resided in his house for several years, as an invited guest, and may possibly during this time have devoted some attention to the instruction of the children, but ordinarily it was grandfather himself who was "the priest of the household." How well the work was done is evident from the auto-biography of his youngest son, the father of the present writer. "During the long winter evenings," he says "we were required to commit the catechism and to read the Psalter and New Testament. We read alternately; the elder were the teachers of the younger, and each one manifested a degree of zeal, and of anxiety to excel, such as is rarely found in schools. On Sundays, when there was no service in the church, we were required to spend the forenoon in religious study, but whenever it was possible we went to church and listened to the preaching of the Gospel. After we returned from church, and had taken dinner, the Bible was brought, and the chapter from which the text was taken, read and commented upon. When this was done we were allowed to take a little innocent recreation."

The catechism which was so carefully studied contains an appendix with prayers for various occasions. These the children were required to commit to memory, and to repeat at proper times. Grace at table was never neglected. There are several table-prayers in the catechism, but the following was most generally employed:

"Lord God, our Heavenly Father, bless us and these Thy gifts which we owe unto Thy loving-kindness, and make us partakers of Thy heavenly table, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."
"Our Father, &c."

This prayer, it will be remembered, comes down to us from the days of the

Reformation, but it is still as excellent as it was three hundred years ago.

The book concludes with the following series of divine precepts, teaching "how God's children should conduct themselves in their daily life :"

1. Whatever you do, let it be done in order and at the proper time. For I am a God of order, saith the Lord; all disorderly conduct comes from the devil and from sin.

2. Do not be too greatly occupied by worldly affairs; be careful to do all things quietly and well; for error and disorder are injurious in all things.

3. Put everything to use so that nothing may be wasted; for whatever is lost by your carelessness will be required at your hands, but what you do not need may be useful to another.

4. Be constantly occupied with things that are useful or necessary, for idleness is the mother of all evil and the very pillow of Satan.

5. Let your repentance be sincere, not to please men, nor for gain, nor for vanity. For all labor which you do not perform for God's glory is lost, and ye have your reward in that which ye have sought.

6. Be watchful in all things so that nothing may be lost by your heedlessness. Seek to renounce all things that appear to be evil, and as much as is possible atone for the evil which you have committed.

7. Be also interested in advancing the welfare of your neighbor, so that you may fulfill the commandment: Love thy neighbour as thyself! *Summa*: Whoever would be saved must deny himself. Whoever follows his own lusts casts himself into destruction. This is a brief summary of all Christian teaching."

Like many other Reformed books of that period, Grandfather's catechism has on the title-page a picture of the city of Heidelberg, with an open Bible in the foreground. From a cloud above extends a hand holding a measuring-rule, pointing to the Bible. On a scroll are the words "Nach dieser Regel," and on the opposite pages of the Bible: "Suchet in der Schrift, John 5, 39." That is, "According to this rule"—"Search the Scriptures." This vignette, it is well known, was so frequently used that the hand and rule almost came to be re-

garded one of the symbols of the church. Even now it has lost none of its meaning. No better rule than the old catechism can yet be found by which to search the Scriptures.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

A translation of the *Dies Iræ* of Thomas à Celano:

BY REV. THOMAS C. PORTER, D.D., LL.D.

The fact that so many English translations of this famous mediæval Latin hymn have appeared on both sides of the Atlantic, shows that its reproduction in our tongue is beset with peculiar difficulties, and the chief obstacle seems to lie in the triple, double-rhymed trochaic endings of the stanzas. As a rule, the metrical form of a lyric poem of high order is an essential element, which cannot be changed without loss to a greater or less extent. Hence, some of the translators of the *Dies Iræ* have tried to preserve the exact metre of the original, and the two who have succeeded best are Dr. Irons of England, and Gen. Dix of America, whose version is contained in our Reformed Church Hymn-book. But their success is not complete, because the English language is notably poor in trochaic rhymes, and especially so when triplets are required. Even were it otherwise, the metre in English, although similar, is not just the same thing as in the Latin, nor does it produce the same impression. For these reasons, most of the translators have wisely, in my judgment, chosen a modified form of it, made catalectic by dropping the final syllable. Greater freedom is thus secured for the choice of words and rhymes, and the rhythmical flow, to the English ear, accords better with the directness, earnestness and solemn simplicity of the theme. After much study and a free use of the results obtained by those who have preceded me, I here offer a new version of the poem, which Dr. Schaff pronounces "the acknowledged master-piece of Latin poetry, and the most sublime of all uninspired hymns."

Day of Wrath! That awful day
Shall the world in ashes lay,
David and the Sibyl say.

Oh ! the trembling there will be!—
Every eye the Judge shall see,
Come for strictest scrutiny.

Loud shall peal the trumpet's tone
Through the graves of every zone,
Forcing all before the throne.

Death and nature, in surprise,
Shall behold the creature rise,
Summoned to the grand assize.

Now, the books * shall be unrolled,
In whose volumes manifold
All the deeds of time are told.

When His seat the Judge has ta'en,
Hidden things will hide in vain—
Nothing unavenged remain.

What shall I, a wretch, then say?
Unto what kind patron pray,
When the righteous feel dismay?

King of dreadful majesty,
Whose salvation is so free,
Fount of pity, save Thou me!

Jesu, Lord, remember, I
Caused Thy coming down to die:
Lest I perish, hear my cry!

By Thee weary I was sought,
By Thy bitter passion bought:
Can such labor go for naught?

Just Avenger, let me win
Full remission of my sin
Ere the day of doom begin.

Like a criminal I groan;
Blushing, all my guilt I own:
Hear, O God! a suppliant's moan!

Mary's pardon came from Thee,
And the robber's on the tree,
Giving also hope for me.

Though my prayers no merit earn,
Let Thy favor on me turn,
Lest in quenchless fire I burn.

From the goats my lot divide;
'Mongst the sheep, a place provide,
On the right hand justified.

As the wicked, clothed in shame,
Pass to fierce tormenting flame,
With the blessed call my name.

Broken-hearted, low I bend;
From the dust my prayer I send:
Let Thy mercy crown my end!

When, on that most tearful day,
Man, to judgment waked from clay,
Quails at Thine uplifted rod.
Spare the guilty one, O God!

Jesu, Lord, their trials o'er,
Grant them rest for evermore!
Amen.

* Changed to the plural. See Rev. xx. 12.

WORDSWORTH'S "ODE ON IMMORTALITY."

BY REV. J. SPANGLER KIEFFER.

The writer of this article cherishes, no doubt in common with many other readers of the GUARDIAN, a grateful recollection of one particular and memorable service rendered by this magazine, a good many years ago. We refer to the fact that it was through the GUARDIAN, and by means of an article from the pen of its Editor, Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, that we first became acquainted with Wordsworth's Ode on "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." We do not remember the year in which the article appeared; but of the article itself, and, in particular, of the effect produced upon us by our introduction, through it, to the poem which formed its theme, we have the most vivid recollection. It came to us, fortunately, in the time of boyhood; it was received with that devouring eagerness, that high enthusiasm, that strange and thrilling sense of exaltation, of which boyhood, more than any subsequent age, is capable. That was a memorable occasion for us,—scarcely less, indeed than an epoch in our life—when the good Dr. Harbaugh, to whom it fell, in the course of his life, to be a guide to so many young persons to the knowledge of high and great things, led us to the knowledge of this immortal Ode. What we felt on that occasion is described, far better than we could describe it ourselves, by the language of that Sonnet in which Keats expresses his feelings, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer:"

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Nor did the admiration and enthusiasm, not unmingled with awe, with which we recognized and welcomed this Poem, when it was first made known to us, pass away eventually, as many of the enthusiasms of boyhood are wont to do. They have, on the contrary, grown stronger as time has advanced. For, like all that is really great, whether in nature or art, the poem in question pos-

sesses this characteristic, that it *dawns* upon one, that its full significance and power come only gradually and slowly forth; having, as it were, a multitude of aspects, or phases, and, out of its opulence of import, adapting itself in a marvelous manner to changing moods, new experiences, and successive stages in life. Since first we learned to know it, this Ode has "dwelt apart" in our affections; or, at least, has shared with but several others out of the many poems we hold dear, the very highest place of honor and power. It has been to us, as far as human production may be, a refuge and an inspiration; a companion in solitude; a stay amid distraction; a solace in hours of weariness or sorrow. How often (for, years ago, we committed it to memory, word for word) have we fallen asleep at night to the sound of its grand and solemn music; a music which has ever seemed to us like that of the rolling and resounding ocean. It is itself, indeed, like "that immortal sea" of which it sings; and he who has access to it by memory has this advantage, that, wherever he may be, he

"Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

In after years, when sitting under the preaching of Dr. Harbaugh, at Lancaster, and, still later, when sitting under his instruction as Theological Professor, at Mercersburg, we became more fully aware what a strong hold this Ode of Wordsworth's had taken upon him. Many a sermon, as those who used to hear him at Lancaster will readily remember, and more than one lecture on Dogmatics, as those who heard these lectures can testify, bore witness to the strength of that influence. We remember how peculiar the effect was, and yet how perfectly natural and appropriate it seemed, when one of his Lectures on Dogmatics was illuminated with the light of Wordsworth's Ode. Poetry, it may be remarked by the way, was never far off when Dr. Harbaugh either preached or lectured. We do not mean that there was much of quotation, for there was comparatively little of that; but the constitutionally and strongly poetical spirit of the man pervaded and characterized all his teaching. And this was

one chief source of his strength and influence as a teacher. We very much fear that the Board of Visitors of Andover Theological Seminary, who recently excluded Dr. Newman Smyth from the chair of Systematic Theology in that institution (to which he had been appointed by its Board of Trustees) because of its being his habit to conceive of truth "sentimentally and poetically rather than speculatively and philosophically," would, had they been sitting in judgment on Dr. Harbaugh, have felt themselves compelled to exclude him from his Professor's chair, for a similar reason. As if this very habit of apprehending and imparting truth "sentimentally and poetically" were not itself one of the distinguishing marks of a great teacher; as if the greatest teachers of men, from the days of the ancient prophets had not all of them taught largely in this way; as if, indeed, this were not the only way in which the knowledge of those truths which are greatest and highest can be imparted. Dr. Smyth may or may not combine "precision and definiteness of statement" with "poetical" apprehension of the truth; and the decision of the Board of Visitors seems to imply that the two are not compatible. But Dr. Harbaugh's teaching was certainly a remarkable instance of the successful combination of the poetical and the philosophical spirit. Somehow, at least, he contrived to teach a great deal of sound theology in a very poetical way.

Not to be drawn aside, however, into the discussion of this question (on which there would be much to say) we recur to Dr. Harbaugh's fondness, as evinced by the use he made of it in sermons and lectures, for this particular Ode of Wordsworth's. In this fondness there was something peculiar; it amounted almost to a passion. The poem was, so to speak, very closely akin to his own spirit. The great wealth of his nature in those profound and mystic instincts to which it makes its appeal, gave him, as it were, a constitutional and special affinity for it. Thus it resulted that on the one hand this sublime strain found nowhere, perhaps, a fitter auditor than it found in him; while he, on the other hand, rejoiced in it as a bird rejoices in the air or the Swiss in the Alps of his

native land. Of this rejoicing and exultation his very manner in quoting from the poem give evidence; a noble and impressive manner, of which we have distinct recollection now, as, in fancy, we still hear him repeating one passage which he recited perhaps more frequently than any other:

“Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home!
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy!
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.”

In still later years, we became aware that, in his admiration of this Ode, Dr. Harbaugh was but one of a vast and noble company. As far as we may judge from our reading, this one poem seems to have gone like a “trailing cloud of glory,” through all recent English literature. Wherever our reading has led us, at least in the higher realms of that literature, we have found the marks of its presence and influence. As regards the character of those minds which seem to have been most affected by it, we may give, as instances which occur to us at this moment of writing, the names of Dean Stanley, Dr. Thomas Arnold, Charles Kingsley, Frederick W. Robertson, Dr. Norman Macleod. What a passionate admiration the last named of these cherished for this ode of Wordsworth's is known to every reader of the interesting biography of that noble man. Robertson, whom Dean Stanley, in an article published not long since in the *Century Magazine* pronounces to be “beyond question, the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century,” manifests the same feeling in many a passage in his sermons, letters and lectures. In the *Life of Charles Kingsley* there is a touching passage relating to the time when, in consequence of the illness of his wife, the two, deeming their separation to be near at hand (and indeed it was near at hand, though it came through his own death, instead of hers,) dwelt “on the borderland together for weeks of deep commu-

nion.” In that memorable interval, in which “every chapter of the past was gone over once more,” among other things, “favorite poetry was read for the last time.” Several poems are named; the first of them is Wordsworth's “Ode on Immortality.” These are but several instances, taken at random, out of the great multitude that have fallen under our notice. We question whether any other poem has ever exercised an influence at once of so lofty a character and of so wide an extent. One not interested and alert to be watching for the signs of this influence, would hardly imagine how far reaching the ramifications of it have been. We have come upon it everywhere; not only in the way of direct reference or quotation, but also in many other indirect ways. It has often happened that some phrase or expression, unexpectedly met with, in some nook or corner of our reading, has caused us to start with surprise and delight and to exclaim to ourselves, “Here, again, is Wordsworth's Ode!” As a curious illustration, coming conveniently to hand, of the correctness of what we are now saying, we may mention the circumstance that, whilst writing this paragraph, we took up a freshly-received copy of the *New York Tribune*, and there, in the columns of a great newspaper, in which ordinarily one does not expect to find other than political and secular matters, behold, in the first editorial on which our eyes fell, the spiritual presence and glory of the Ode on Immortality. How odd, and yet how beautiful, it seemed there! But, not to dwell further on this point, let us only add to these unprofessional and popular testimonies, the calm judgment of an eminent critic and reviewer. Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, in reviewing the writings of Wordsworth, says: “The Ode in which Wordsworth particularly developed the intimations of immortality to be found in the recollections of early childhood, is, to our feelings, the noblest piece of lyric poetry in the world.”

If we inquire, now, why this particular poem has taken so strong a hold upon many of the noblest minds and hearts, we have not far to seek. Speaking in general terms, we may say the reason is this, that it addresses that which is deepest in us, that it makes its appeal

to the part of us which is immortal. No poem can be truly great and enduring, that is not, in some sense, addressed to the spiritual and immortal part of our being. Poetry that is concerned exclusively with that which is visible and temporal, is, of necessity, transient; it never gains a foothold for itself in the region in which the powers of persistent duration dwell. No thoughtful person can fail to feel the truth of what Wordsworth himself said, when, positively though reluctantly, he expressed his belief that, as a poet, Scott could not live. "As a poet," said he (we quote from a conversation given in his Biography by Bishop Wordsworth) "Scott cannot live, for he has never in verse written anything addressed to the immortal part of man." A sound inference from a sound principle! which gives us, indirectly, the very reason why so much power of living and enduring seems to be in the Poem of which we are writing. As distinguished from the poetry of Scott, one of the chief characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry is its unworldliness, its spirituality, its being addressed to that in man which is immortal. This quality rises to its highest, as far as we are able to judge, in the Ode on Immortality; which is strong, influential and enduring because it is addressed (and most solemnly and effectually addressed) to that which is deepest and strongest in man; which gives promise of perpetuity; because, standing thus related, there is something of the Perennial in it.

But to speak more particularly: this Ode is a conspicuous illustration of the principle that no great poem, or other production of human genius, is great simply and exclusively by virtue of what it is in itself considered, but its greatness and power are the result of a conjunction and co-operation of forces. It is in what it "gives voice" to; it is in the "chord" which it strikes; it is in the interior spiritual world which it succeeds in placing itself *en rapport* with; it is in these things, in good measure, and not merely in its own utterances, independently taken, that the secret of its greatness lies. Every great Poem, or Oration, or other expression, is great on this principle; it is, to adopt an expression of Carlyle's with regard to another matter, "as if the Silences had at length found

utterance" in it. If anywhere there has been any utterance, in speech or song, which has laid deep hold on men, which men's hearts have leaped to hear, which they will not let die, but hold fast to and keep as an "everlasting possession;" we think it may be shown to have been because of its giving voice to something deep in the human heart, which had needed, and had been earnestly, though perhaps unconsciously seeking for utterance. This principle is distinctly recognized, as far as regards Oratory, by the greatest of the Athenian orators, who, in his oration, *De Coroná*, declares that "the speaker's power depends for the most part on the hearers." The same important truth is dwelt upon by all the rhetoricians, both ancient and modern. And it is due to the same law that a poem is great, and influential, and enduring, just in proportion to the depth and importance of that in the human spirit to which it succeeds in giving voice.

Now, it is on this principle, the principle of "deep calling unto deep," that the Ode on Immortality is great. It gives voice to those mysterious feelings which are among the deepest things with which our souls have to do, and which, just because of their seeming to be unutterable, rejoice the more on finding some measure of expression. It interprets for us those "high instincts," those strange longings and aspirations, which are the especial characteristic of our childhood, and which, whatever they may be, we are all of us more or less conscious of, as the purest and noblest possession that has fallen to our inheritance in the life on earth. There is, in the realm of our spiritual being, a far and mysterious region, in which dwell voices like those of the moaning sea, in which feelings are astir which strangely agitate and thrill us, whilst they oppress us at the same time with a sense of their unutterableness. And whatever Poem stands, in any true sense, *en rapport* with the powers of that region, whatever strain of Bard or Seer gives utterance, in any measure, to the feelings, or interpretation to the voices that dwell there, possesses, by virtue of that fact and in that measure, a peculiar charm and power. It is something of this element that gives the secret charm to that strange, sad song of Tennyson's.

"Break, Break, Break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!"
and to that other song by the same
author,

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,"
as, also, to other well-known poems
which we might name. But in no other
poem, so far as we know, is utterance
and interpretation so nobly and so fully
given to the high instincts of this mys-
terious world within us, as in the
sublime Ode on Immortality; of which,
accordingly, the chief strength and glory
lie, not in its solemn and majestic
rhythm, nor in any other quality it pos-
sesses considered simply and exclusively
as a poetical composition, but in the deep
things in which it gives voice, and in
the fact that it does give voice to them.

In beginning this article, it was our
intention to make some endeavor in the
course of it, to climb and explore, with
the reader, this mountain-peak in the
Land of Lyric Song. The length, how-
ever, to which the article has already
grown, requires us to omit the undertak-
ing of any such enterprise; an enter-
prise, withal, which may well have proved
too venturesome a one for the writer's
pen. We content ourselves with the
hope that what we have written may
serve to introduce some young person
to the knowledge, and stimulate him
to the study, of the great Poem which
was first made known to us by the Edi-
tor, and in the pages, of this Magazine.
Cherishing which hope, we may be per-
mitted to close our article by giving the
following extract from the Ode itself; a
passage of which Talfourd, whom we
have already quoted, says: "The follow-
ing is the noblest passage of the whole;
and such an outpouring of thought and
feeling—such a piece of inspired philoso-
phy—we do not believe exists, elsewhere
in human language:"

"O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the sinful creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-pledged hope still fluttering in his
breast:—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings,
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings prove us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble as a guilty Thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence; truths that wake,
To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man, nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which, brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

BEGINNINGS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. VI.

The Martyrs.

The Reformed church has often been
called "the church of the martyrs." It
certainly deserves this honorable title,
for no other denomination of Christians
has had so many members who have
sealed their faith with their blood. Its
history abounds with examples of the
most sublime heroism, and its continued
existence, notwithstanding all the perse-
cutions which it has endured, is an evi-
dent proof of its divine mission.

The trials of the Reformed church
were in great degree, owing to its geo-
graphical location. In Switzerland it
was, of course, almost from the begin-
ning, strong enough to defend itself, and
in Germany, though always in the mi-
nority, it was to some extent, protected
by the terms of the treaty of Augsburg; *

*Among the most important of the German
cities and principalities which passed over
from the Lutheran to the Reformed church,
after the Palatinate had led the way, we may
mention Bremen (1581), Anhalt (1597), Baden
(1599), and Hesse (1604). The elector of
Brandenburg. John Sigismund, from whom

but its members were widely scattered through countries in which Roman Catholics held the reins of power, and they were therefore peculiarly exposed to the wrath of their enemies. It is not too much to say that in Italy, Spain, France, Holland, and other countries, the martyrs of the Reformed church may be numbered by hundreds of thousands.

THE WALDENSES.

The Swiss Reformers, had at an early date crossed the Alps for the purpose of preaching the Gospel in Italy, the country which the pope regarded as his peculiar possession. They were warmly seconded by a community of peasants, who in the secluded valleys of Piedmont, had for ages cherished a faith very similar to their own. These people were known as the Waldenses, a name which simply signifies "the people of the valley." Some writers, it is true, assert that they were named after a certain Peter Waldus, a merchant of Lyons, in the twelfth century, but others hold that Waldus was so called because he belonged to the sect, which is believed to have had a much more ancient origin.

From the valleys of Piedmont the Waldenses had gradually spread to the valley of the Rhone, and thence northward along the Rhine as far as Holland. Some of them even settled in Poland and Bohemia, while others sailed to England where they principally engaged in commerce. Everywhere they were compelled to keep their religion a secret, so that their church organization came to resemble an extensive secret society. They had certain signs and passwords, and placed emblems on their houses which were recognized only by the initiated. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, it is said, there were so many Waldenses in Switzerland and Germany that a member of the society could leave Italy on foot and find lodging every night with a brother of the

the present imperial family of Germany is descended, accepted the Reformed faith in 1613. Most of his people, however, remained Lutheran, and the elector of Brandenburg was the first to proclaim the religious liberty of all his subjects. It was on this decree that King Frederick II, more than a century later, based the curious proclamation in which he expressed his desire that, in Prussia, "every one should go to Heaven after his own fashion."

faith until he reached Holland, whence he might sail to England and be once more hospitably received.

Though there were certain minor differences, especially in church-government, the members of the Reformed church from the beginning acknowledged the Waldenses as brethren. The latter, in 1532, held a synod at Angrogna, at which they formally accepted the doctrines of the Reformed church, and thus thought to consummate the union of the two churches. Several prominent Waldenses were, however, absent from the synod, and these with their brethren in Bohemia and Poland, subsequently protested against this action. Though the majority of the Waldenses, therefore, at this time formally united with the Reformed church, a minority have kept up their church organization to the present day.

At this synod the Waldenses also resolved to withdraw the veil of secrecy from their meetings, and to bear public testimony to the idolatry of the mass. This action roused the Roman Catholics to take active measures for the suppression of Protestantism. The Inquisition was put to work, and every one who was suspected of being disloyal to Rome was committed to its tender mercies. The Jesuits, who now appeared upon the scene, were particularly active in the matter, and spared neither age nor sex. Soldiers penetrated into the valleys of the Waldenses, killing every one who they could find, and it was only by hiding in the fastnesses of the Alps that a remnant was enabled to escape.

There were, at this time, thousands of people in Italy who sympathized with the Reformation, and Reformed churches had actually been established in many of the Italian cities, but now all who desired to save their lives were compelled to leave their native land. Refugees became so numerous in Switzerland, that they were able to found Italian churches, and some of their earliest pastors—such as Peter Martyr and Bernard Ochino—were universally recognized as among the most prominent ministers in the Reformed church. In the border region, now included in the canton of Ticino the Romanists were, however, in the majority, and the refugees became the helpless victims of their

wrath. No language can adequately describe the horrors of that persecution. It was carried on with unexampled barbarity. The persecutors were not satisfied to take the lives of their victims, but they first subjected them to unheard of tortures. Finally, at a time of comparative quiet, the Catholics of a part of the canton des Grisons suddenly rose and massacred almost the entire Protestant population. Altogether the violent measures of the papacy were so successful that of all the Italian congregations founded by the Reformed church in the day of the Reformation, only two are still in existence. These are situated in two little valleys in the canton des Grisons, called Bregell and Puschlav, and there a few people of Italian blood, still listen to the preaching of the Gospel in the language of their ancestors. The Waldenses have, however, recently become much more active and prosperous, and many promising Protestant missions have been founded in Italy.

It would be unjust to say that all the Roman Catholics approved of the violent measures which we have described.

There was one man especially, who in a more gentle way, succeeded in bringing back thousands of Protestants to the Catholic church. Charles Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, was undoubtedly one of the noblest characters of modern times. Having devoted his immense private fortune to the relief of the poor, he spent his whole life in seeking for opportunities of doing good. Catholics say that he was the first to establish Sunday Schools, and he was the principal author of the catechism of the Council of Trent. In dealing with Protestants, he showed remarkable wisdom. He not only personally treated them with great kindness, but actually directed his priests, in certain localities, to simplify the services as much as the rules would allow, and to devote extraordinary attention to preaching. By means of the eloquent sermons preached by himself and his co-adjutors, he succeeded in reconciling vast numbers of Protestants to the Catholic church. It has, indeed, been asserted that it was Charles Borromeo, above all others who saved the Roman church from utter destruction.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

In spite of the dreadful Inquisition, Protestantism was quietly making its way through all classes of Spanish society, when Philip II returned from the Netherlands to assume the government after the death of his father. Philip was a merciless fanatic. Under his auspices the agents of the Inquisition sought everywhere for victims, and even the archbishop of Toledo, the foremost ecclesiastic of Spain, was imprisoned on suspicion of favoring the new doctrines. Spaniards are proverbially fond of spectacular display, as is evident from their bull-fights, and Philip gratified this taste by burning Protestants. He was always present on such occasions, and when one of the victims asked him from the stake, how he could bear to see the sufferings of his innocent people, he replied: "I would gladly carry the wood to burn my own son, if he were as great a heretic as thou." In his insane wrath Philip even contemplated burning the remains of his father, the Emperor Charles V, because he had not succeeded in crushing Lutheranism at its beginning, but was finally persuaded that such an act would recoil upon its perpetrator. The confessor of the late Emperor, the celebrated Carranza, was, however, imprisoned for seven years.

At this time Protestantism had to encounter a new enemy in the rapid rise of the order of Jesuits. This powerful body was founded in Spain in 1534, by Ignatius Loyola, a young nobleman, and six companions, of whom the most eminent were Francis Xavier, and James Laynez. In addition to the usual monastic vows, they vowed unconditional obedience to the Pope, and were directed to labor for the suppression of Protestantism. They admitted only educated men, who had been thoroughly prepared for their peculiar work, but increased so rapidly that in less than fifty years after their foundation, they had more than ten thousand members. Though hated almost equally in Catholic and Protestant countries, it cannot be denied that they were very influential in preventing the spread of the Reformation. They are even now the most powerful secret order in the world.

In the face of such opposition, Spanish

Protestantism could make no progress. It was, in fact, stamped out by the heel of tyranny, though at the same time, the best part of the nation was ruthlessly sacrificed. From that day Spain, which had previously been the foremost nation in Europe, began to decline, and finally lost all political and ecclesiastical significance.

In Portugal, the course of affairs was very similar. Though there was a manifest disposition on the part of the most intelligent portion of the people to accept Protestantism, which had found decided advocates among the professors of the university of Coímbra, it was speedily suppressed by the strong hand of the government. From that day, Portugal has remained a thoroughly Roman Catholic country.

THE HUGUENOTS.

As we have already seen, the Protestants of France were regarded as the followers of John Calvin, and belonged to the Reformed branch of the Reformation. It is impossible to decide with certainty at what time and for what reason they came to be called Huguenots. Webster says the name was probably derived from a French conspirator, named Hugo, or Hugon, but no reason can be given why the name of such an obscure individual should have been applied to the whole body of French Protestants. It seems much more likely that the name Huguenot was formed by a mispronunciation of the word "Eidgenossen," or Confederates, a term which the Swiss Protestants applied to themselves. Strange as it may seem to English ears, the French would be likely to pronounce "Eidgenoss" very much as they pronounce "Huguenot."

The French Protestants, it will be remembered, were cruelly persecuted during the reigns of Francis I and Henry II, but they had rapidly increased in numbers until extensive districts, especially in Southern France, were almost exclusively occupied by them. The old nobility, were generally on the Huguenot side, and in their fortified castles could defy the power of the King. The city of Rochelle was thoroughly Protestant, and now ranked as one of the three most important cities of the Reformed

church.* The French court was therefore desirous of crushing Protestantism, not only for the purpose of aiding the Catholic church, but to increase the King's power by humbling the great Huguenot nobles.

After the death of Henry II, the throne of France was held for a few years by each of his three sons, Francis II, Charles IX, and Henry III, but during all this period, the supreme power was held by their mother, the notorious Catherine de Medici. Unless she is greatly calumniated she was one of the most wicked women that ever lived, and it is believed that two, at least, of her royal sons, were murdered at her instigation, because they sought to free themselves from her domination. Closely allied with her was the great Catholic house of Guise, and a crowd of Italian retainers whom she had advanced to high positions, and who were enthusiastically devoted to the papal cause.

We have no room to describe the so-called religious wars which occupied this period. They culminated in the fearful act of treachery which is known as

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

or "The Bloody Wedding." Queen Catherine had succeeded in arranging a marriage between her daughter, the beautiful but worthless Margaret of Valois, and the Huguenot leader, Henry of Navarre. The Protestants were thoroughly deceived by the prospect of approaching peace, and most of their leaders came to Paris to attend the wedding, which was celebrated with great pomp. Four days afterwards, an unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate Coligni, Grand Admiral of France, who was the most distinguished of the Huguenots. Many historians believe that this attempted murder was instigated by Catharine de Medici, who had hoped to throw the blame on the Catholic leader, the Duke of Guise, whom she desired to

* These three cities were Geneva, in Switzerland, Wesel, in Germany, and Rochelle, in France. They were not the largest Reformed cities, but the most influential. The Catholics had a rough saying which took the rounds of Europe:

"Geneva, Wesel, and Rochelle
Are the devil's second hell."

destroy; but finding herself implicated, she succeeded in persuading the King that the Protestants were about to retaliate by murdering him, and wrung from him a reluctant consent to a general massacre. Catholics were warned to illuminate their houses and not to appear on the streets without wearing the badge of the cross. The signal of the slaughter was the ringing of the great bell of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and as soon as it began to sound, the Catholics fell upon the Protestants and murdered them by thousands.

This dreadful massacre began on St. Bartholomew's day, the 24th of August, 1572, and continued for several days. It extended to the provinces, and was no doubt horrible beyond description. During the prevailing excitement, enemies murdered each other without regard to religion. Innumerable stories of hair-breadth escapes are related, which vividly depict the horror of the times. In some places, however, the governors refused to execute the orders of the King, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Lisieux even opened his palace to the Huguenots and protected them from the violence of the mob.

Historical authorities differ so widely that it seems impossible to determine whether or not, the Massacre of Bartholomew was premeditated. It is now, we believe, the prevailing opinion that it was hastily determined upon after the attempted murder of Coligni, and that it was owing almost exclusively to the machinations of Catharine de Medici. To what extent the court of Rome was involved in it, is also an open question, but it is certain that when the Pope heard of it, he ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung, and had a medal struck with the inscription "*Hugonottorum Strages*," that is "the massacre of the Huguenots." Subsequently the church of Rome saw fit to disavow all connection with the matter, insisting that it was entirely political in its character, but the reproach has never been removed. In the audience chamber of the palace of the King of Italy, at Rome, we saw a painting of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, representing a number of priests rejoicing in the background. Our guide said: "That is put here to annoy the priests who have to come

here on business. They would much prefer that the event should be forgotten."

The effect of the massacre was very great. Queen Elizabeth made her court wear mourning, and received the French Ambassador in a hall draped with black. Henry of Navarre was imprisoned in Paris for some time, but finally escaped and put himself at the head of the Protestant party. He had but one tenth as many soldiers as the Catholics, but soon proved himself a great general; and after long wars, with varying success, he finally utterly defeated his enemies at the battle of Ivry, in 1590. This victory caused great rejoicing among the Huguenots. No wonder that Macaulay represents them as singing:

"Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom
all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry
of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music
and of dance,
Throughout thy cornfields green and sunny
vales, O pleasant land of France!
And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, fair city
of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy
mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous
in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still, are they who
wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! A single field has turned
the chance of war!
Hurrah! Hurrah! For Ivry and Henry of
Navarre!"

By the death of Henry III, Henry of Navarre had now become the heir to the crown of France, but it was not to be expected that the Catholic majority would permanently submit to be governed by a Protestant King. Influenced by his ambition he yielded to temptation and renounced Protestantism. It is certain that as King of France, he was able to protect the Huguenots as he had never done before, but his act cannot be defended on grounds of mere expediency. He reigned under the title of Henry IV, and became one of the greatest of French Monarchs. On the 15th of April, 1598, he issued the celebrated edict of Nantes, which secured the Protestants in the possession of their civil rights. The strict Catholics, however, did not trust him, and in 1610, he

was assassinated by a fanatic, named Ravallac. His death was regarded as a national calamity, but the effect of his victories remained, and for nearly a hundred years the Protestants of France enjoyed comparative security. In other countries, however, persecutions still continued, and these we propose to consider in our next article.

PSALM CLI.

Everybody knows that the series of Psalms in our version of the Scriptures ends with the 150th, which concludes with the beautiful verse that strikes the key-note of the whole book: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." There is, however, an apocryphal composition on the killing of Goliath by David, which, though not found in Hebrew, is given as Psalm CLI. in Syriac and in most of the Greek versions. It is very ancient, and St. Athanasius regarded it as canonical; but it is probably nothing more than a versification of the seventeenth chapter of 1st Samuel by some unknown hand. The following is an abbreviation of a very literal version executed by Richard Brathwait, in 1638:

"Among my brethren I was least,
And of my father's stock
I was the youngest in his house—
The shepherd of his flock;
Rare instruments of music oft
My hands, well practiced, made;
And on the sacred psaltery
My skilful fingers played.
But who of me shall speak to God,
And tell him all my care?
The Lord himself, lo, even now,
Doth hearken to my prayer.
He sent his messenger and took
Me from the shepherd's toil;
And on my head, sweet unction! pour'd
His own anointing oil.
My brethren, beautiful and tall,
Held theirs a happy lot;
But in them, and their comeliness,
The Lord delighted not.
To meet the boasting alien chief,
I went forth on their part;
He cursed me by his idols, and
Despised me from his heart.
But having slain, I with his sword
Cut off his head at once,
And took away the foul reproach
Of Israel's daunted sons."

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

On board the ill-fated steamer, *Seawanhaka*, was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning ship and committing himself to the merciless waves, he carefully fastened upon himself and his wife life-preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly upon his shoulders, and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted she said, "I can hold no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband; "let us sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters, reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they sang, one after another, the exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed efforts.

Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching. Could they hold out a little longer? Singing still they tried; and soon, with superhuman strength, laid hold of the lifeboat, upon which they were borne in safety to land.

This is no fiction; it was related by the singer himself, who said he believed Toplady's sweet "Rock of Ages" saved many another besides himself and wife.
—*Selected.*

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The Bank of England covers nearly five acres, and includes most of a parish, with the church-yard now known in the bank parlance as "The Garden," and a very neat little garden it is. Long after it had ceased to be a burial ground, an ancient servant of the bank, of amazing stature, was buried there for safe keeping by request of his friends, who feared that some enterprising museum would go for his skeleton. The bank occupies the site also of the house and garden of Mr.

Houblon, its first Governor, a Huguenot, of exemplary character, whose very wealthy descendants hold the estates he bought near London. The first Deputy Governor, Mr. Godfrey, nephew of the unfortunate Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey—not Sir Edmondsbury, as it is usually written—a famous magistrate, murdered in the Titus Oates days, was killed at the siege of Namur, whether he had gone on bank business, having insisted on accompanying William III. to the trenches. The bank is guarded by a detachment of the Foot Guards, who take possession about 5 o'clock every evening. The officer on guard is allowed a handsome dinner for himself and two friends, with plenty of wine, but the friends have to depart at 11 o'clock. The men do not know who will be on the bank guard, so collusion is impossible. The building has no external windows, and contains acres of vaults. In the day-time it is guarded by its own porters, and by policemen, many of them in plain clothes, who are always on the watch.—*Trib.*

MEN WHO WIN.—It is not the men of great talents who often do the great work of the world. It is the men who have trained their working powers the best. The greatest engineer of England was a man of only medium talents; but he was a giant in principle. He gave himself wholly to it when a task was to be done. If a mountain was to be pierced and a roadway made through its heart; if an "impracticable and impossible" bridge was to span a chasm or valley, he would shut himself up for a few days in his room, and scarcely eat or sleep while he turned the matter over in his mind. At the end he would come out smiling, with his plans all clearly laid and his hand ready to set to work and carry them out. Those who wish to be great men and women, in the truest sense, must learn to be great workers, both with brain and hand. The two must go together, or they will accomplish nothing of importance to themselves or the world. Train the working power to its utmost capacity if you desire to make your mark in the age in which you live.—*The Lutheran.*

OVER AGAINST THE TREASURY.

Over against the Treasury this day
The Master silent sits; whilst, unaware
Of that Celestial Presence still and fair,
The people pass or pause upon their way.
And some go laden with His treasures sweet,
And dressed in costly robes of His device
To cover hearts of stone and souls of ice,
Which bear no token to the Master's feet.
And some pass, gaily singing, to and fro,
And cast a careless gift before His face,
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.
And some are travel-worn, their eyes are dim,
They touch His shining vesture as they pass
But see not—even darkly through a glass—
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to Him.
And still the hours roll on; serene and fair
The Master keeps His watch, but who can tell
The thoughts that in His tender Spirit swell,
As one by one we pass Him unaware?
For this He Who, on one awful day,
Cast down for us a price so vast and dread,
That He was left for our sakes bare and dead,
Having given Himself our mighty debt to pay!
Oh, shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown
Into His treasury—by Whose death we live?
Or shall we now embrace His cross, and give
Ourselves, and all we have, to Him alone?
—*London Christian.*

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tomkins' dog, which could not bear to be a loose, and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carried the cluster of Eschol. They are a brace of birds of Paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them. This is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together; and when it drags a little heavy, or there is a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.—*John Ploughman.*

OUR CABINET.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

Some twenty-six years ago, when the present editor of THE GUARDIAN was still in his teens, Dr. Harbaugh one day surprised him by inquiring, "Joseph, have you ever written anything for publication?" It was a searching question, and brought out the confession, accompanied by many blushes, that occasionally, and with great secrecy, a sketch or a few verses had been sent to a certain newspaper, where they were published under an assumed name. "Let me see some of your work!" said the Doctor. Such an appeal could not be resisted, and in a few minutes the visitor was examining the contents of the boy's portfolio. "Well!" he said, at last, "I want you to write for THE GUARDIAN. It is better to write for your own people than for strangers. Do not write for the purpose of gaining personal reputation—that is vanity—but for the purpose of doing good. Possibly I will criticize your work unmercifully, and sometimes reject an article altogether. Never mind that! Get to work again. Let us labor for the literary and religious advancement of our people."

In this way we became a contributor to THE GUARDIAN—at first anonymously, but afterwards, more publicly and boldly. If Dr. Harbaugh had not thus taken us by the hand, it is likely that—apart from the boyish efforts to which we have alluded—we would never have ventured to appear in print. Though we have done but little, we are thankful that we were permitted to engage in the work which Dr. Harbaugh inaugurated.

It is now nearly thirty-three years since THE GUARDIAN was founded. Any one who examines the earliest numbers must observe that the editor was not at that time a fluent writer. The first num-

ber probably required as much labor as ten at a later period, but the editor was untiring, and rapidly improved. Series of articles appeared, which were subsequently gathered into precious volumes. Gradually a corps of contributors gathered around the editor, many of whom were thus started upon an honorable literary career. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of readers learned to appreciate a literature which, though not sensational, was pure and edifying, and best of all, the GUARDIAN was faithful to its name, and was thus instrumental in keeping multitudes of the young in the ways of righteousness.

THE GUARDIAN, like the church with which it is most closely connected, makes but little noise in the world, but it appears to have the elements of permanency. Nearly all the magazines which were so popular thirty years ago have disappeared, but still THE GUARDIAN pursues the even tenor of its way. It has proved a potent lever for the social, literary, and religious elevation of our people, and we believe its work is not half done. Do you wonder that we love THE GUARDIAN?

ARISTOCRATIC NAMES.

Many persons have an erroneous impression, gained principally from reading novels, that certain surnames are indicative of high social position, while others are as inseparably connected with vulgarity. Because there are certain exalted families in England whose names have been favorites with novelists—names like Mordaunt or Montague, De Vere or Courtenay—it however does not follow that all who bear them are entitled to bask in the splendor of their greatness. On the contrary, such names are apt to beget suspicion unless sustained by recognized social position.

The person who finds it necessary to change his name is certain to choose some high-sounding patronymic. The actor, the ballet-dancer, and the circus-rider are sure to assume surnames which they imagine, will "fill the trump of fame." These names descend to their children; and this may account for their abundance in the police reports.

If there could be any choice in the matter, a name "as plain as a pikestaff" would perhaps be most desirable, as being reasonably secure from such spoliation. In England there are many distinguished families with names which our modern novelists would employ only for purposes of caricature. Take, for instance, the Scrope family, who since the middle ages, have ranked among the foremost in the land. The very ugliness of the name has to a great extent preserved it from being dishonored by those not entitled to bear it. What name has a fairer reputation than that of the Strutt family, of Belper? In Scotland there is no better name than Skene, nor in Ireland than Glubb, and yet the modern novel-reader would probably decidedly object to a hero with such a surname. Such snobbishness is of a piece with that of young American girls, who marry foreign adventurers for the purpose of gaining a title. They should remember that "all is not gold that glitters."

HONEST AUTHORS.

We have always regarded the honesty of Sir Walter Scott, as manifested in his herculean efforts to pay the debts of the business firm with which he had become involved, as the grandest feature of his character. It will be remembered that by the failure of his publishers he became responsible for debts amounting to about half a million of dollars, and though he might easily have avoided payment, he insisted on assuming the whole amount. By years of unremitting labor he succeeded in paying this enormous debt, but there can be no doubt that his death was hastened by excessive literary labor. It was, however, a glorious achievement, and has done more to exalt the memory of Scott than all his works of genius.

We find in our exchanges the follow-

ing somewhat similar story concerning George William Curtis, for many years editor of *Harper's Monthly and Weekly*, and author of many delightful volumes. It is cheering to find such an example of genuine honesty among American authors:

"George William Curtis in 1855 became a silent partner in the business firm of Dix, Edwards & Co., the publishers of *Putnam's Monthly*. He invested \$10,000 in the concern; but had no part in its management. Two years later the firm failed, and Mr. Curtis through some informality in drawing up the articles of partnership was declared to be legally responsible for a portion of its debts. Many of his friends held that he was in no way bound beyond the \$10,000, and urged him to test the question in the courts. Mr. Curtis refused, although his decision involved the assumption by him of a debt of \$100,000. He surrendered all his property. In sixteen years, by most arduous labor, writing and lecturing, he paid the last dollar of the debt."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—The learned tell us that the nineteenth century requires advanced thought. I wish the nineteenth century was over. I have heard it bragged about so much that I am sick of the nineteenth century. We are told that this is too sensible a century to need or accept the same gospel as the first, second or third centuries. Yet these were the centuries of martyrs, the centuries of heroes, the centuries that conquered all the gods of Greece and Rome, the centuries of holy glory. And all this because they were the centuries of the gospel; but now we are so enlightened that our ears ache for something fresh, and under the influence of another gospel, which is not another, our beliefs are dwindling down from Alps to ant-hills, and we ourselves from giants to pigmies. We will want a microscope soon to see Christian faith in the land, it is getting to be so small and scarce.—*Spurgeon*.

MANY a small man is never done talking about the sacrifices he makes, but he is a great man indeed who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

A LAY FROM THE POULTRY YARD.

SELECTED BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

I had a flock of chickens,
The sweetest little things,
With tiny coats of creamy down,
And little bits of wings,
And bills like finest ivory
From Indian jungles brought,
And slender pointed legs that seemed
Cornelian finely wrought.

How pretty their bright beady eyes,
And cunning side-long peep,
As 'neath their mother's clucking wings,
They nestle down to sleep!
How sweet their chirping twitter
As they cluster at her side!
How nimbly on her slippery back,
They hopped up for a ride!

How daintily they seemed to pick,
The crumbs I loved to scatter,
How prettily they used to sip,
The water from the platter.
Oh! it would take the graphic pen
Of Hawthorne or of Dickens,
To picture half the beauties,
Of my charming little chickens!

I fixed for them a cosy coop
To shield them from the storm,
And made a nest of softest hay,
To keep them snug and warm,
But "ever thus from Childhood's hour,
Our fondest hopes decay."
I would there were as much of truth,
In half the poets say.

Ah! vain was all my tender care,
Wild March with stormy breath,
Breathed on my little nurslings,
Three slept the sleep of death,
And three of those stern March had spared,
In one sad baleful hour,
A wicked, cruel, murderous cat,
Did ruthlessly devour.

How earnestly the rest I strove,
To shield from hurt or harm,
And fortune seemed to favor me,
The air grew soft and warm;
I deemed them safe, when one by one,
To crown the sad mishaps,
The remnant of my little flock
Fell victims to the "gaps."

Alas! alas! all words seem vain,
To picture my dismay,
And vainer still poor mother hen,
Thy sorrows to portray,
A voiceless, tearless Niobe
By fate's fell arrows stricken,
Thou standest by the empty coop,
Bereft of every chicken.

No need for me at morn or eve
The dainty crumbs to bring,
No need for thee, poor mother hen,
To spread thy sheltering wing,
I look around and o'er my eye
A dewy dimness thickens,
And with a wailing voice I cry,
My chickens! Oh! my chickens!

KEEP THE SCHOOL OPEN!

The season is rapidly approaching when many country Sunday Schools will be closed for the winter. In some places this is no doubt almost a necessity. Though the little ones bravely face the weather during the week on their way to school, the distance to Sunday-school is often much greater, and parents do not like to send their children so far during the inclement season. Teachers, too, who have to go a considerable distance to church in the forenoon, shrink from undertaking a similar journey the same day.

These are real difficulties, but we believe they are not insurmountable. Perhaps a little village has grown up near the church which might be depended upon to furnish a little company of scholars. Or, parents living at a distance might be induced to bring their children in a carriage, or sleigh, and coming with them in this way might themselves become interested in the work of the school. A few faithful teachers might probably be found who would agree to be in their places during the winter, and if it came to the worst a single active teacher might succeed in interesting and instructing the whole school. The effect

of such persistent labor would certainly be excellent, and how much easier it would be in the spring, to continue and extend the work, than to begin anew after a long vacation. We hope many of our friends will determine to keep their Sunday Schools open during the winter.

NO TRUE WORK EVER WASTED.—No true work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed. Oh, understand those two perverted words, failure and success, and measure them by the eternal, not by the earthly standard. What the world has regarded as the bitterest failure has often been in the sight of heaven the most magnificent success. When the cap, painted with devils, was placed on the brow of John Huss, and he sank dying amid the embers of the flame—was that a failure? When Francis Xavier died, cold and lonely on the bleak and desolate shore of a heathen land—was that a failure? When the frail, worn body of the Apostle of the Gentiles was dragged by a hook from the arena and the white sand scattered over the crimson life-blood of the victim whom the dense amphitheatre despised as some obscure and nameless Jew—was that a failure?

And when, after thirty obscure, toilsome, unrecorded years in the shop of the village carpenter, One came forth to be pre-eminently the man of sorrows, to wander from city to city in homeless labors, and to expire in lonely agony upon the shameful cross—was that a failure? Nay, my brethren, it was the death of Him who lived that we might follow His footsteps—it was the life, it was the death of the Son of God.—*F. W. Farrar.*

IMMORTELLES.

Joy and Beauty
Pass away;
Pain and Duty
Ever stay.

Friendship's greeting,
Virtue true—
Never fleeting,
Ever new.

PROSELYTING.

Whether a church or a Sunday-school is to be congratulated upon its growth—depends. If it is recruiting its ranks from the unenlisted, that is worthy of applause—if it is drawn from some other church or school, that, presumptively, is deserving only of condemnation. On this point, the Golden Rule says:

It is no gain to build up a church or Sunday-school out of material drawn from some other church or Sunday-school. It may be easier to secure recruits from some other regiment of the Lord than from the Devil's ranks, but it is not gain to the Lord's army. Yet sometimes it seems as if churches were more intent upon rivaling other churches in efforts to draw paying members, and members from other churches, than in saving the lost. And this foraging upon other churches is not all across denominational lines, but is carried on largely within those lines. "The world" is fair game for any church, but do not hunt in one another's flocks.—*S. S. Times.*

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.—Near the close of the summer season, in a pleasant summer retreat, a new-comer found the entire company of the little hotel preparing to give a *fete* in honor of a young lady who was about to leave them. The young men had brought a band and caterer from the city, marquees were erected on the lawn, the house was wreathed with flowers, everybody, from the white-haired grandmothers to the little children, had some little farewell gift ready for "Miss Betty." The stranger was curious.

"This Miss Betty is very beautiful, no doubt?" he asked his friend.

"No, I think not. It never occurred to me before, but I believe she is homely."

"A great heiress, then?"

"On the contrary a poor artist."

"Brilliant, witty? Highly intellectual?"

"No, indeed; she never said a fine thing in her life. But she is the best listener I ever knew. Neither is she learned or clever or fascinating; but really she is the most lovable girl in the world."

“Not patrician, but Cæsar himself.”
What is the charm then?”

Betty's friend looked perplexed. “I do not know,” he hesitated, “unless it is that she never thinks of herself.”

This is a true story. The charm of this woman was an absolute absence of all self-consciousness. She was neither vain nor modest. She simply forgot that there was such a person as Betty Gordon, and with her warm heart and quick sympathies threw herself into the lives of others. It was a peculiar, powerful attraction, and brought the little world about her to her feet.

This unconsciousness of self is recognized in our best classes as the finest development of good breeding. Among the English nobility, the man of highest rank is likely to be the most unassuming, direct and simple in his manners. He assumes the virtue of modesty, if he has it not.

American young people are not apt to be selfish, but are usually generous and considerate. But they are often intensely self-conscious. They are themselves so engrossed with that monster *I*, that they imagine the world is equally interested. In this self-consciousness they continually speak, move, and even think, like actors before an audience.—*Exchange*.

CARING FOR FLOWERS.

A florist was so absorbed in his “cuttings,” that he did not notice the approach of a customer, nor hear his “Good morning” till it was twice spoken. Then he apologized, saying: “You see one must put his whole mind on these things, if he would have them do well; and I cannot bear that one should die on my hands, for I should feel almost as if I had murdered it by neglect.” It is a pity that more Sunday-school teachers do not have the same loving anxiety in regard to their scholars that the florist exhibited over his cuttings. They ought to see that, if they would have them do well, they must put their whole mind and heart upon their teaching and training. As it is—and it is a fearful thought—too many die on their hands—“murdered by neglect.”—*S. S. Times*.

A LITTLE CHILD'S HYMN.

Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed
Lay Thy hands about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

Once wert Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now Thou art above the sky:
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wert a little one like me.

—*Francis Turner Palgrave*.

SLEEPING WITH GOD.

The father was a railroad man whose duties called him away from home nearly three-fourths of the time. It was his habit, whenever he was about to start for home, to telegraph his wife, apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four-year-old, and the dispatches usually ran as follows: “Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to night.” The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the “teledraf” a great institution.

The other night, when the fever had done its work and the mother was sobbing out her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed, and said: “Don't ky, mamma; I s'all s'leep wiv Dod'oo know. Send Dod a teledraf, and tell him I s'all s'leep wiv him to-night.” But the message went straight up there without the clicking of wires or the rustle of wings.—*Detroit Chaff*.

THE flower of youth never looks so lovely as when it bends to the Sun of Righteousness.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON I.

October 1, 1882.

THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY. MARK 14: 1-11.

Commit to memory verses 6-9.

1. After two days was the feast of the passover, and of unleavened bread: and the chief priests and the scribes sought how they might take him by craft, and put him to death.

2. But they said, Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar of the people.

3. And being in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head.

4. And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made?

5. For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her.

6. And Jesus said, Let her alone; why

trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me.

7. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always.

8. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying.

9. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.

10. And Judas Iscariot, one of the twelve, went unto the chief priests, to betray him unto them.

11. And when they heard it, they were glad, and promised to give him money. And he sought how he might conveniently betray him.

OUTLINE : { 1. THE COUNSEL OF THE MURDERERS. Vs. 1-2.
2. THE LOVE OF MARY. Vs. 3-9.
3. THE TREACHERY OF JUDAS. Vs. 10-11.

GOLDEN TEXT : "She hath done what she could." Ver. 8.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 1-2. The Passover was the great feast of the Jews, keeping in memory their deliverance, when the destroying angel passed over their houses. By craft, secretly and cunningly. Not on the feast, because many people were present who were Jesus' friends, and who might defend Him. 3. Being in Bethany, the town of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. Simon the leper, whom Jesus healed of his disease. A woman—Mary. Alabaster box—a white marble vase, like a bottle. Spikenard—a fragrant oil. Brake the box—the seal on it, or perhaps the neck. 4. Some had indignation—the disciples, especially Judas, (John 12: 4). 5. 300 pence—\$45. Given to the poor (See John 12: 6). 8. Burying: the Jews anointed dead bodies with costly spices. 9. A memorial, a monument to her memory. 11. Money; 30 pieces of silver: about \$15 or \$18.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 40. Why was it necessary for Christ to humble Himself even unto death?

Ans. Because with respect to the justice and truth of God, satisfaction for our sins could be made no otherwise than by the death of the Son of God.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 1. What did the Passover keep in memory? Who were the enemies of Jesus? What did they seek? What did they wish to do to Jesus? Of what crime were they guilty?

2. Why not arrest Him during the feast? Did "the people" favor Jesus?

3. What friends of Jesus lived in Bethany? At whose house was He guest? Who anointed Him? Do you know of any other woman who anointed Him? (See Luke 7: 36-50). Tell about Mary's devotion?

4. What did "some" say of her act? Was it a waste? Is anything which is done for Christ and His body, the Church, a waste?

5. How much was the ointment worth?

6-7. How did Jesus regard Mary's act? Who are always with us? What are we to do to them?

8. What did Mary's act really mean? How did the Jews prepare a corpse for burial?

9. Have these words been fulfilled? Is any woman's name more widely known than Mary's?

10. Who was Judas? What was "the root of all evil" with him? Did this seeming "waste" of ointment turn him against Jesus?

11. How much money did they give him? (Matt. 26: 15). Read Zechariah 11: 12.

HYMN FOR THE LESSON: "Jesus, the very thought of thee."

LESSON I.

Oct. 1, 1882.

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

The time of this anointing was on the Saturday before the Crucifixion, though Matthew and Mark seem to place it on the Tuesday following. JOHN says it was six days before the Passover—that is, on Saturday. Notice, 1. “Matthew and Mark often neglect the exact order of the events that they record; 2. They do not affirm at what time this was. They leave it indefinite, saying that while Jesus was in Bethany He was anointed by Mary; 3. Mark introduced it here for the purpose of giving a connected account of the conduct of Judas, who murmured at the waste of ointment, and one of the effects of his indignation was to betray his Lord”—Barnes.

I. THE COUNSEL OF THE MURDERERS, vs. 1-2. Notice the conduct of Jesus' enemies, the priests and scribes. They sought to arrest him, but lacked courage to do it openly. Craft, cunning, always characterizes the wicked. To “put Him to death” was their sole desire. But not during the feast; for there were multitudes in attendance who believed in Jesus, having seen His works. Especially might the Galilean friends rise in His defense.

II. THE LOVE OF MARY, 3-9. Her love was free and bountiful. There was no law or command for her to do as she did. Love prompted her to give the best she had; and that love is an aroma that has filled the whole Christian world, as the aroma of the ointment “filled all the house.” Her act was also a noble confession of her Lord, whom she deemed worthy of everything.

She was sharply criticized for her gift. Some thought it was only a waste. So such persons think when much money is given for the support of the gospel of Christ. Then they pretend that it might have been used for the benefit of

the poor. Do such objectors really care for the poor? Do they give anything for their support?

Jesus came to Mary's defense, and declared her devotion good. *She hath done a good work.* Her motive was good; and she did according to her ability—what she could. And she was not behindhand, or too late. Many think they will do good with their substance, but put it off until it is too late. Mary came aforehand, vs. 8.

Notice the everlasting honor which belongs to Mary (vs. 9). Her name and act are known over the world. No marble monument could so proclaim her fame. She has stimulated others to give millions in every age to Christ's poor.

Jesus also gives us to understand that we are to take good care of the poor. Whensoever ye will ye may do them good. All depends upon our willingness.

III. THE TREACHERY OF JUDAS. 10-11. What a contrast between Mary and Judas! She is forever held in honor, he in disgrace and contempt. The enemies of Jesus found him a willing tool in their hands. He was willing to sell his Master; and that, too, for the price of a common slave—30 shekels of silver, about \$15 or \$18 of our money. Luke says: *Then entered Satan into Judas* (Luke 22:3). “What will ye give me?” (Matt. 26:15). This is the question we so often ask, and are then in great danger. Many professed disciples sell Christ for earthly gain, as when they are dishonest, and cheat, or do not pay what they owe. The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil. “We need to be warned against the love of gain, lest we betray our Master, and be consigned to the companionship of Judas.”

PRACTICAL LESSONS. 1. Secret plottings are dangerous to good principles. What is good may be done openly, in the light.

2. Love to Christ will show itself in gifts, or in labors for His Church.

3. It is better to do all we can, than to withhold our substance. “Not grudgingly.”

4. It is better to be in the company of the liberal Mary, than in that of the covetous Judas.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON II.

October 8, 1882.

THE PASSOVER. MARK 14: 12-21.

Commit to memory verse 21.

12. And the first day of unleavened bread, when they killed the passover, his disciples said unto him, Where wilt thou that we go and prepare that thou mayest eat the passover?

13. And he sendeth forth two of his disciples, and saith unto them, Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him.

14. And wheresoever he shall go in, say ye to the goodman of the house, The Master saith, Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?

15. And he will show you a large upper room furnished and prepared: there make ready for us.

16. And his disciples went forth, and came into the city, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover.

17. And in the evening he cometh with the twelve.

18. And as they sat and did eat, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, One of you which eateth with me shall betray me.

19. And they began to be sorrowful, and to say unto him one by one, Is it I? and another said, Is it I?

20. And he answered and said unto them, It is one of the twelve, that dippeth with me in the dish.

21. **The Son of man indeed goeth, as it is written of him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! good were it for that man if he had never been born.**

OUTLINE: { 1. PREPARING THE PASSOVER. Vs. 12-16.
2. CELEBRATING THE PASSOVER. Vs. 17-18.
3. THE BETRAYAL OF CHRIST FORETOLD. Vs. 18-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover." Ex. 12: 27.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 12. First day, &c., Thursday evening. The day ended with *sunset*. The lamb was not eaten until evening, that is *Friday the 15th of Nisan*; our *Good Friday*. 13. Two—Peter and John. 14. *Goodman*, the owner of the house. The *Master*, that is Jesus. It would seem that the man was a secret disciple. 15. *Upper room*; shows that Jesus could see into the future, and foretell what would take place. *Make ready*, purchase a lamb, and let the priest slay it; get bitter herbs and bread, &c.

17. *Evening*, the time to eat the passover. (Read also Matt. 26: 17-25. And John 13: 1-30). *They sat*, reclined on couches. 20. *One of the twelve*, Judas.

Read Exodus 12: 21-36. The Passover was instituted in Egypt, and was kept annually ever afterwards. It was "the birthday feast of the chosen people" It was a religious and a patriotic festival, separating the Jews from other nations, and binding them together as one people—the elect of God.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 41. Why was He also buried?

Ans. Thereby to prove that He was really dead.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 12. What is unleavened bread? How does it differ from common bread? What is meant by the passover? What did it commemorate? Did Jesus keep the rites and ceremonies of the Church? What did His disciples ask him?

13. What two did Jesus send? What city is meant? How did Jesus know about the man bearing a pitcher? Is He only Man?

14. What message were they to communicate to the man? Would he know who was meant by "the Master?" Does Christ know what is going on in people's houses?

15. What preparations were the two to make?

16. How did the disciples find it? Did they walk by faith, or by sight, at first?

17. What took place in the evening? Who leaned on Jesus' bosom? What work of a servant did Jesus perform after supper? (John 13: 4-20). What did He teach by this act?

18-19. What crime did Jesus foretell? Had He intimated this before? (John 6: 70). How was Jesus affected at the feast? (John 13: 21). How did the disciples feel when they heard that one should betray the Master? What did they ask?

20. What was His answer? Was this foretold? (See Psalm 41: 9). What doom did He pronounce upon Judas? What was the end of Christ's betrayer? Who are in danger of betraying Christ?

LESSON HYMN: "Paschal Lamb, by God appointed."

LESSON II. Oct. 8, 1882.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

I. PREPARING THE PASSOVER. Vs. 12-16.

We have seen in the last lesson that Judas had his interview with the foes of Jesus on *Tuesday* evening. *Wednesday* our Lord spent in retirement. Nothing whatever is told us of the day. No doubt it was passed in Bethany in silent preparation for the last great conflict. On *Thursday* His disciples desired to make ready the passover; and Jesus sent Peter and John into Jerusalem to prepare for the feast. They must first find a suitable place. The Master gives them instructions how to proceed, and they found all things just as He had foretold. They thus learned to trust more and more in His knowledge of all things.

They next went to the temple, purchased a lamb and had it slain by a priest; then bought bitter herbs, unleavened bread and wine, and took them to the guest-chamber.

II. CELEBRATING THE PASSOVER. Vs. 17-18.

The passover was of Divine appointment, and kept in remembrance of the deliverance of the Jews when destruction was visited upon the firstborn of the Egyptians. It was the birthday feast of a nation—a religious and patriotic Independence Day, which was kept in a religious manner.

Our Saviour kept the Jewish feasts, never ignoring religious ceremonies, and has thus set us an example that we should follow in His steps. "The disciple is not above his Master; but every one that will be perfect, shall be as his Master." Jesus fulfilled all righteousness.

III. THE BETRAYAL OF CHRIST FORETOLD. Vs. 18-21.

The accounts of the four Gospels

records must be studied together, in order that we may get a complete view of what occurred. *MATT.* 26:17-25. *LUKE* 22:1-18. *JOHN* 13:1-30.

Gathering all together the following facts appear:

1. Our Saviour's deep feeling and emotion. "With desire, I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer."

2. There was a struggle among them in regard to precedence—"who should be greatest." Who should sit nearest Him at the table? Who should be the chief Apostle?

3. Jesus washed the disciples' feet, and thus taught that in humble service there was exaltation and honor.

4. The traitor's presence caused our Saviour deeper sorrow, and He foretold: "One of you shall betray Me." Judas had already agreed to do this very thing; and Jesus knew his conduct.

5. The disciples were affrighted and troubled by our Lord's declaration, and said, Is it I? The reply was indefinite: One of you. Judas then asked, Is it I? "He said unto him, Thou hast said" (*Matt.* 26:25). "And after the sop Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto Him, That thou doest, do quickly." * * Judas then "went out: and it was night."

6. Jesus uttered an awful woe: "it were better for that man, &c."

"Judas was not a traitor because God foresaw it; but God foresaw it because Judas would be so." (*Chrysostom*). "The fulfilment of God's purpose does not interfere with human responsibility for it is *will and motive* for which we are responsible, not results."

Practical Lessons: 1. We ought to have the same desire Christ had to eat the Passover, "Christ is our Passover." (*See* 1 Corinthians 5:7).

2. We must examine ourselves, lest we betray our Lord, as Judas did. "Lord is it I," is a question for self-examination.

3. Let us always see that the guest-chamber of our hearts is rightly furnished.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON III.

October 15, 1882.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.—MARK 14: 22-31.

Commit to memory Verses 22-24.

22. And as they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave to them, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

23. And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them: and they all drank of it.

24. And he said unto them, This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many.

25. Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God.

26. And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.

27. And Jesus saith unto them, All ye shall be offended because of me this night: for it is written, I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered.

28. But after that I am risen, I will go before you into Galilee.

29. But Peter said unto him, Although all shall be offended, yet will not I.

30. And Jesus saith unto him, Verily I say unto thee, That this day, even in this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice.

31. But he spake the more vehemently, If I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise. Likewise also said they all.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE LAST SUPPER, Vs. 22-25.
2. THE LAST WARNING. Vs. 26-31.

GOLDEN TEXT: "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come." 1 Cor. 11: 26.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 22. Did eat, the passover. Took bread, "the staff of life." Brake it, as a type of His body broken on the cross. Blessed, as was the custom. From this act, the Lord's Supper is also called the Eucharist (gave thanks). 23. All drank; but Romanists withhold the cup from the laity! 24. Testament, covenant of salvation. 25. Drink it new, showing that the Sacrament has something to do with our future state. 26. Sung a hymn, the concluding part of Psalms 115-118. 27. Offended, your faith shall be staggered. The Shepherd—Christ. The sheep—the disciples. 28. Risen, a declaration of the Resurrection. Into Galilee, their old home, and the scene of their early labors. 29. Yet will not I: Peter's self-confidence. 30. Cock crow, first at midnight, then again at 2 or 3 o'clock. Deny me thrice; Christ knows all hearts. Peter did as was predicted. 31. If I should die * * so said they all; they were earnest, but not yet strong enough. Afterwards they all kept this promise.

Read parallel passages: MATT. 26: 26-35. LUKE 22: 10-20. JOHN 13: 31-38. 1 COR. 11: 23-25. Notice the following particulars: 1. The Lord's Supper took the place of the Passover. "Christ our Passover is slain for us." 2. The Lord's Supper commemorates Christ's death (calls to memory). It is a memorial. "This do in remembrance of Me," 3. It is a Eucharist, thanksgiving. 4. It is symbolical of Christ's atoning death for us. 5. It nourishes our souls, as bread and wine do our bodies. 6. Taking part in the Holy Communion is necessary, as our food must be eaten, &c. 7. The Lord's Supper is a covenant or testament. Hence it is called a Sacrament, i. e. oath.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 42. Since then Christ died for us, why must we also die?

Ans. Our death is not a satisfaction for

our sins, but only an abolishing of sin, and a passage into eternal life.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 22. Where were Jesus and the disciples at this time? In what were they engaged? What time of day was it? What kind of bread did Jesus take? What did the breaking signify? What name of the sacrament comes from the blessing? What did he command to do with the bread? What did he call it?

23. What was in the cup? What did it signify? How many drank of it? What Church refuses the wine to the members?

24-25. What did Jesus call the wine? When will He drink it new with us? Does this imply eternal life, and a resurrection from the dead? Of what institution does the Lord's Supper take the place? What deliverance did the passover keep in memory? What deliverance does the Eucharist commemorate? Which is the greater? What is Christ called in 1

Cor. 5: 7, last clause? What are the bread and wine called in 1 Cor. 10: 16?

How long is the Communion to be celebrated? (See Golden Text). Is it celebrated at the present time? By whom? Are you a communicant? Do you wish to become one?

26. What Psalms did they sing? Where did they then go?

27. What did He foretell? Was this fulfilled?

28. Did He tell them what should follow His death? In what place would He go to meet them?

29-31. Was Peter sincere and earnest? Was he as strong and brave as he thought? Did he deny Christ? Did he ever fail after Christ's resurrection? Did the Apostles all make good their words later in life?

LESSON HYMN.—"Not all the blood of beasts."

LESSON III. Oct. 15, 1882

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

I: THE LAST SUPPER. Vs. 22-25.

The Passover was the great feast of the Jews. (1). It signifies their deliverance from death, when the destroying angel *passed over* their houses. It also commemorated their departure from the house of bondage.

2. It was a bond of union between all the Israelites, and between them and their invisible King.

3. It was a prophecy and pledge of a better deliverance, by the Lamb of God, from the bondage of sin, death, and Satan.

The Lord's Supper was instituted during the celebration of the Passover, and took its place in the New Covenant.

"Christ our Passover is slain for us." It became the common bond between all believers, binding them together as one society—the New Israel. In all ages and in all countries it is the mark by which believers are recognized. It is "the *memorial* of Christ's precious death; the *seal* of His perpetual presence in the Church by the Holy Ghost; * * * and the bond of His living union and fellowship with us to the end of time." It is celebrated every Lord's day of the year, and will continue to be "the inmost sanctuary of the whole Christian worship," to the end of time.

It is also a type and pledge of the joys of heaven. Jesus said He "would drink it new with us in the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb!"

But before this marriage supper can be partaken of by Christ's guests, there must be a resurrection from the dead. Hence we see the force of Jesus' words in John 6. "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I *will raise him up at the last day.*"

The followers of Christ are never to discontinue this holy Communion. "Do

this in remembrance of Me." "As often as ye eat, * * * ye do show the Lord's death, *till He come.*"

It is a pledge of "the remission of sins," and it is a nourishment of our souls unto everlasting life. Every time we commune we also renew our vows, or oaths, to the Lord. It is our Sacrament, (oath).

The celebration of the Lord's supper is a *solemn* act, requiring careful preparation; because it recalls the atoning death of Christ. It is a *joyful* act, because we sinners are admitted into such communion with the spotless Son of God, the Saviour of men. Hence Communion days are great events in the life of the Christian—"times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

II. THE LAST WARNING. Vs. 26-31.

Jesus united with the disciples in singing a hymn before going to Gethsemane.

He also told what was about to befall Him. He, the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, was to be smitten, and the disciples would be scattered. They would be offended, or made to stumble, on His account, so fierce would be the fiery trial.

But He assures them once more of His resurrection, His victory over all opposition. Like a true Shepherd He would again go before them, and that, too, in their beloved Galilee. Thus promise and hope illuminate the gloom of sadness.

The discourses in John, chapters 14, 15, and 16, were uttered on this evening, and the Highpriestly prayer in John 17.

Peter and the rest thought they would remain true to Christ during His sufferings. They were true and sincere, but their faith was not yet so strong as they supposed. They heard His warnings again—His last warning. Afterwards they redeemed their assertions, and laid down their lives for His sake.

Practical Lessons: 1. The friends of Jesus are admitted into wonderful intimacy with Him at His table.

2. They must heed His warnings, lest they come unprepared, and betray Him:

3. Worthy communicants shall eat and drink anew in heaven with Christ, at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON IV.

October 22, 1882.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.—MARK 14: 32-42.

Commit to memory verses 33-36.

32. And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane: and he said to his disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray.

33. And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy;

34. And saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here, and watch.

35. And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him.

36. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt.

37. And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and said unto Peter, Simon sleepest thou? couldest not thou watch one hour?

38. Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak.

39. And again he went away, and prayed, and spake the same words.

40. And when he returned, he found them asleep again, (for their eyes were heavy,) neither wist they what to answer him.

41. And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take *your* rest: it is enough, the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

42. Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE SORROWING SAVIOUR.
2. THE WEARY WATCHERS.

GOLDEN TEXT:

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Isaiah 53: 4.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 32. *Gethsemane* means oil-press; the garden was a field of Olive trees, in which was a press to separate the oil from the berries. In this place Jesus was bruised, that we might receive the oil of His grace. 33. *Taketh with Him, Peter, James, and John*, the same who witnessed His transfiguration. *Sore amazed*—a mysterious agony. The weight of the world's sin was somehow pressing upon Him. 34. *His soul*, the human soul in Him. *Unto death*, ready to depart from the body. Luke informs us, (22; 43, 44) that "an angel appeared unto Him, strengthening Him," and that "His sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling upon the ground." 35. *The hour*, the night of horror. *If it were possible*, i. e. to save men in any other way. 36. *This cup*—containing all the bitter woes of suffering and death. *What Thou wilt*—perfect submission to God. 37-41. *Thrice* He prayed alone; thrice the watchers slept. He chided Peter especially, who had boasted. *Sleep on now*; They were unfaithful in the great crisis; now their sympathy was not needed by Him. Their enemies would soon be on hand to keep them awake. 42. *Let us go*, towards our foes and to death. *He that betrayeth*—Judas.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 43. What further benefit do we receive from the sacrifice and death of Christ on the cross?

Ans. That by virtue thereof our old man is

crucified, dead and buried with Him; that so the corrupt inclinations of the flesh may no more reign in us, but that we may offer ourselves unto Him a sacrifice of thanksgiving.

QUESTIONS.

32. At the foot of what mount was Gethsemane? Had Jesus been there before? (John 18: 1-2). What does *Gethsemane* mean? Who was pressed there for us? How many were commanded to sit at the gate?

33. How many entered into the garden? Who were they? Why these? What had they witnessed before? What feeling came upon Jesus?

34. What did Jesus say? Was any outward force used against Him? What was He bearing at the time? Was He afraid to die? Was He truly human? Was He making atonement for our sins in Gethsemane?

35-36. Was He alone when He prayed? What was His prayer? What did he mean

by *cup*? By *hour*? To whose will did He submit? How do we say in the Lord's Prayer?

37. What were the watchers doing? Whom did he chide? What had Peter said?

38. What command did He give? Is it addressed to us also? What is meant by *spirit*? What by *flesh*?

39-41. How often did He pray? Were His prayers answered? (See Luke 22: 43). Who strengthened Him? (See Hebrews 5: 7, 8). Were His prayers answered *in the way* man would wish?

42. Did Jesus flee from danger? Who was coming? Was our salvation wrought out in Gethsemane as well as on Calvary?

LESSON HYMNS: { 1. "'Tis midnight and on Olive's brow."
2. "Many woes had Christ endured."

LESSON IV.

Oct. 22, 1882.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

I. THE SORROWING SAVIOUR.

Our Lord was accustomed to go to Gethsemane with His disciples; hence Judas knew where to find Him. The place was a spot consecrated by many prayers of Jesus. In this garden were olive trees, which are still standing, and underneath which Jesus suffered. The berries were used for making the finest oil, which was pressed out of them. Now our Saviour, "the goodly olive," was bruised and pressed in spirit, that "fresh oil might flow to all believers from Him."

1. Judas was no longer with the disciples, when the little company set out for Gethsemane. At the entrance Jesus commanded eight of them to sit and watch. The three who constituted an inner circle, went with Him into the deep shade of the olive trees. They had seen His greatest glory, and should now witness his deepest sorrow. They were to be near Him for comfort and sympathy. Alas! they slept.

2. The greatest mystery is connected with the agony in the garden. Jesus was *not afraid* to die, *nor unwilling*. No one could have put Him to death. Yet He had come to redeem us by the shedding of His blood. His death could have no merit unless it were *voluntary*. Hence He prayed that, if it were possible, the cup of suffering and death might pass from him. It was not possible to give us the cup of salvation, unless He would drink the cup of death.

3. No hand laid affliction on Jesus in Gethsemane; and yet His agony was so great as almost to destroy His life. Who can explain it? It was caused by abhorrence of death, which is contrary to our nature—the last enemy. Then His rejection by the Jews, His betrayal by Judas, and the guilt of a lost race—

all these things pressed upon His tender heart.

4. But something more was borne by our Substitute—"the wrath of God against the sins of mankind." The Highpriest was there making *atonement* for us, by bearing our griefs and carrying our sorrow.

5. At first sight it might seem that Jesus' prayers were not answered. Thrice He offered up the same petition. It was short, and pleading, and full of submission—"with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and *was heard* in that He feared." (Heb. 5 : 7). The angel strengthened Him; and lo! He went calmly forth to meet His murderers. He gained a complete triumph.

II. THE WEARY WATCHERS.

The three watchers failed to give sympathy and comfort. Peter had declared His willingness to *die* for Jesus; and could not even *watch* one hour. James and John had said they could drink of Jesus' cup, and be baptized with His baptism. They, too, failed. We must not be over-confident. There is but one safety: watch and pray, lest ye fall into temptation.

"Sleep on now." You have failed in the trying hour, which is now passed. The enemy is at hand, and will arouse you soon enough. *Let us go*. How ready and willing He is now to face death!

What a picture is here presented in this lesson! "A nature bowed down by the pressure of agony, yearning for sympathy and companionship, pouring out its soul in prayer, longing for a moment to break the chain of its self-chosen destiny—yet fully submitting and surrendering itself to the divine will; shrinking from the cup of humiliation—yet at the end pressing it to its lips; and, then, victorious by faith, going forth to bear the cross; this is what we see under the shadow of the olive trees!"

"Thy bloody sweat, O Christ, Thy woes,
Thine anguish, and Thine agony,
Give my sad heart its best repose,
When praying in Gethsemane."

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LESSON V.

October 29, 1882.

JESUS BETRAYED AND FORSAKEN. MARK 14: 43-54.

Commit to memory verses 43 - 46.

43. And immediately, while he yet spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and the scribes and the elders.

44. And he that betrayed him had given them a token, saying, Whomesoever I shall kiss, that same is he; take him, and lead him away safely.

45. And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to him, and saith, Master, Master; and kissed him.

46. And they laid their hands on him, and took him.

47. And one of them that stood by drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear.

48. And Jesus answered and said unto them, Are

ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take me?

49. I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not: but the Scriptures must be fulfilled.

50. And they all forsook him, and fled.

51. And there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young man laid hold on him:

52. And he left the linen cloth and fled from them naked.

53. And they led Jesus away to the high priest; and with him were assembled all the chief priests and the elders and the scribes.

54. And Peter followed him afar off, even into the palace of the high priest: and he sat with the servants, and warmed himself at the fire.

OUTLINE; { **1. BETRAYED.** Vs. 43-45.
2. DEFENDED. Vs. 46-49.
3. FORSAKEN. Vs. 50-54.

GOLDEN TEXT: "The Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." Mark 14: 41.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 43. Great multitude. For fuller account read John 18: 1-9. **44.** A token * * I shall kiss—perhaps the usual salutation between the Master and His disciples. **45.** Master, &c. Here was hypocrisy of the meanest sort. "A Judas kiss" is the basest act of treachery. **47.** One of them, i. e., Peter. Read Matt. 26: 52-54, in order to see what Jesus thought of the sword. The servant's name was Malchus. **48.** Against a thief, who would strive to flee, or to defend himself. **50.** All forsook Him, as He had foretold. *Fled*; Peter and John soon retraced their steps and followed Jesus to the place of trial. Read John 18: 15, 16. **51.** A certain young man—perhaps Mark, the writer of our Gospel. **52.** Naked—that is, without his outer garment or coat. **53.** To the high priest—Annas. (John 18: 13). He and Caiaphas were both high priests. Later in the night "Annas sent Him bound unto Caiaphas" (John 18: 24). *Was assembled*—the Sanhedrin. **54.** Followed afar off, as many do, and then deny Christ. "Draw nigh."

CATECHISM.

Ques. 44. Why is there added, "He descended into hell" (hades)?

Ans. That in my greatest temptations I may be assured, and wholly comfort myself in this, that my Lord Jesus Christ, by His inexpressi-

ble anguish, pains, terrors, and hellish agonies, in which He was plunged during all His sufferings, but especially on the cross, hath delivered me from the anguish and torments of hell.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 43. To whom was Jesus speaking when the mob came? Who led the rabble? What did they bear in their hands? Who sent them?

44. What token did the betrayer give? Had he often kissed Jesus before? Was this intended to deceive the Lord? Did Jesus know what the kiss meant? (Read Luke 22: 48).

45. What did he call Jesus? How does God regard hypocrisy?

46. What did the crowd do at first? (See John 18: 6). Why did they fall to the ground? For whom did Jesus intercede? (John 18: 8-9).

47. Who resisted the arrest? Where did

he get the sword? (Luke 22: 38). Did Jesus approve of Peter's act? What did He do to the ear of the servant? What was his name?

48-49. Against what did Jesus protest? Could He have resisted His arrest? Why did He allow Himself to be taken?

50. What did the disciples do?

51-52. What young man was in the crowd? Was he then already, perhaps, a friend of Jesus? Was he *entirely* naked?

53-54. To whom did they lead Jesus? How was Annas related to Caiaphas? (John 18: 12-14). What two returned from flight and followed Jesus? Which one *followed afar off*? Did both enter into the court?

LESSON HYMN: "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."

LESSON V. Oct. 29, 1882.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

I. CHRIST BETRAYED. Vs. 43-45.

Whilst Jesus was speaking to His disciples in regard to their failure to watch and the certainty of His coming woes, Judas and his friends appeared upon the scene. He knew the place, for Jesus often resorted thither with His disciples. The band that came with him was composed of Roman soldiers, members of the Sanhedrin and servants of the priests. The signal which was to point out Jesus was a kiss. It would be quite natural for Judas to kiss Jesus, as he had no doubt often done so before. In vain did he think he could deceive the Master thus. Jesus at once said: Friend, wherefore art thou come? Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss? Thus the whole artifice was exposed by a word.

The betrayal of Jesus was done in a hypocritical manner. An enemy came under the garb of friendship. The kiss, the token of love, was perverted to an act of treason. Hence "a Judas kiss" is justly regarded as the lowest depth of wickedness.

II. CHRIST DEFENDED. Vs. 46-49.

After the kiss Jesus stepped forward and addressed the mob: *Whom seek ye?* Their reply was: Jesus of Nazareth. And He calmly assured them: *I am He.* There was such majesty in His presence that the crowd swayed back and fell to the ground. Jesus could then have taken His departure quietly and without disturbance. But He asked them again: *Whom seek ye?* I have told you that I am He. If ye seek Me, let my disciples go. Thus He cared for His own, even when about to suffer Himself.

Then, assured by His gentleness and self-surrender, the mob laid hold of Him, and led Him away. But not without an heroic act in defence of the Master.

The disciples asked: *shall we smite with the sword?* (Luke 22: 49). Peter

could not wait for a reply, but laid to with a sword and cut off the ear of Malchus, a servant of the high priest. His act showed his love, zeal and courage, but it was a mistaken zeal. *Put up thy sword.* They that take the sword, shall perish by it. Jesus' servants must not fight.

III. CHRIST FORSAKEN. Vs. 50-54.

The Lord willed to suffer at this time. He healed the wounded servant, and prevented further bloodshed. The disciples then forsook Him and fled. The mob led Jesus toward the city, and on the way a young man manifested his friendship for Jesus in some way, and came near suffering violence for Jesus' sake.

As soon as they arrived in the city the trial of the Saviour began. We shall see that there were *six stages* in His trial.

The first was under Annas, who was formerly high-priest. St. John informs us of this stage of the trial, (John 18: 13, 19-24), supplying what the others had omitted. A few years before Annas was deposed from his office, and Caiaphas, his son-in-law, was made high-priest.

After enduring a mock trial before the ex-high-priest Annas, Jesus was led to Caiaphas—*the second stage of the trial.* Under both He was questioned as to His doctrines. False witnesses appeared, but the innocence of Jesus only shone the brighter.

Although Mark was the companion of Peter, and wrote under his oversight, he tells us that *Peter followed afar off.* This showed his strong attachment to Jesus, and also his fear. Well might he tremble, for he had used violence with the sword. He *sat with the servants*, or mob that had arrested Jesus. This was a mistake. It is never safe to be with the enemies of Jesus, lest we deny Him. Better follow Jesus boldly, as John did. "Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto you."

Practical Lessons: 1. Shun *hypocrisy*, even in little things, lest you become a Judas.

2. Do not forsake Jesus and flee, when danger threatens His Church. Witness a good confession.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS TIMES—By Alfred Barbou. Translated from the French by Ellen E. Trewer, New York, Harper and Brothers, Franklin Square.

Victor Hugo is the most celebrated author of France, and his works which have been often translated, are read all over the world. For many years he has been prominent not only in literature but in politics, and his life is therefore possessed of the most varied interest. The present volume which is published in superb style is illustrated with many pictures executed by the most eminent French artists, also by reproductions of a great number of drawings by M. Hugo himself. It is an interesting book, and may be regarded not only as a sketch of the career of its distinguished subject but as a picture of literary and social life in France during the past half century.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF TIMON OF ATHENS. Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, A.M. New York, Harper and Brothers. Price 56 cents.

This little volume is one of a series designed for the use of schools and for the private instruction of those who desire to look below the surface and to comprehend the meaning of the greatest English dramatist. The editor has shown great ability in the performance of his work, and the book can be confidently recommended.

THE OLD TAVERN. By Mary Dwinell Chellis New York; National Temperance and Publication House, 58 Reade St., 1882.

This little book is the sixth of the Fife and Drum series. It is of the same general character with its predecessors, but is we think unusually interesting. As a Temperance story of the best kind we hope it will enjoy an extensive circulation.

PEERLESS PRAISE: A Collection of Hymns and Music for the Sabbath School, with a complete department of Elementary instruction in the Theory and Practice of Vocal Music, by J. H. Kurzenknabe. Phila. Published by John J. Hood, 1018 Arch St.

Professor Kurzenknabe is favorably known throughout the church for his excellent services in the improvement of our Sunday School music. We need only say that the present collection not only sustains the previous reputation of its editor, but has several features which commend it to the special attention of the friends of music. It contains a full course of elementary instruction which in the opinion of good judges, is excellently suited to its purpose, and the collection of hymns is, both in melody and sentiment, of a very superior order. We have no doubt that "Peerless Praise" will be very popular.

HILDA, OR GOD LEADETH: By Franz Hoffman. Translated from the German by M. P. Butcher. Philadelphia, Lutheran Publication Society, 1882.

The "Fatherland" books have found their

way into almost every Sunday School library, and it is, therefore, not necessary to praise them. It is enough to say that in our opinion the present volume is equal to any one of its predecessors, and that the work of the translator has been well done. The recent death of Franz Hoffman should call especial attention to this book, as one of the latest productions of his prolific pen.

THE YOUNG NIMRODS AROUND THE WORLD.

A Book for Boys By Thomas W. Knox. Copiously Illustrated. New York, Harper & Brothers. Franklin Square, 1882. Price \$2.50.

This book, which is Part Second of *Hunting Adventures by Land and Sea*, cannot fail to be a great favorite with the class for which it is intended. Boys are always fond of stories about hunting, and here they have them in the richest variety. With many of the engravings we are familiar, as they have already appeared in Harpers' "Magazine," in connection with articles on travel and adventure. They are about three hundred in number, and are among the finest examples of wood engraving. This book would be a superb Christmas present for a healthy boy.

LUTHER AT WARTBURG CASTLE. A Reformation Story of 1521. By the Author of "Fifty Years in the Lutheran Ministry. Philadelphia, Lutheran Publication Society, 1881.

This book is based on a minute study of an interesting portion of the life of Luther. The author, Dr. J. G. Morris, of Baltimore, has collected his facts from many authors, and has here reproduced them in the form most likely to be acceptable to the young.

PLAIN SPEAKING. By the author of John Halifax, Gentleman. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1882.

This book is composed of a series of essays by Dinah Maria Mullock, who first became famous by writing "John Halifax Gentleman." All her writings are distinguished by "Plain Speaking"—the characteristic which she has been pleased to employ as the title of her volume. "Plain Speaking" is, in contents and style, a book of a superior kind, and we have no doubt it will be extensively read.

THE ARK OF PRAISE; containing Sacred Songs and Hymns for the Sabbath School, Prayer Meetings, etc. Edited by John R. Sweney and J. Kirkpatrick. Philadelphia, John J. Hood, 1018 Arch St.

The title of this book sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents. We have not had time to examine it minutely, but it appears to be well suited to its purpose. The hymns are accompanied by music, and we are glad to see that a very large proportion of them are hymns of praise which can properly be employed in worship.

PAMPHLETS. MY DUTY TO THE CHURCH OF WHICH I AM A MEMBER, by W. Rhoades, D. D., Pastor of St. Mark's Eng. Evan. Lutheran church, St. Louis, Mo. Second Edition. Phila. Lutheran Pub. Society, 1882.

The Guardian.

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NO. 11.

THE OLD MAN'S TREASURES.

BY THE EDITOR.

There are many precious treasures,
Which I hoard with a miser's glee,
Away in the strangest places,
Where never a soul can see.
There are garments of purple and crimson,
There is gold and gems of the sea;
But if I should tell where I hide them,
You would take them away from me.

I have friends in distant regions—
But I call them when I will—
Who bring me warmth and radiance,
When the nights are dark and chill.
I leap for joy at their coming,
And my very heart-strings thrill,
For they sing me songs celestial
When the world around is still.

All dressed in the fairest raiment
That ever a monarch wore,
I greet my dear companions
Who dwell on a distant shore;
I open my secret chambers
And show them all my store;
For they add to my bright possessions,
While they teach me wondrous lore.

I wear a suit of homespun,
And my locks are turning gray;
But I smile when men would help me,
Or turn in their pride away:
They know not my blest communion
With the hosts in bright array,
Nor the gifts which my King has brought me
From the endless realms of day.

Reprinted.

THE YOUNG MAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY REV. D. VAN HORNE, D. D.

Never before, perhaps, in the history of our race, have such grand opportunities been presented to young men, as those to be found in this country at the present time.

It may be that our young men do

not appreciate their many privileges. The apprenticeship part of life is seldom easy and pleasant. There is drudgery to be performed in every vocation; and as there is no royal road to learning, so is there no royal road to permanent good standing in society, nor to honest and worthy success.

Under the stress of the discipline which we name the apprenticeship (*Lehrzeit*) of life, many discouragements must be endured, under which youth are tempted to give over their efforts for the great prize, which should ever be present to their minds. Thus they may be tempted to change one pursuit for another, only to find that the second is not a whit better than the first, and the third as unsatisfactory as either of the others. By every change in occupation there is an unavoidable loss; and therefore the old "saws" have a great deal of truth in them; viz., "Look before you leap," and "Cobbler stick to your last."

If a young man has an opportunity to begin life with great wealth, it may be the cause of injury, rather than aid, to him in the future. In such case he may imagine that he has all that he needs, and so he may not be inclined to put forth great efforts. Poverty has its discomforts it is true, but it has also its stimulants. Lack of earthly means is no barrier to success.

In European countries no such opportunity is to be found as is to be found in the United States. This is why the tide of emigration is continually "setting in" upon our Eastern seaboard. Fathers and mothers in European countries realize that there is but little hope of success for their sons in their own land, hence they cheerfully endure the discomforts and dangers of emigration for their sakes. They be-

lieve that their sons and daughters can do better here than they can in the old world. Some of these young emigrants will have to acquire the English language. They will have to begin at a low round on the ladder, and climb with the greatest diligence in order to gain a competency for the future. And in that respect native-born youth have a great advantage over those from foreign lands.

In European countries the idea of caste still lingers and exerts its influence so that a young man can seldom rise above the sphere in which he was born. He must, usually, win a name and place either by entering the army or navy, or by some successful marriage or adventure. But in this land a youth depending upon his own efforts, under Providence, may come to the enjoyment of well-earned property, and well-earned honor, and there is no false sentiment to discourage him in his effort.

The numerous examples of great success, achieved by those who began life in the most humble manner are full of encouragements to our young men. "Longfellow's Psalm of Life," could not have been written elsewhere than in America.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time:
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

The success of such a man as Benjamin Franklin, who came to Philadelphia without means, and began life work as a poor printer; attaining, at last the position of a venerable publisher and statesman, is a great encouragement to all our youth.

A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, began life as a clerk, and Commodore Vanderbilt used to row a boat across the East River, containing his mother, with a cargo of vegetables for her market-stall in New York. The late Dr. J. G. Holland was a poor farmer boy, and then became a school teacher in the South, and a starving young physician waiting for patients; but at last his persevering industry as a writer enabled

him to attain a good position, with affluence, and even lasting fame.

What encouragement our young men have for perseverance in their undertakings, in examples such as these. Notably they have such encouragement in view of the career of the late President Garfield, who rose from the humblest walks of life to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. Since we are all familiar with his history we can see at a glance the great opportunities in this country, when even a canal-boy may become President. With pluck and perseverance, and honor and religion, a young man can make his way upward in this land, if he will only begin, and then plod on, until the apprenticeship of life is faithfully fulfilled.

But it should be understood that religion is no barrier to success. On the other hand, a good character is the first step, or round, on the ladder of life. Men of large business connections, firms having interests of extensive trade in hand, do not, and will not, employ a young man of dissipated habits, if known to be the fact. They seek out youth of good habits, who keep in good company, and to them they intrust the management of their affairs. It is a great mistake therefore to suppose that loyalty to the cause of God is a hindrance or drawback to the real prosperity of any young man.

And not only does uprightness of life and integrity of character further the prospects in a business point of view, but it gives the possessor courage and cheer. For, if a young man has the consciousness that he is doing right, that he is on the side of truth and of God he need not fear for the future. Opportunities are in the keeping of divine Providence. And a young man who has faith in Providence will not be discouraged though he cannot see the way to prosperity at once opening beneath his feet. He will trust God for the future, and, look for brighter days to come; for he counts that God is not slack concerning His promise, as men count slackness, but is long-suffering and patient, though He sometimes holds us in suspense.

But above all every young man has an opportunity to put on Christ. We learn that when the rich young ruler

came to Jesus, the latter "beholding him, loved him" may we not conclude that He loves the souls of young men even now, above the love which he bears for all our race? To such he says: "Deny thyself, take up the cross, and follow me." How important that passing opportunities be improved. Opportunities once lost can never be restored, and Solomon inquires: "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?" And our great poet writes:

"The means that heaven yields must be embraced

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succor and redress."

BEGINNINGS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

NO. VII.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Martyrs of Holland.

The country called Holland, or originally Hollow-land, is one of the most interesting in the world. Here, by the unremitting toil of centuries, fertile provinces have been rescued from the sea, and wealthy cities now stand where once the waters played. Here at one time the people, in their gigantic conflict for the preservation of the Reformed faith, made their dykes and sluices a means of defense, and thus employed their ancient enemy as an ally against the new.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the seventeen provinces, known by the collective names of the Netherlands, Low Countries, or Holland, were regarded as the most precious possessions of the Spanish crown. They had been attached to Burgundy, but had now by inheritance become a part of the enormous patrimony of Charles V., who was simultaneously emperor of Germany and king of Spain. The Dutch provinces, however, claimed to possess certain liberties and reserved rights, which the emperor generally accorded them, and on the whole, Charles was more popular in Holland than in any other

part of his dominions. "He was a native of the country, preferred their free manners to the reserve of the Spaniards, conferred office on natives, and was courteous in his intercourse with his subjects." The first serious trouble occurred in connection with his attempts to suppress Protestantism. He was not of a cruel disposition, but was thoroughly devoted to the pope, and deemed it his duty to labor with all his might for the extinction of what he regarded as a pestilent heresy. In Germany he could not accomplish this on account of the opposition of the Protestant princes; but in his hereditary dominions he was free to act, and here he issued edicts which threatened the most dreadful punishments to all who refused to submit to the Roman Catholic Church. These edicts were unrelentingly executed, and multitudes suffered death. In many places, however, the inquisitors were greatly impeded by local laws and the naturally independent character of the people.

THE FIRST MARTYRS.

On the 30th of June, 1523, two young men, Henry Voes and John Esch, were burned for their Protestant faith, in the great square of the city of Antwerp. When they stood bound at the stake their persecutors cried: "Be converted or you will be lost forever." But they replied: "No! we will die as good Christians for the faith of the Gospel." When the flames rose around them heavenly joy filled their hearts, and one of them exclaimed: "These are surely beds of roses." When death came nearer they cried out: "Lord Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon us!" Then they alternately repeated the Apostles' Creed. When the flames had completely surrounded them they began to sing the *Te Deum*, and continued to sing until their voices were hushed in death.

The heroism of these early martyrs produced an effect directly contrary to that which was anticipated by the persecutors. It was an age which admired above all things, self-sacrifice and patient endurance; and those who beheld such triumphant death-scenes were sure to be attracted to the faith that

produced them. "The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church."

"THE CHURCH UNDER THE CROSS."

Holland, like many other countries, had gradually become prepared for the doctrines of the Reformation. Long before the days of Luther and Calvin, John de Wesel, sometimes called the abbot Rupert, and John Wessel, otherwise known as Gansevoort, had contested the claims of the Roman hierarchy. The writings of the latter were republished by Luther, in order to show that the doctrines of the Reformation were not new. Erasmus and Agricola, distinguished scholars and forerunners of the Reformation, were also natives of the Netherlands.

During the earlier years of the Reformation, the Protestant Church of Holland was known as "the church under the cross." There was no formal confession of faith, and all forms of doctrinal opinion were represented. The great body of Protestants was, however, from the beginning attached to the Reformed faith. Gradually the churches were organized according to the principles of Calvin and De Lasky, and in this way received an indelible character. The doctrines of election and predestination were consequently more prominent in the theological systems of the Dutch divines than in those of the Palatinate. In the great Arminian controversy of the succeeding century these doctrines were still more distinctly intoned, and for a while it seemed as though the Divine Sovereignty was to be the exclusive object of study. The German churches were less affected by these controversies, and, it has been said, "did not thrive well in the theological atmosphere of Holland," but it would be a mistake to suppose that there ever was a lack of fraternal feeling between the various Reformed Churches of the continent. The Belgic confession, adopted in 1568, was intended for the Netherlands, and there was no occasion for its adoption by the churches of Germany, but the Heidelberg catechism became the common standard of faith. So far as we know, it has never occurred to any one in Europe to regard the Dutch and German Reformed Churches

as different denominations; and though the two American organizations which bear these names, still severally preserve some of the national and theological peculiarities, whose origin we have endeavored to indicate, it should be remembered that the separation was caused solely by local circumstances and differences of language, without the slightest theological or personal disagreement.

SPANISH TYRANNY.

In 1555 Charles V. voluntarily abdicated, and retired to the convent of Yuste to spend his declining years. It has been customary to represent him as a penitent, weary of the world and desirous of atoning for his sins by the mortification of the flesh; but the recent discovery of documents has rendered it certain that his life in the convent by no means resembled that of an anchorite. On his abdication the Netherlands came under the rule of his son, Philip II., who is one of the most unpleasant characters in modern history. He was gloomy and proud, bigoted and revengeful. Educated exclusively by Spanish priests he had none of his father's liking for the Netherlands. They had already become a great commercial rival of Spain, and it is not unlikely that even on this account he would have been glad to see them humbled.

When Philip assumed the government of the Netherlands, it was with the double purpose of eradicating Protestantism and of taking away the civil rights of the Dutch people. Far from being discouraged by failure of the violent measures adopted by his father, he resolved to prosecute them more vigorously, like the foolish king who said to the Israelites on his accession to the throne: "My father made your yoke heavy and I will add to your yoke; my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions" (1 Kings vii. 14).

At first Philip confided the government of the Low Countries to his sister Margaret of Parma, but as her disposition proved too mild for his purpose, she was afterwards superseded by the infamous Ferdinand of Toledo, Duke of Alva. This man appears to have been

destitute of the ordinary feelings of humanity, and was for this reason a suitable instrument for the sanguinary purposes of the king. He introduced the Inquisition, and death was decreed against all who had been in any way connected with the Protestants, all who had heard a sermon, sung a psalm, or furnished lodging to an heretical preacher. It was his boast that during seven years he had given eighteen thousand Protestants into the hands of the executioner. One hundred thousand houses stood empty whose inmates had fled to other countries. The Reformed Church was, however, actually strengthened by these persecutions. Religious services were held at obscure places in the open country, and though thousands attended these meetings it was but rarely that the authorities were informed in time to prevent them. In 1568, the year of most violent persecution, the ministers and elders, at the peril of their lives, secretly crossed the boundary of Germany and held an important synod in the city of Wesel. When the Inquisition burned its victims the people regarded them as martyrs. At the stake the sufferers began to sing, and the multitude, outside of the circle of Spanish guards, joined with them, until the whole city rang with the inspiring strains of the second psalm:

"Hoe rasen so die Heydenen te hoop,
End de volcken betrachten ijdel dinghen?"

It might seem as though the persecutors ought to have become convinced of the futility of their undertaking, but Philip and the Duke of Alva showed no signs of weariness. Philip said he would "rather be a king without subjects than a ruler over heretics." Alva was entirely unmoved by the suffering around him. When his only son died the cardinal of Trent attempted to comfort him; but he replied: "If my boy had been the only person that ever died it might be worth while to speak words of consolation; but death is such a common accident that no sensible man will allow himself to be troubled by it."

"THE LEAGUE OF THE BEGGARS."

The southern part of the Netherlands—now constituting the kingdom of Belgium—had from the beginning

remained prevailingly Roman Catholic. The people had, however, no sympathy with the tyranny of the Spaniards, and some of the leading noblemen joined in a petition for religious liberty. Alva took his revenge by treacherously arresting and executing Counts Egmont and Horn. This exasperated the Catholic provinces, and for a while, during the subsequent revolt, they contended bravely for civil liberty; but they finally submitted, and remained a dependency of Spain until a comparatively recent period.

On the occasion of the presentation of the famous petition, the count of Barlaumont whispered in the ear of the regent, that the petitioners were "nothing but a crowd of beggars." This title, first given in derision, they applied to themselves, and the confederacy was subsequently known as "Les Gueux," or "The Beggars." In Germany the name was corrupted into "Guesen" or "Goesen," and it is said that in Juliers the term is still contemptuously used by the Roman Catholics.

The earliest naval forces of the Dutch republic were known as the "beggars of the seas," and these beggars succeeded in sweeping the rich fleets of Spain so utterly from the seas, that Spanish commercial supremacy was destroyed forever. The first open hostilities occurred in 1572, when William Van de Mark, with a fleet of twenty-four vessels, took possession of the harbor and town of Brill. The word "brill" in Dutch, as in German, signifies "spectacles," and this gave rise to the *jeu de mot*:

"De eerste dach van April
Verloor Duc d'Alva zynen Brill."

THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

In a brief sketch like the present it is impossible to enter into particulars concerning this gigantic struggle. We will be glad if we can succeed in directing some of our younger readers to the fascinating works of Prescott and Motley.

The conflict continued, with varying intensity, from 1568 to 1609, and witnessed scenes of heroism and self-sacrifice which are probably unequalled in the history of the world. During the earlier portion of the revolt the leading spirit and commander of the Dutch

armies was William, Prince of Orange. He was born at Dillenburg in Germany, in 1533, and as he was the eldest son of the duke of Nassau-Dillenburg, is often called William of Nassau. His principality of Orange was a small district which had originally belonged to Burgundy, but was not yet swallowed up by France though almost entirely surrounded by French territory. His private estates in the Netherlands, however, were worth far more than his little principality. He is called "the silent," not from his taciturnity, for he was pleasant and talkative, but because he showed extraordinary wisdom in keeping his own counsel.

At the beginning of the revolt William was a Catholic, but he had joined in the petition of the nobles, and would have been executed if he had not been wise enough to keep out of the way of the Duke of Alva. His conversion to Protestantism occurred several years later, and was, we think, thoroughly sincere. He hesitated long before accepting the leadership of the revolted provinces, but subsequently manifested the most extraordinary courage and endurance. After he became Stadtholder of Holland he called on England, France, and Germany, for assistance in the coming struggle, but these countries afforded little aid except in the way of money. Indeed, the attempt to resist the immense power of Spain appeared utterly hopeless, and the Hollanders at first did not expect to free their country from the yoke. In a petition addressed to the king they said: "Since they (the duke and his creatures) take pleasure in our death, and think it their interest to be our murderers, we will much rather die an honorable death for the liberties and welfare of our dear country than submit to be trampled under foot by insolent foreigners who have always hated or envied us. By so doing we shall at least transmit to our posterity this fame and reputation, that their ancestors scorned to be slaves to a Spanish Inquisition, and therefore made no scruple of redeeming a scandalous life by an honorable death. We contend for nothing less than freedom of conscience, our wives and children, our lives and fortunes. We do not desire to be discharged from our allegiance to

your majesty, but only that our consciences may be preserved free before the Lord our God, that we may be permitted to hear His holy word, and walk in His commandments, so that we may be able to give an account of our souls to the Supreme Judge at the last day."

Many incidents of the war with Spain were exceedingly romantic. During the winter of 1572, the Dutch fleet was frozen up in the harbor of Amsterdam. The Spanish army undertook to march across the ice to attack it, but the Dutch soldiers put on skates, and hovered around the enemy "like flocks of birds," until they succeeded in repulsing them. At the siege of Haarlem several hundred high-born ladies enrolled themselves as soldiers and fought like men. The town was, however, finally taken and nearly three thousand citizens put to death.

The siege of Leyden is regarded as one of the most wonderful events of the century. The garrison was small, but the citizens joined in the defence with the utmost valor and constancy. The people suffered dreadfully from famine, but when at last some of them, maddened with hunger, came to the burgo-master, Peter Vanderwerf, and demanded that he should give them food or treat for the surrender of the city, he replied: "I have made an oath which by the help of God I will keep, that I will never yield to the Spaniard. Bread, as you well know, I have none; but if my death can serve you, slay me, cut my body into morsels and divide it among you."

William of Orange was at Delft with his fleet, but could not approach without breaking the dykes that kept out the sea, and thus laying the whole country under water. The young grain was in the fields, but the states submitted to the sacrifice, and the dykes were cut. Anxiously the starving citizens of Leyden watched the rising of the flood that was to bear them deliverance. A fleet of two hundred vessels set sail from Delft, but twice the waters were driven back by an east wind, and the ships lay helplessly stranded. Finally a north-western gale set in and the waters of the German ocean came pouring in over the ruined dykes. The Dutch and Spanish fleets had a singular midnight

conflict amid the boughs of orchards and the chimneys of submerged houses. William was, however, finally successful in reaching Leyden, and sailed up the channel distributing loaves of bread to the famished people who crowded along the banks. As soon as the pangs of hunger were relieved the whole population crowded to the principal church to return thanks for their great deliverance. The prince of Orange desirous of establishing some permanent memorial of this great event offered the people of Leyden either the establishment of an annual fair, which would bring them commerce from all parts of Holland, or the foundation of a Reformed University. The people chose the latter, and the Prince was so well pleased with their decision that he not only founded the university but also granted them the fair.

In July, 1584, William of Orange was assassinated by an emissary of the king of Spain. It was a sad day for the Reformed people of Holland when their leader was thus stricken down in the midst of his glory. His son Maurice was but seventeen years of age, but the people would have no other leader. Their confidence was not misplaced, for he soon proved himself a brilliant commander, who successively defeated a number of the most celebrated generals of the age.

During the government of Maurice there was a truce of twelve years, during which time internal dissensions broke out between the Gomarists and Arminians, whose theological differences were made the basis of political parties, which contended with the utmost bitterness. Maurice aspired to become the hereditary sovereign of Holland, as he was already its virtual dictator. In these ambitious designs he was opposed by Barneveldt, the most distinguished of the Dutch statesmen, who was the leader of the Arminians, or Remonstrants.

Barneveldt was condemned and executed, and the conflict, which had become religious and political, continued to increase in intensity until it finally culminated in the great synod of Dordrecht. The theological questions at issue were real and important, but the fierce and unrelenting character of the

conflict was principally derived from its political element.

The political independence of Holland was not acknowledged by Spain until 1648. Long before that time the conflict was practically ended, and Holland had become the foremost naval power in Europe. The conflict which had been waged against such fearful odds had been decided in favor of civil and religious liberty. The blood of the martyrs had not been shed in vain, and Holland became a refuge for the distressed and persecuted of all nations. The Mennonites who were in other countries persecuted with fire and sword, were tolerated in the Netherlands, and there became a wealthy and influential body. The "Pilgrim Fathers," who in America showed themselves so intolerant to the Baptists and Quakers, never had reason to complain of their treatment during the twelve years they had spent in Amsterdam. "Only once," says Dr. Demarest, "was Holland derelict to her own principles, though under palliating circumstances, when she banished the Arminian preachers. That exceptional case has attracted particular notice from the very fact that there was a constitutional guaranty of the rights of conscience."

When the persecuted exiles of the Palatinate fled to Holland, they were received as brethren of a common faith, and all classes united in relieving their necessities. Even after they had emigrated to America they were followed by the generosity and fostering care of the Dutch churches, and many of our oldest congregations were in great measure founded and established by their beneficence. We should never forget the debt of gratitude which we to the Reformed Church of Holland.

SOME TERSE PROVERBS.—Pray to God, but continue to row to the shore.—*Russian*.

Silence is the ornament of the ignorant.—*Sanscrit*.

There are two good men: one dead, and the other unborn.—*Chinese*.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.—*Persian*.

ES BÄCHLI.

NAACH BRYANT'S "RIVULET."
BY H. L. FISCHER.

Du schönes Bächli aus 'm Wald!
Mit hellem Wasser, süsz un' kalt,
Schpielscht munter dorch die Wiese grü,
Zu annere, ferne, Wälder hi'.
Da, wie ich nur 'n Büwli war,
Bin ich schon öfters hi,' un dar,
Als Wald un Wies, im Frühlings-Kleid,
Wie Brant zur Hochzig schtand bereit;
Un da, im helle Sonneschei—
Sonscht Schatte—uf 'm Graas, so grü,
Un in meim frölich Kinner-Gschpiel,
Die Blume g'sammelt schö un fiel.
Wie schö, im einsame Gemüth—
Wirbelt die Drossel's Owet-Lied!
Mit frischem Muth un frohem Herz—
Fremder als dann, zu Leid un Schmerz;
En glücklicher, en freier Bu'—
Süsz Bächli, graad so frei wie du.

Zum Beischpiel, in meim zwölfte Jahr,
Da ich schon Ehrbegierig war,
Mei erschte Sylwemaase, dort,
Hawich prowiert am schönschte Ort;
Was war die Welt so lieblich, dann!
Mei Sylwemaas net saage kann.
Da hawich g'sunge g'schpielt un g'lacht.
Un allerhand Forrschtelling g'macht.
Da hat ich schon der gröschte Plan!
Als wär ich schon der gröschte Mann.
Ach! wie en schöner, langer, Traum—
Ach! wie am Bach fergeht der Schaum!

Dis Johre mache dich net alt;
Dei Wasser isch so frisch un kalt
As wie ich nur en Büwli war
Bei dir, süsz Bächli, hell un kloor.
En mancher alter Freund isch fort,
Doch schtehn die alte Bäm noch dort;
Graad so wie sie geschtanne sin
Wie ich war noch en frohes Kind.
Un du, mei liewes Bächli, du,
Laafscht als dem grosse Meer hinzu.

Du schpielscht mit jedem Körnche Sand,
Un du erfrischt des durschtig Land;
Die Welchen tanze wie sie gehn,
Die Sonneschtraale glänze schön,
Du lachscht die Zeit aus wie sie fliegt.
Un in die Ewigkeit hinziegt.
Die selwe süsze Töne, doch,
Die hör ich wie in Kindheit, noch,
Die selwe Blume wachse hier,
Un als wie dann, sie rieche mir
So süsz wie daun; un's Veilche blüht—
Ma' sehnt doch gaar ken Unnerschied.
Es Fischli glänzt un schwimmt un leebt;
Der Wassersenf, der leebt un schweebt;
Der Vogel in dem schöne Thaal,
Der singt so süsz wie jeeenes Maal.

Du ännersht net, süsz Bächli, du,
Doch änner ich un geh zur Ruh;
En Fremder bin ich, a'h, bal hier,
Obschon eh'maals daheem bei dir;
Kaum bischt du jetzt noch ihn bekannt,

Der g'schpielt hot uf dein grüne Rand.
Mei Kindheits Traum sin im Vergang—
Zu hell un schö zu daure, lang;
Die Welt! die Welt! sie trägt ne'mehr
Die Schöheit un die herzlich Ehr:
Doch geb mer Eens! Ach! geb mir nur
Die schöne Sache der Natur!
Mit dene, jah, mach mich bekannt—
Mit alle Werke Gottes Hand;
Die sin foll Schöheit, Wahrheit, Ehr—
Die lieb' un loob ich immermehr.

Wan wenig Johr' ferflosse sin',
Un ich, feleicht, alt, groh, un blind,
Gebückt zur Erd—die wart, als, schon—
Un Annere mache Schpott un Hohn—
Wan, ung'fähr, so, mei Schicksaal isch—
Das ich so was erleewe müsst;
'S mägt sei, des wär des letschtse Maal,
Bei dir, süsz Bächli, hier im Thaal!
So glänzt schon blöd, der Sonneschei
Uf meine Aage, finschter, hin:
Uf meine Ohre, hart un dumm
Des Rieseln fon dein Wasser, schtumm,
Doch fliescht du fort, wie in der Zeit
Ich frölich war bei deiner Seit.

Un ich muss schloofe neue dir,
Süsz Bächli, sanft, net weit fon hier;
Un Johrs fliese—Zeit zu Zeit—
Bis Zeit isch all in Ewigkeit;
Doch annere Kinner, so wie ich,
Die komme her un liewe dich;
So leide sie un werre alt;
So kränke sie un schterwe bald,
Doch, unferennert, Johr zu Johr,
Du schönes Bächli, frisch un kloor,
Obschon du in das Meer hinfliescht,
Unschterblich in der Jugend bischt.
Adjee! es ich das letschte Maal,
Bei dir, süsz Bächli, hier im Thaal!

CONDUCT IN CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in early Autumn. At that season, when nature lays aside her most brilliant robes and puts on garments of sober russet, the mind appears to be most easily drawn to reflection and the heart to worship. Then the church-bells appear to be saying more distinctly than ever, "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

On the particular day to which we refer, the congregation appeared to be in a peculiarly devout and tender frame of mind. Aged fathers and mothers were there who would probably not venture to come to church during the inclement season, and might never again enjoy the privilege of worshipping with God's people. It was to be a day

of special thanksgiving, and all the people appeared to feel that it was meet and right to give thanks.

For some time our mind was entirely engrossed by the solemn services of the occasion; but, while the congregation was singing the second hymn our attention was directed to two young persons who had just entered the church and occupied seats near the door. We hardly know whether to call them boys or young men. They were evidently somewhere near the transition from one state to the other. Surely, however, years had not taught them wisdom. Let us call them boys. It is an honorable name, and one which some of us older people remember with regret.

It so happened that we knew these boys. They were not bad fellows by any means. Their parents were among the most respectable people in the community, and the boys were not supposed to have done anything to disgrace them. They were, however, so full of youthful life and animal spirits, that it almost seemed as though you could hear their pulses beat. One of them, especially, seemed like the man in the song, who "never could keep still." In church he was constantly moving about, whispering to his companion and now and then he tickled him a little. All the while there was a broad grin on his face which showed that he was greatly amused. His friend was more quiet, but evidently took no interest in the services. Occasionally he wrote a few lines on the fly-leaf of a hymn-book, which he handed to his companion for his perusal and amusement.

These foolish boys, no doubt, had not the slightest idea that their conduct was attracting attention. They imagined themselves so sly that they could do such things, and yet be popularly regarded as performing their religious duties in the most exemplary manner. If they had known all the evil which they did, they would have stood aghast at their own wickedness. In the first place they disturbed the worship and distracted the attention of a portion of the congregation. Fortunately, as they sat near the door, most of the people did not see them, but there must have been at least twenty persons who on their account failed to hear the greater

part of the sermon. These people might of course have looked in the direction of the pulpit, and taken no notice of the disturbers, but the attention of most people is easily diverted. They were evidently indignant at such conduct in the House of God, but found it impossible to fix their minds on the minister's discourse.

The youthful violators of order did even a worse thing than this, they actually spoiled the sermon. The minister was in the habit of speaking *ex tempore*, and under favorable circumstances he was acknowledged to be very eloquent. We watched him closely, and soon observed that he was greatly disturbed by the bad conduct of the boys at the end of the church. Occasionally he paused and looked sternly in their direction, but it did no good, for they were not looking at him. What should he do? Should he reprove them and thus affix a stigma to their names? Their parents were his most intimate friends and parishioners, could he wound their hearts by exposing the conduct of their sons? The boys evidently did not realize the enormity of their sin, might not a public reproof alienate them from the church, and make it impossible to guide them into better ways by private admonition? Evidently the minister could not make up his mind to reprove the delinquents, and so he went on stumbling and blundering to the end of his discourse. The people afterwards inquired of each other: "What can possibly have been the matter with our pastor to-day?" And the answer was: "He must surely have been unwell. We have never heard him hesitate as he did to-day." The good people did not know that he was sick at heart, that he returned to his study miserable, and least of all did the youthful culprits imagine that they had caused it all.

Though the boys were ignorant of all the evil they had done, their attendance at church had that day made them worse instead of better. "The same sun which melts the wax hardens the clay." So the preaching of the Gospel, which dispenses so many blessings, may but serve to harden the hearts of those who attend it without a desire to accept its benefits. Gradually such persons lose their reverence for sacred

things, and become ready for deeds of wickedness.

Beyond all this it should be remembered that all disorder and inattention in the House of God is a heinous sin. "It is written, My house shall be a house of prayer." We are to meet as Christians for worship and instruction, and to deviate from this purpose in any way is to commit the dreadful sin of sacrilege. "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

"THE LIVING KNOW THAT THEY SHALL DIE."

BY REV. H. H. W. HIBSHMAN, D. D.

"How near we all are to extreme danger. We are merry or sad, or busy, or idle, and forget death is hovering over us." This is sadly true of many men. They know that in the course of time they will die, but they banish thoughts of death and eternity far from them. They do not prepare to meet the great Judge. Although men do not cherish thoughts of death daily, it is still true that they are hourly in danger of being stricken with disease and hurried out of the world to try the scenes of eternity.

The arrows of death are flying thick and fast around us, but how few persons, if any, realize the danger of being suddenly struck by the same. We are not unacquainted with this truth. No one can plead ignorance of the havoc death makes daily, hourly, among the children of men. The decrepit old man, the strong and vigorous middle-aged father, and the babe yet nestling in its mother's arms fall alike before the reaper. "All flesh is as grass, and as the flower of the field." "Life is as a tale soon told." "Man born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." From the day of birth to the hour of death life at longest is only the span of a hand. The older we grow the more readily we admit the truth. Our coming into the world is the starting point of our going out. "*The living know it.*"

All men die. Death pays no regard to rank, or title, or position, or distinc-

tion, or avocation. He levels them as the mower in the field cuts the grass and flowers alike. This has been so ever since sin entered Eden. "It is appointed unto man once to die" Death is an unavoidable event. It is the terrible result of sin, and not one born of woman is exempt from it. As soon as law was transgressed the sting of death was felt. Adam's body was disturbed and his spiritual faculties bound and fettered. The paradise of bliss was lost, and the dreary wilderness of sin became man's habitation. The world became "a vale of tears and sorrow." A vast burying field to be filled with corpses as the wheels of time roll down the ages.

"Death rides on every breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril ev'ry hour."

WE KNOW WITH CERTAINTY THAT MAN MUST DIE. 1. God tells us so. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." "It is appointed unto man once to die."

2. By the testimony of history. The history of the human family for more than 6000 years testifies incontrovertibly that man dies. We know the truth. Our friends and relatives have fallen around us, and we carried their mortal remains one by one to the city of the dead. Every casket consigned to the grave is irrefragable testimony. "*The living know.*" Whether idiots do I cannot tell, but all rational men and women know it. No one would venture to assert that there are people who are exempt from dying. To do so would be evidence of distressing insanity. The living know, but, alas! how few live as if every day they enter upon was the time for the transit from this to the other world. The majority of mankind is intoxicated with the nectar of pleasure the gods of this world offer. They rush along the sandy beach of eternity as if it was all of life to live and all of death to die.

We may err in many things pertaining to this life. We can make mistakes and commit blunders, we are often in doubt about things of vital interest to us, but we cannot be in error; we cannot blunder, we cannot be un-

certain about the event of death. The thing itself is certain. It is sure to happen to all men.

"Nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our
bones."

Men in their hurry and bustle, their rush and eagerness to grasp the richly colored bubbles of the world, take no time to prepare as they ought for death. Aye they are so fascinated by the song of the deceptive charmer that they would prefer inexpressible ignorance if it were possible. But God wisely arranged that no man can be ignorant of the fact.

Through sin came a thousand and more forerunners by which God admonished mankind of the vanity of all earthly things, of the brevity of life, and of the certainty of death. The maladies which have come to the human family, through transgression of law, are so many monitors declaring man's mortality. The sighs, the tears, the pains, the groans, the agonies of mind and heart to which flesh and heir speak ever of nature fading, wasting, decaying.

There are no remedies known to physicians by which to lessen the floods of diseases that destroy the health, the strength, the vigor and beauty of the body and the powers of the mind, bringing thousands daily to mingle their dust with dust. Diseases are multiplying as the race increases numerically. Dropsy, fevers, agues, palsies, aye, all diseases are forerunners of dissolution.

We cannot enumerate the harbingers of death. Wherever man plants his sinful feet there you find them, all speaking of decay and separation of spirit and matter.

"*The living know*"—they cannot help knowing; we each have a monitor somewhere in our bodies to remind us of the fact. Every pain we have tells us that the seed of death is lodged in the fleshly tabernacle; and to say that we are in perfect health is not absolutely true. It can be true only relatively, for man is in an abnormal condition. Sin, the germ of death, is concealed in man's nature.

We remark also that we are admonished by many things in the sphere of nature

that the event happens to all living beings.—Wherever there is vitality there the king of terror displays his inexorable power. He has dominion over all things animate. It has been so since the fall of Adam, and will remain so until the abnormal order of things is changed. Death is the last enemy Christ puts under His feet.

The day comes and goes. The sun rises, the earth runs its course, the sun sets and night comes. Summer passeth away and winter follows. Nothing is stationary, immovably fixed, but everything is transitory, shifting, changing, passing away, even "time itself dies continually, nor can it exist one minute together." The luxuriant grass, the luscious fruit, the beautiful flowers, the mighty trees of the forest all decay, pass away in their fixed time. And what does it signify? Of what is it indicative? It means death. It is emblematical of man's mortality. The decay of the grass, the flowers and the trees of the forest admonish us of the way appointed unto all men. "*The living know.*" They have evidence upon evidence of it. Every mound in the burial places of the earth is unmistakable proof. The burial places are filled and being filled with the inanimate bodies of human beings that at one time lived in this present sphere of activity. The costly and magnificent monument tells you that the rich lies beneath mouldering into dust. The plain stone of cheapest quality tells you the poor lies under the ground returning to earth and ashes. In the city of the dead we have absolute social equality. There the noble and ignoble, the wise and the foolish, the holy and the profane, the old and the young, the Alexander enclosed in golden coffin, and the scavenger of the street nailed in pine box lie together as so much "common rubbish" amalgamating with one common mother earth. The grave-yards do not lie. They silently remind man of that which he knows.

The summer is gone and Autumn is here, and soon, soon nature around us will be stripped of its variegated robe of beauty, and we will be admonished that we too pass away, go out of this world as empty-handed as we came in, "*The living know.*" Nature tells them.

Every bell that tolls for the burial of the dead is a doleful proclamation of the havoc of death among men. Every coffin constructed by the skill of mechanics proves man's mortality. Every grave opened and again filled with the clods of earth is indicative that man is dust and again returns to dust. Every tombstone polished, or in rough, every marble slab with its accurate right angles and highly smoothed surface, every artistic monument, every green-tufted mound with its fragrant roses and forget-me-not flowers is the silent monitor that the living of the hour will be shortly no more. The funeral cortege and the habiliments of mourning are emblems that the living die. As one neighbor after another is followed by us to the silent chambers in the earth we are prescient of the ravaging tempest that is sure to overtake us.

What does it mean?—God is speaking to us. The shock you feel when you hear of the sudden death of a friend is one of God's voices admonishing you to watch and pray and be ready for the summons "to join in the innumerable caravan, that moves to that mysterious realm, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death." What does it mean? It signifies that the wages of sin is death; that through sin man has woe and misery, is wretched and deplorably helpless; that all men have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Not only slightly deviated from the path of virtue, or swerved from fixed principles of rectitude. No! it means that man has become a mass of corruption most offensive in the eyes of God, that mankind is besotted and vitiated with the filth of every abomination, and has imbibed the dregs of everything vile. It means that man has violated a just and holy law, profaned the divine name, become the devotee of carnality and the slave of Satan, polluted himself with the bitter apples of darkness, despised the benign authority of the Lord God. It means that God punisheth the sins and rebellious spirit of man. It means terror, indignation, wrath eternal for all who pass out of this sphere without hope in Christ Jesus. Physical death, separation of soul from body, means nothing

less. It is emblematical of eternal separation from God—second death—of those who slight God's love, spurn His mercy, and reject His offer of salvation by grace through the merits of Jesus. The Divine-human reconciled God to man. He is the way to the bosom of the Father. The mediator of a glorious covenant of love and mercy. Heb. 8: 5: 1 Jo. 2: 1, 2.

There is no gain in sinning against light and knowledge. There is no merit in gratifying the lust of the eye and the pride of life. There is no substantial good in laying up treasures where moth and rust do corrupt. God demands the soul, and he who improves the time need cherish no fears of death. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for *thou* art with me." Ps. 23: 4.

Death is king of terror to the sinful and impenitent, but not for those who fear God, who eschew the evil of sin and abide by faith in Christ Jesus as only deliverer and Saviour. For believers in Jesus Christ death has no substantial evils, they are only shadows passing away when the light and glory of the slain Lamb fall upon the soul as it enters the gates of the city of God.

Death is not annihilation. Man dies not like the beast of the field: he dies to live either "in rapture or in woe." Neither is death purgation. Man does not pass through its ordeal that thereby he may be purified from all stains of sin and thus become fitted for the enjoyment of heavenly society. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleaueth us from all sin." 1 Jo. 1: 7. Neither is the death of a sinner an atonement for his sins; no, not even an iota toward it. "Christ died for sin, the just for the unjust, to bring sinners to God, being put to death in the flesh." 1 Pet. 3: 18. Only he who dies in Jesus comes off more than conqueror. No form of death a sinner may possibly pass through will be of any eternal benefit to him, nor contribute to purify him unto holiness. To indulge the hope that death is annihilation, or purgation, or an atonement for a sinful life is delusion. "As the tree falls, there it shall be." Eccl. 11: 3. Man determines his future state before the hour of death. The work of salvation must be attended to before the

night cometh in which no man can work." Jo. 9: 4.

The paramount duty for every mortal should be to live as he wishes to die. And no one lives aright who does not live the life of faith in the Son of God. He is wise who accepts Jesus as Saviour for time and eternity; who applies God's antidote for sin to his polluted soul; who comes out of the estate of sin and death into the supernatural order of grace, life and salvation; who repents daily of his sins trusting implicitly in Jesus as his wisdom, righteousness, redemption and sanctification. Happy the man whose Christian life began in childhood, who gave his early and best period of life to the service of the Master and His church. Sweet and precious will be his end. For him to die is gain. Phil. 1: 21.

Every believer in Jesus can indulge in the hope of eternal felicity after the conflicts of this life. The happiness begins positively in the moment of death by the soul passing into the presence of Jesus enthroned in glory at God's right hand, but the superlative consummation of it will be effected in the morning of the resurrection when the sanctified soul will unite again with a body raised, spiritualized, refined, glorified. "For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. 5: 1. "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory." 1 Cor. 15: 53, 54.

The best part of repentance is little sinning.—*Arab.*

The contemplation of vice is vice.—*Arab.*

It is hard to chase and catch two hares.—*Arab.*

Two watermelons cannot be carried under one arm.—*Modern Greek.*

The handle of the axe is the enemy of its kind.—*Tamil.*

THE APPLE TREE.

From the German of Uhland.

BY THE EDITOR.

The inn was good, the host benign,
The lodgings pleased me greatly.
A golden apple was the sign
That from a branch swung stately.

Mine host, the good old apple tree,
He gave the invitation;
Of fruit and juice he spread for me
A bountiful collation.

And hastening to his mansion green
The guests came, gaily winging;
Full joyously they danced I ween,
And filled the air with singing.

I sought to rest, and found a bed
Upon the soft, green meadow;
Mine host himself across me spread
His cool and pleasant shadow.

I wished to pay: with shaking crest
My good old host said "Never!"
May choicest blessings on him rest,
From root to crown, forever!

FORCE OF CHARACTER ILLUSTRATED.

BY REV. J. E. GRAEFF.

Books have prefaces and music has preludes; but an attempt to illustrate character may as well be without preliminaries. For as drama illustrates drama, and as comedy best shows the jovial side of comedy, so character by all means most affecting, illustrates whatever force there is in it. The man that means business works rather than talks, and the illustrative writer, if he is wise, will give facts, and not promises as his vouchers.

In the winter of 1830-61, two young men were students at a college in Pennsylvania. They were room-mates and brothers in affection. One of them was a native of Tennessee, the other was born in the State in which the college was located. Both were earnest, Christian men, with sufficient energy of will to stand by their convictions. The one from the South was the son of a slaveholder, and firmly held the views of the people of his section relative to slavery and the right of secession. The Pennsylvanian was a decided abolitionist,

and stood by the supremacy of the national government and the cause of the Union with patriotic fervor. This was the only source of difference between the two.

One night, in April, 1861, they were at prayer meeting, and after they returned they heard that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. This fanned the fire of antagonism between them into a flame, and the flame was made to do its sorry work. They went to their room and discussed the event, and soon there was too much hot blood to keep the feelings under the control of calm sense. From words the fraternal chums came to blows. They fought long and hard; they fought until the furniture in the room was wrecked and turned into a heap of rubbish; they never stopped lashing each other with their tongues and pounding each other with their fists, until they were completely exhausted and covered with wounds and bruises. Then they parted, and each followed the bent of his own convictions. The one hastened back to his Southern home, joined the Confederate army, and fought to the bitter end; the other as promptly enlisted as a soldier of the Union, and fought bravely through the war. After the great conflict was over the Pennsylvanian returned to college, completed his academic course, and then studied theology. He has since become quite eminent in his profession. The Tennessean has risen to political prominence, and is recognized as a party leader in the current political struggles of his native State.

Some years after the war the two men met, and that in a very unexpected manner. The one in the ministry delivered a lecture on a subject connected with the history of the war. The other happened to be in the place at the time, saw the announcement of the lecture and went to hear it. The story of the fight in the room at college was related by the speaker. After the address was ended the soldier who had worn the gray, stepped on the platform and extended his hand to the lecturer, who immediately recognized his former chum and warmly grasped the proffered hand. Thus the old brotherly relations which had been so rudely and abruptly broken, were renewed after an interval of nearly twenty years.

This gives a tangible illustration, certainly, of what honest convictions can do, when they are backed up by warm blood and a lively, high-strung energy of will. It would not be well, as a rule, to do as these spirited college boys did, on that memorable April night, when the pugilistic demon from Charleston harbor got into their muscles. It is a pity that they could not discuss the vital issue of the day in a less barbarous and cruel manner. But greater is the pity that the evil genius of war was in the air, and that the brave young gladiators had caught the inspiration and were simply playing a sad but significant prelude to the grand march which was soon to follow. It is in place now to divest this personal rencounter of its indecorous accompaniment of cuffs and blows, and to let it pass as a sign of youthful energy which, if properly directed, leads to a nobility of manhood in the presence of which all right thinking people instinctively bow. And, by the way, taking the world as it is, a high temper with a corresponding aptitude to use one's clinched fists as a weapon of war in the defence of honest personal convictions, may be the propelling force of the noblest kind of character. Such energy will readily accomplish what passive natures fail to reach. That Pennsylvania College boy was the son of poor parents. He got his education by his own personal energy, and now he is a successful minister of the Gospel of peace. He loves to talk of his early trials and boyish mistakes; but whenever he refers to the little war which turned up between himself and his Southern chum, he always smiles and says—"The war is over now."

It is not fortune that makes a man. Easy circumstances may help to make the road to eminence and usefulness smooth or level, and the favored children of fortune may secure the advantages of a liberal culture with less painful effort than those who have to work their way up through the narrow channels of pinching deficiencies. Still it remains true that fortune does not make a man, if he by personal effort does not make himself. Under the influence of wealth many grow effeminate, but hardships are educators of manly qualities provided the will is sufficiently firm to

grapple with them and turn them to good account. The oak is shaken by the winds and sometimes rudely bent by the storm, but for all that its roots strike deeper into the soil, its crown is lifted higher towards the sky, and its boughs spread like a broad canopy in majestic circumference and cone. The poor that rise by the force of their will and the use of their own powers, will be practically in a condition to use their gain as those who have never been thrown on their own resources in reaching their ends will not be likely to do. Therefore, if the young cannot avoid getting out of the line of strict propriety under an occasional high pressure of vital controversy, it is better beyond peradventure that they give each other a sound drubbing for the sake of opinion, than that they grow up destitute of a keen sense of personal responsibility only fit to act the craven in the face of plain duty. It is manhood that is needed, and if this should unfortunately grow pugnacious, then let it be curbed and generously trained, but let not the boy be prevented from being father to the man by a most vigorous use of the keenest energies of his soul.

A traveler may stop short in his course to contemplate the ruin caused by a great volcanic eruption. He may be caught by a terrific thunder gust amid the eternal snows of Alpine glaciers. He may stand aghast in view of the wrecks of a mad hurricane, or of an appalling earthquake. But for all this he will not embrace the notion that these are the ordinary manifestations of the energies of nature. He knows that they come only now and then, as violent but sometimes necessary exceptions. As he passes to and fro in the earth, he sees that the ordinary flow of the forces of nature is as placid and as full of good cheer, as the occasional disturbances are full of terror. Aggressive energy often reaches its goal with such audacious speed, brilliancy, and prestige, that many are dazzled and led to think that this is the only kind of force of character worthy of imitation. Yet even the bravest military chieftain is greater in the arts of a masterly strategy, than in direct bloody assault, and should he shudder in view of the horrid scenes scattered over the battle

ground of his victorious forces, he would prove himself a better model for the inspiration of genuine bravery than he could while being under the inciting pressure of the clash of arms. There are forces of human character which lead to greatness and renown, without ever entering the pathways of violent or demonstrative aggression. Such are the qualities of those popular mortals who, very now and then, come to the front with a full cargo of ready wit and draw men after them by the pleasant charms of their genial humor.

Once upon a time there was a school-master in one of the small principalities of Southern Germany, now belonging to the Russian empire, who kept a wooden horse in his school-room for the purpose of punishing unruly pupils. There was a boy in that school, a lad of tender years but of manly wit. He had a keen sense of self-helpfulness in cases of trying emergency, and never failed to make use of strategy to get out of trouble. He was as full of mischief as he was ready in schemes for escape from difficulty. One day the master caught him in a boyish trick, for which he made him mount the penal steed. The merry lad soon came to the conclusion that there was but very little fun in this sort of equestrian drill, and he made up his mind to get out of it at any venture. So he called his wits to his aid, and, on the plea of necessity, he politely asked permission to withdraw for a few minutes. Of course the request was granted, and the cunning rider dismounted and went out. Soon he returned with a wad of hay under his arm, which he brought from the parochial barn-yard, and now came the tug of war in the trial of the youngster's wit. The master gruffly and with angry mien demanded why he was carrying that bundle of hay into the school. The lad politely responded thus—"Your worship will please to graciously bear in mind that I am compelled to make a long journey, and that on the back of a very lean horse, a mode of traveling to which I am not at all accustomed. And you are aware that persons of my tender age generally like comfort a great deal better than painful inconvenience. You see, Sir, that the back bone of this animal is rather unusually sharp and angular, and

as your worship has not provided a saddle, the thought flashed into my mind that a wad of hay might be used as a sort of cushion instead of a saddle, and that afterwards the horse might eat the hay and get into better condition for future use." And suiting the action to the word, the daring adventurer clapped his bundle on the back of the penal steed and promptly mounted, thus giving a ludicrous demonstration of his practical horsemanship. This was a perilous piece of witticism for a Teutonic school-boy of such tender age in the Fatherland, especially under the rigid regime of a century or two ago, but the very audacity of the deed speedily brought the coveted release. The whole school bust out into a roar of laughter, and the stern pedagogue, in spite of his lofty sense of his official dignity, could not refrain from joining in the chorus. He ordered the rider to dismount and take his seat among the pupils, and the lad obeyed of course with the proud consciousness of having gained a bloodless but grand victory.

Thus we have a dramatic illustration of the force of wit, a veritable comedy of keen flashy humor. It was indeed a piece of innocent trickery, performed in an amusing homespun boyish style, but it indicated the presence of unusual capacity in the actor. He evidently had in him the elements of a strong character. His wiry boy nature developed into the shrewd and powerful diplomatist. He stood in the presence of kings and princes, and received the homage of the best man of his day in consideration of his character and genius. He made a brilliant beginning in the parochial school of his native village, but afterwards on the broad field of European politics he showed himself a born humorist with tenfold greater splendor. In the history of his life there lies not one incident the contemplation of which gives any just cause for regret, and his case may be cited as a powerful inducement to give vigorous culture to whatever capacity for striking humor may be imbedded in the make-up of one's latent power.

"Variety is the spice of life." So the people say proverbially. It is, however, to be feared that many say so, and yet do not realize the full force of what they

utter. The proverb is as wide in its application as the universe, and in its plain practical bearings it reaches out into all the relations of the physical, the mental, and the moral world. There is one planet in our solar system which has two rings and seven moons, certainly a grand variety taken by itself. If Saturn has inhabitants they enjoy the privilege of gazing at illuminated arches spanning the sky like rainbows, while they at the same time bask in the mellow rays of several lunar satellites. Still, if they look out into the length and breadth of the celestial hemispheres, they will see that their own planetary world is but a speck in the broad bosom of the boundless all, notwithstanding the munificence and magnitude of its arrangement. The scenery of earth, when measured by the scenery of the heavens, may be small and even mean, but it is grand and noble still. There are individualisms in the planet and animal world which, taken as isolated productions, are things both of strength and of beauty; but when we meet them in combined force, they often rise to a sublimity of grandeur before which the mind bows with instinctive awe. Yet the glory of the human mind is of a higher order than all this, and it is also more grandly various in its world transcending powers. If fire, energy, and pungent wiry wit, have great influence in the social arena, there is still an army of cardinal graces which are equally destined to shine in the unlimited flare of human progress, though they shine with a splendor peculiar to themselves.

If we would take the spot where the historic tree grows under the shadow of which the immortal Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, as the centre of a given radius, we would hardly reach the circumference in any direction without finding personages who lay no claim to the mental peculiarities had under review, and who still have great force of character. We may, for instance, select an individual noted particularly for retiring modesty. This personage will not likely ever go for an antagonist with clinched fists, or pelt him with the ugly missives of an angry tongue. And it is certainly not probable that he will ride into position and

power by the force of a charming witticism. Nevertheless he is in possession of powers that place him squarely on a level with others who have risen to eminence and fame. The natural turn of his mind is perhaps of that philosophic cast, which is somewhat heavy in its movements and comes to its goal by laborious but substantial progression. What in some is spontaneous may come out of him only by vigorous drilling. Walter Scott had in him the capacity of a first class novelist, but he only became a noted *belles lettres* writer of immortal fame by long continued heroic self-culture. It should not be surprising if this experience of Sir Walter would be repeated in the prolific soil of our new world. Perhaps we may not find so masterly a model within our given radius, but then we may discover more than one character somewhat similar to his. And now let us suppose that our hero has not been as sorely tried as Lavengro, who with his manuscripts under his arm paid his respects to the publishers but was greeted with a significant shake of the head, on the ground that his productions were out of date and would not sell. It will harmonize better with his modest temper to suppose that his literary aspirations, if he has any, have never led him into the notion to venture out before the public as a maker or translator of books. Yet we must suppose that he has made a point, and that a vital one, though he has not attempted to win popular applause by any marked public career. If he can but look back on any serious failures with an audible smile; if he can meet defeat with philosophic composure, and deal with it as a blessing in disguise; and if he is young and frisky in spirit as a jovial school-boy of tender years, though the hoary period of his earthly pilgrimage has already left its marks upon him, he is the model man we went in search for when we started out from the historic centre of the foundation of this great Commonwealth. And now that we have found him and have looked into his modest but manly face, we are about ready to say upon our sacred honor that this personage will never die of disappointed ambition, and that he will just as little fail to make his mark from want of manly energy.

But the spicy part of life is life. The power to grow, to become more perfect, is greater than the power merely to exist. Individual character is destined to develop beyond any known boundaries, and so to develop is to enjoy the variety of life in the true sense. And the race moves onward and upward, and reaps the benefit of this progress as it moves. In all this lies a glorious variety, and this is the spice of which life is made up.

Goethe, the great German poet and versatile scholarly champion of intellectual progress, frequently spent hours in conversation with his personal friends. Among these he was an intellectual monarch, though many of the most gifted minds of his classic age were gathered around him. At these social gatherings earnest discussions were had on the topics of the day, especially on such as particularly agitated the mind of Europe at that time. Of course there was often a radical difference of opinion, some being timidly or obstinately conservative, while others went headlong for change and revolution. But the great master spirit of the circle always held the reins, and played the role of umpire between its conflicting tendencies. One night, after a long and somewhat fiery discussion of the conflict of opinions and its probable results, he addressed himself to a particular lady friend with a characteristic gracefulness of demeanor, and told her he was much surprised to find that so gifted and intelligent a representative of the sex as she was, could be so seriously moved by these troubles. "We men," said he, "are apt to lose ourselves in the regions of abstract thought, and therefore to get alarmed at, or out of patience with, what we cannot measure by the rule and square of our logic. But you women are constantly engaged with what is practical and tangible. You cook, bake, and do a multitude of other things of the kind in daily routine, and sometimes you turn your houses literally upside down for the purpose of cleansing, renovating, and beautifying them. And if we lords of the rougher gender would interfere with these notions of house-wifery, you would greet us with the sharp end of your tongue, or perhaps with the specific ultra gravitation of

your broomstick. But when the temple of thought is being swept and dusted, you tremble, you protest." Here he paused, but no reply was made. The majesty of his genius seemed to hold every one present in absolute submission. He smiled and in a vein of admirable good humor he delivered himself of one of those classic perorations, which he had always at command. He pointed to the sky and said; "That starry vault will not cave in, though a thousand forces run against its eternal arches. And just so the war ideas will never ruin the temple of human progress." Again he paused but still there was a deathlike silence. Finally he proceeded, with a placid air, to wind up in these words: "There is unity in all this conflicting diversity, even in the midst of apparent utter confusion and ruin; and positively there will always be diversity in unity, as the voice of universal history plainly testifies. Be not alarmed, my friends, at the war of differences, since after the storm a pleasant and refreshing calm is sure to follow."

Then he rose and made his exit, gracefully bidding every one present good-night. Now his particular lady friend awoke as out of a revery and ejaculated: "Well, doubtless there is more truth than poetry in the reminder that we women are so largely occupied with our domestic pursuits, that we have but little capacity for these higher flights for which our lords of the rougher gender are so noted. But if our princely champion, with prophetic eye, has indeed, caught the dawn of a better day, it is to be hoped that at its coming our masculine companions will be so gentle and humane, that we will need the use neither of our tongues nor of our broomsticks to keep them in their places."

At this juncture all retired, pleased that the evening was so pleasantly and so profitably spent.

TEMPERANCE CREDIT.—Young man if you contemplate a business career, you cannot look at your habits too carefully. Your aim in life is to be successful; with bad habits it is impossible to be successful or respected—Matters that seem of small importance to you may become in future the turning point

in your career, either up or down, as they have many a man before you. In illustration of this we take the following anecdote from one of the New York dailies:

Horace B. Claflin, one of the most prominent and wealthy dry goods merchants of New York, was alone in his office one afternoon when a pale, careworn young man timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claflin," said he, "I have been unable to meet certain payments because parties failed to do by me as they agreed to do, and I would like to borrow \$10,000. I come to you because you have been a friend to my father, to my mother, and might be a friend to me." "Come in," said Claflin, "come in and take a glass of wine."

"No, I don't drink."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the merchant, "I would like to accommodate you but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room. "I thought perhaps you might—good day, sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Claflin, "you don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke, nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Claflin, with tears in his eyes, "you shall have it. Your father let me have \$5,000 once, and asked me the same question. No thanks—I owed it to you for your father's sake."—*Exchange.*

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

When Grief shall come to thee,
Think not to flee,
For Grief, with steady pace,
Will win the race;
Nor crowd her forth with Mirth,
For at thy hearth,
When Mirth is tired and gone,
Will Grief sit on;
But make of her thy friend,
And in the end
Her counsels will grow sweet;
And, with swift feet,
Three lovelier than she
Will come to thee—
Calm Patience, Courage strong,
And Hope—ere long.

—H. R. Eliot.

OUR CABINET.

ANECDOTE OF A REFORMED MINISTER.

Rev. John Gobrecht, who was pastor of Zion's Church, Allentown, more than fifty years ago, bore the reputation of being an exceedingly prudent man. This characteristic is well illustrated by an incident which is said to have happened during his early ministry. He had an appointment to preach in a country church. When he arrived there, on Sunday morning, he found the people gathered around the school-house, near the church, evidently very much excited. While waiting for the minister they had begun to quarrel on a question of astronomy. The school-master, who was also organist of the church, was said to have taught the children, that the earth revolved around the sun. Many of the older people believed such a doctrine to be absurd and unscriptural, and had no hesitation in declaring that the teacher ought to be immediately dismissed. A younger party, who had been better educated, attempted to defend him, but found it difficult to give reasons for accepting a doctrine which they evidently did not fully understand. The two parties had wrangled until they seemed to be on the verge of a personal conflict, but on the arrival of the minister they appealed to him to decide the question. It was very evident that they severally sought his influence in support of preconceived notions, and that all he could say would not have changed the mind of a single individual. The pastor was an intelligent man, and of course entertained a scientific view of the subject; but he felt at once that to attempt to decide the question would accomplish no real good and might greatly increase the prevailing excitement. He therefore simply said: "These things do not concern our salvation. Let us go into the church and worship God." Silently the whole congregation followed him into its place of worship; and there the pastor

preached a sermon on the proper observance of the Lord's Day, in which he took occasion to reprove the people for desecrating the day by their shameful contentions concerning a secular subject. After the services not another word was said; the people felt ashamed of their conduct and quietly went home. The teacher went on teaching as before, and the pastor employed his influence in gently removing the prejudices of his people. In a few years another generation appeared upon the scene, which had no difficulty in believing that the earth revolves around the sun.

THE FRUITFUL TREE.

Some think that life should have no strife,
But I do not.

The tree, deep in the forest shades,
Where neither wind nor storm invades,
Though it may tall and shapely be,
Is yet a weak and strengthless tree.

Some think that life should be all strife,
But I do not.

The tree out on the prairie plain,
That aye must fight the hurricane,
Though it may tough and hardy be,
Is yet a gnarled and stunted tree.

Some wish in life both peace and strife,
And so do I.

The tree that in the garden grows,
When sun now shines and storm now blows,
Although it may not perfect be,
Is yet a fair and fruitful tree.

—Edward B. Haskell (16 years old).

WE ARE NATURAL BELIEVERS.—
Truth, or the connection between cause and effect, alone interests us. We are persuaded that a thread runs through all things; all worlds are strung on it, as beads; and men, and events, and life come to us only because of that thread; they pass and repass, only that we may know the direction and continuity of that line.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

HOW THEY FOOLED HIM.

BY THE EDITOR.

Some boys have excellent capacities for acquiring knowledge, but are lamentably deficient in wisdom. Tom Williams was a boy of this sort. While he attended primary school he had no difficulty in leading his class. His teachers were astonished at his progress, and felt certain that he would some day do great things. After a while he was sent away to school, and there it was seen at once that he might easily stand "head and shoulders" above any student in the institution. This did not suit a set of lazy boys, who would have had to work hard to keep close in his rear, and they at once undertook to fool him. They told him that the good scholars were always stupid fellows, who wasted their time in hard study, when they might be enjoying themselves, and making themselves generally popular. The good opinion of the teachers, they said, was a thing which was prized by no one but a set of miserable "suckers." So they fooled him, and when the day of graduation came, Tom ranked lower than men who had not a tithe of his ability.

After a while Tom entered a profession. He might easily have achieved eminence, but young men, very much like those he had met at school, gathered round him, and persuaded him that folks are not liked when they "try to be smarter than their neighbors." "Hard study," they said, "does not pay, and the man who studies least is sure to be most successful." Tom believed them, and is now creeping along at the foot of his profession when he might easily be standing at the top. So they fooled him again. Tom Williams had been reared in a Christian home. His early training had not been entirely wasted, and for a while, after reaching

manhood, he attended church and Sunday-school. He meant to do well, but his old companions knew his weakness, and once more they succeeded in fooling him. When they saw that he began to take an interest in the church they called him a "bigot," or something worse. It was precisely the course which they had pursued at school, and it produced the same results. Tom began to neglect his religious duties, and to court popularity by imitating the worst of his associates.

Tom Williams is but a type of thousands of young men who fail to realize the fact that life is a school preparatory to a higher career and that it is the part of wisdom to make the best use of our opportunities. How do such persons expect to stand the final examination?

A CROP OF P's.

Dr. Cuyler has written an excellent article for the "Sunday School Times" which he called "The Four P's." These P's, he tells us, are *Painstaking*, *Patience*, *Perseverance*, and *Prayer*. Without any one of these the work of a Sunday-school teacher must be maimed and imperfect. With them we may be sure that our labors in the Lord's garden are bringing fruit unto eternal life. We hope every youthful gardener will be emulous of raising such a crop of P's.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—Our abiding belief is that just as the workmen in tunnel of St. Gothard, working from either end, met at last to shake hands in the very central root of the mountain, so students of nature and students of Christianity will yet join in the unity of reason and faith in the heart of their deepest mysteries.—*Dr. L. Moss.*

FOURTH SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT.

LESSON VI.

November 5, 1882.

JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.—MARK 14: 55-72.

Commit to memory verses 61-62.

55. And the chief priests and all the council sought for witness against Jesus to put him to death; and found none.

56. For many bare false witness against him, but their witness agreed not together.

57. And there arose certain, and bare false witness against him, saying,

58. We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands.

59. But neither so did their witness agree together.

60. And the high priest stood up in the midst, and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee?

61. But he held his peace, and answered nothing. Again the high priest asked him, and said unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?

62. And Jesus said, I am; and ye shall see the son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

63. Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith, What need we any further witnesses?

64. Ye have heard the blasphemy; what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death.

65. And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to buffet him, and to say unto him, Prophecy; and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands.

66. And as Peter was beneath in the palace, there cometh one of the maids of the high priest:

67. And when she saw Peter warming himself, she looked upon him, and said, And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth.

68. But he denied, saying, I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest. And he went out into the porch; and the cock crew.

69. And a maid saw him again, and began to say to them that stood by, This is one of them.

70. And he denied it again. And a little after, they that stood by said again, to Peter, Surely thou art one of them: for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth thereto.

71. But he began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not this man of whom ye speak.

72. And the second time the cock crew. And Peter called to mind the word that Jesus said unto him, Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice. And when he thought thereon he wept.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE FALSE WITNESSES. Vs. 55-59.
2. THE FAITHFUL WITNESS. Vs. 60-65.
3. THE FALLEN WITNESS. Vs. 66-72.

GOLDEN TEXT: "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." Is. 53: 3.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 55. Sought witnesses—i. e. "false witnesses." Two were needed. To put Him to death—not to get at the truth in a fair trial. *58.* Destroy this temple; He meant His body. (John 2: 19). *60.* Answerest Thou nothing? It is often useless to reply to slander. *61.* Art Thou the Christ? i. e. The Messiah-king? The Blessed: God. *62.* I am; Jesus' own claim of being the Saviour, and SON of God. Also the JUDGE. *63.* Rent His clothes, in token of horror and indignation. *64.* Blasphemy—evil speaking against God. *65.* Prophecy—tell who smote thee. *66-68.* Cock crew, about midnight. Peter's first denial of Christ. *69-70.* Denied it again, second denial. Speech agreeth; the Galilean brogue was apparent. *71-72.* The third denial was with curses, A sad, deep fall. Second cock crowing, about 3 or 4 o'clock. He wept; a warning to us all.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 45. What doth the Resurrection of Christ profit us?

Ans. First: by His resurrection He hath overcome death, that He might make us partakers of that righteousness which He had pur-

chased for us by His death. Secondly, we are also by His power raised up to a new life, And lastly, the resurrection of Christ is a sure pledge of our blessed resurrection.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 55. Where was this Council held? Who presided over it? Was this the first, or second stage of His trial? What did the council seek? Did they find true witnesses? How many did their law require? (Deut. 17: 6).

56-59. What kind of witnesses came? What was lacking in their testimony? What particular charge did they bring at last? What temple did Jesus mean?

60-62. What did Caiaphas say about Christ's silence? Why did Jesus not answer? See Golden text also. What direct appeal did the priest next make? What was Christ's reply? What did He thus claim to be? What else?

63-64. Why did Caiaphas rend his clothes? What sin did he charge against Jesus? Was it true or false? What did the council vote?

65. How was Jesus treated? Who did it? Does a decent court ever allow such things? Did Jesus know beforehand that He would be treated thus? (See Mark 10: 33-34).

66-68. Where was Peter at the end of last lesson? Who charged him with being a follower of Christ? What did he do? Was that manly? Of what sin was he guilty? At what hour of the night was this?

69-72. How often did Peter deny? Had the number of times been foretold? What language did he use at last? Of what sin was he now guilty? What betrayed him? At what hour, about, is the second cock-crowing? What did Peter then recollect? What did he do? What led to this? (Luke 22: 61).

LESSON HYMNS: { "How oft, alas! this wretched heart."
"Jesus, let Thy pitying eye."
"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord."

LESSON VI.

Nov. 5, 1882.

Fourth Sunday before Advent.

I. THE FALSE WITNESSES.

All the Council—the Sanhedrin. The judges sat on cushions in a half circle, Caiaphas in the centre, and the oldest next to him on each side. The Prisoner stood before the high priest; and now the trial, wrongly so-called, began. *They sought for witnesses*; this was the more necessary, because no one appeared who had ought to charge against Jesus. They must rake up the slums, as it were, to find men who would swear to a falsehood. They found none—that is, none who knew anything that was really against Him. It was necessary to have two witnesses; and their testimony must agree. They could not find such witnesses. Verse 56 explains this. Many bare false witness against Him, but their witness agreed not together. Then was the time for a certain clique to be heard. *We heard Him say, I will destroy this temple, &c.* Jesus had not said so; but, *Destroy this temple, &c.* That is, if His enemies would destroy the temple, *He would rebuild it in three days.* He spake of *His body*, however, not of the Jewish house of worship. There was surely no hostility to the temple in this—nothing that could condemn Jesus. Even on this matter their story did not agree. It is not easy for error and falsehood to be consistent with themselves; but Truth is consistent, every part agreeing with every other, like a beautiful palace.

II. THE FAITHFUL WITNESS.

The high priest and the council were baffled in their efforts to find any testimony against Jesus sufficient to justify a sentence of death. But they would not give up the attempt; they would put Him on the witness stand, and extort some word from His lips which they could pervert, so as to prove Him guilty of blasphemy. *The high priest stood up and asked Jesus, etc.* This was an attempt to make the Prisoner implicate Himself—"a proceeding utterly abhorrent to the spirit and practice of the English law, though familiar to the codes and courts of other nations, both in ancient and in modern times." (*Alexander*). *Answerest thou nothing?*

Will you give no explanation of the words used by you? Does your silence give consent to the charge of hostility to the temple?

But He held His peace, and answered nothing. (1). He showed His patience under slander, and gave us an example: "When He was reviled, He reviled not again." (2). Nor would He explain the meaning of His words at such a time and place, and before such an audience. *He held His peace.* "When He answered not, He was silent as the sheep; when He answered, He taught as the Shepherd." (*Augustine*).

Again the high priest asked Him, *Art Thou the Christ?* He and all the Jews were expecting the Messiah; but could this be He, *the Son of the Blessed?* Tell us so, if Thou art. Hear the answer of "the Faithful Witness: *I am.* Thus He testified that He was the Messiah, the Anointed One of God, the Son of the Father. He did so under oath; for the high priest had said: I adjure thee by the living God, tell us, etc." Jesus gave His answer at the peril of His life, fully knowing what meaning the council would attach to His words—namely, that they were blasphemous. He knew, too, what meaning all believers to the end of time would give to His words—namely, that He is Divine, the Savior of men, and worthy of worship and Divine honor. *Ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, etc.* "The Son of the Blessed" is also "the Son of Man;" He who is now degraded before an earthly judge will "come in the clouds of heaven," as Judge of the living and the dead.

The answer of Jesus was enough for the purposes of Caiaphas; *he rent his clothes*, in sign of utter abhorrence. *What need we any farther witnesses?* He pronounced Christ's reply *blasphemy*—that is, because a Man claimed Divine Sonship and honor. *What think ye? Guilty of death*, was their reply. Did they all think so? Then Joseph and Nicodemus must have been absent, or else their protest was silent, or drowned by the clamor; for they consented not unto His death.

But the Jews were not allowed to put any one to death; the Romans had the exclusive power over life and death. All that the council could do, however,

was done: they spit upon Him, mocked Him, and struck Him with the palms of their hands. Thus ended the *second* stage of the trial.

III. THE FALLEN WITNESS.—On this occasion Peter, (the rock,) showed but little of the stability of the rock. He was in the company of *enemies* and felt *afraid*; no doubt he also felt *ashamed* of his Galilean origin. Even “a maid” caused him to quail, and deny his Master. The cock crew, a warning to him. The maid persisted in her claim that he was a follower of Jesus, and now began to *tell it to them that stood by*. This increased his alarm, and he denied it again. Then they that stood by took up the charge: *Surely thou art one of them, and * * thy speech agreeth thereto*. His Galilean *brogue* betrayed him. And he denied with curses, and thus became “the faithless witness.” A second time the cock crew, and Peter recollected the words of Jesus, and his own boast: “though all should forsake, yet will I never.” His heart melts, and he weeps bitter tears of shame and sorrow. It is said that he, all his life long, rose at the cock crowing, and prayed. Do likewise, when you deny your Lord.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

Since the death of Longfellow, “the Quaker poet,” Whittier, is generally regarded as holding the highest position in American literature. In a letter just published in a London periodical, he proves that he possesses a greatness of character which is worthy of his genius. In one of his early poems, “Mogy Megone,” he had reflected on the character of John Bonython, one of the early settlers of Maine, and it must be confessed that he had some historical authority for his unfavorable remarks. Recently one of Bonython’s remote descendants, living in Australia, wrote to Mr. Whittier, inquiring for the sources of his information, and suggesting that if there was no sufficient proof for his statements, that the fact might be stated in a note in subsequent editions of his works. In reply he received the following generous letter:

Amesburg, Mass., U. S., 9 mo. 15, 1881.

JOHN LANGDON BANYTHON, ESQ.,

Dear Friend,—Thy letter has just reached me. The poem referred to was written in my boyish days, when I knew little of colonial history or anything else, and was included in my published writings by my publisher against my wishes. I think thou art right in regard to John Bonython. I knew nothing of him save what I found in the *Hist. of Saco*, and supposed the name and race extinct, as I never heard of the name on this side of the water. If possible, I shall have the entire poem omitted—if not, I will cheerfully add the note suggested. I thank thee for calling my attention to the matter, as I would not knowingly do injustice to any one, living or dead.

I am, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LIFE’S VOYAGE.

My bark is wafted on the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand.
Other than mine.

One who was known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the roaring of the gale
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, ’tis short; if long, ’tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! safe to the land!
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand-in-hand
Far into bliss.—Dean Alford.

BAD BARGAINS.—Once a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

“I do,” replied a boy. “Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.”

A second said: “Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.”

A third boy observed: “Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul.”

THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT.

LESSON VII.

Nov. 12, 1882.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE. MARK 15: 1-15.

Commit to memory verses 12-15.

1. And straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council, and bound Jesus, and carried *him* away, and delivered *him* to Pilate.

2. And Pilate asked him. Art thou the King of the Jews? And he answering said unto him, Thou sayest it.

3. And the chief priests accused him of many things; but he answered nothing.

4. And Pilate asked him again, saying, Answerest thou nothing? behold how many things they witness against thee.

5. But Jesus yet answered nothing; so that Pilate marvelled.

6. Now at *that* feast he released unto them one prisoner, whomsoever they desired.

7. And there was *one* named Barabbas, *which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection.*

8. And the multitude crying aloud began to desire *him to do as he had ever done unto them.*

9. But Pilate answered them, saying, Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

10. For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy.

11. But the chief priests moved the people, that he should rather release Barabbas unto them.

12. And Pilate answered and said again unto them, What will ye then that I shall do unto *him whom ye call the King of the Jews?*

13. And they cried out again, Crucify him.

14. Then Pilate said unto them, Why, what evil hath he done? And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify him.

15. And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged *him, to be crucified.*

OUTLINE: { 1. THE QUESTION OF THE JUDGE. Vs. 1-2.
2. THE SILENCE OF THE PRISONER. Vs. 3-5.
3. THE PEOPLE'S WICKED CHOICE. Vs. 6-15.

GOLDEN TEXT: "He is despised and rejected of men." Isaiah 53: 3.

INSTRUCTION.

For the full history read MATT. 27: 1-26. LUKE 23: 1-25. JOHN 18: 28-40. Notice the following four stages of His trial: (1) Jesus before the Sanhedrin; (2) before Pilate; (3) before Herod; (4) again before Pilate. Six stages in all.

Verse 1. A consultation, a regular meeting of the Sanhedrin on Friday morning. To Pilate, the Roman Governor, who alone had power to put to death. 2. King of the Jews—i. e., the Messiah. Thou sayest it—it is true; I am. 3-5. False charges are not answered. Silence is the best reply. 6. Released a prisoner, in order to please the people. 7. Barabbas, a political prisoner. 9. Pilate wished to release Jesus. 10. Envy; the Jewish teachers were jealous of the great Teacher. 11. A murderer was preferred to Jesus. 12. What shall I do with Jesus? A perplexing question. 13. Crucify Him, instead of Barabbas, who would have met such a fate. 15. Willing to content the people—a weak, cowardly man's indecision. Delivered Jesus, and yet believed Him innocent. "He suffered under Pontius Pilate."

CATECHISM.

Ques. 46. How dost thou understand these words, "He ascended into heaven?"

Ans. That Christ, in sight of His disciples,

was taken up from the earth into heaven; and that He continues there for our interest, until He come again to judge the quick and the dead.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 1. What was done early on Friday morning? Who were present? To whom did they deliver Jesus? Why? (See John 18: 32). What did Judas do about this time? (Matt 27: 3-10).

2-5. What was the question of the Judge? Did our Lord acknowledge the title? What accusation did the Jews make? (Luke 23: 2). Did they say anything about blasphemy now? Why not? What kind of kingdom did Jesus say His is? (See John 18: 36-38). Did Pilate pronounce Jesus guilty, or innocent?

6-7. What custom had Pilate introduced? What notable prisoner was there? What was he?

9-10. Whom did Pilate wish to release? What feeling did he regard as the cause of Jesus' condemnation?

11. Who incited the rabble to demand the release of Barabbas?

12. What perplexing question did Pilate ask? Do you accept Him, or reject Him?

13-14. What demand did the crowd make? Was crucifixion a Jewish, or Roman mode of punishment? Were any but slaves and traitors crucified?

15. What was Pilate willing to do? What did he do first to Jesus? What next? Do you crucify Him afresh, and put Him to an open shame? (Heb. 6: 6).

LESSON HYMNS: { "What shall I do with Jesus?"
"To Christ, the Prince of Peace."

LESSON VII. NOV. 12, 1882.

Third Sunday before Advent.

I. THE QUESTION OF THE JUDGE.

In the morning a consultation. Third stage of the trial. This meeting was a morning session, convened to ratify formally what had been done before with haste and informality. The night was not the time to hold a trial; there was no full attendance, perhaps. It seemed necessary that a regularly-called council should condemn the Lord; and now they bound Jesus, and carried Him away, and delivered Him to Pilate. This they did, because they had no power to put Him to death, as Pilate had. Thus with His delivery to Pilate, the fourth stage in His trial began.

And Pilate asked Him, Art Thou the King of the Jews? Why such a question? What has it to do with the charge of blasphemy, brought by the Jewish court? Nothing whatever. Pilate cared nothing about the Jewish religion, or temple, or anything concerning their laws. Hence these cunning rulers had brought a different charge against Jesus, and laid it before the Governor. This Galilean claims to be *the King of the Jews*, and as such wishes to excite a political revolution, and wrest Judea from the hands of Cæsar. They brought the charge of a political offense. He refuses to "pay tribute to Cæsar, saying that Himself is Christ, the King." Hence Pilate's question: *Art Thou the King of the Jews?* The enemies of Jesus thus declared Him to be such a temporal king as they desired; and in that character they delivered Him up to the heathen Pilate.

The answer of Christ was explicit: *Thou sayest it*; that is, what you say is true. In John 18: 33-38 we have the full reply of Jesus. "My kingdom is not of this world, * * else would My servants fight. * * To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice."

The effect of these words on Pilate was very great. He was convinced that Jesus was no exciter of revolt, no ambitious demagogue or zealot, but a King in the realm of truth, not of force. Hence it was that Pilate sought to release Jesus.

II. THE SILENCE OF THE PRISONER.

The chief priests accused Him of many things; to which He answered nothing; so that *Pilate marvelled*. He then sent Jesus to Herod, (Luke 23: 5-12), whose soldiers treated Him shamefully. This was the fifth stage in the trial. Herod returned Him to Pilate; who thereupon made this declaration: "I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in this man; * * no, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him; and lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto Him. I will therefore chastise Him and release Him."

Mark tells of the custom which Pilate had introduced—namely, setting a prisoner free on festive occasions, to deepen the general joy. He now sought to avail himself of this custom by releasing Jesus.

III. THE PEOPLE'S WICKED CHOICE.

The Jewish rulers were cunning enough to defeat Pilate's good intention. They have already determined who shall be released—Barabbas. "He was plainly a ringleader in one of those fierce outbreaks against the Roman denomination which fast succeeded one another in the latter days of the Jewish commonwealth." "It is remarkable that this man was confessedly guilty of the very crime with which the priests and rulers had falsely charged Jesus—that of sedition; and no plainer proof of their hypocrisy could be given to the watchful Pilate, than their efforts to release the former and to condemn the latter."

Bar-Abbas—"son of the Father." He came as "a false Christ," a would-be political deliverer, who made insurrection, and had committed murder. Him the rulers preferred to Christ, the Deliverer from sin; and now they persuaded the people to make the same wicked choice.

Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews? We must give Pilate credit for good intentions. He knew the spirit which actuated the Jewish rulers: he knew that the chief priests had delivered Him for envy. Jesus was a more popular Teacher than they, and this they could not tolerate. They "moved the people that he should rather release Barabbas." It is "no marvel to see murderers desire a murderer."

What shall I do with Jesus? This was a perplexing question with Pilate; and it is with many. What shall we do with Him, if we choose Him not as our Lord and Saviour? *They cried out, Crucify Him!* Why so painful and shameful a death? *What evil hath He done?* Pilate asks. And the only answer he receives is a fiercer shout: *Crucify Him!* The mob was now fully aroused, and Pilate quailed before their anger; and willing to content the people, released Barabbas, but scourged Jesus and handed Him over to be crucified. The weak, pitiful judge, that knew the right, but feared to bear witness to it.

The scourging was terribly painful, and often resulted in the death of the victim. He was "stripped to the waist, his hands bound on his back, and he was then tied in a stooping posture to a pillar or post. He was then beaten, till the soldiers chose to stop, with knots of rope, or plaited leather thongs, armed at the end with acorn-shaped drops of lead, or small sharp-pointed bones." Many prisoners died under the scourge. Our Lord did not, however, being reserved for a still more painful end.

TELEGRAPH ENEMIES.

Spiders in Japan seriously affect the usefulness of the electric wires. They spin their webs so thickly around and upon them, that when wet with dew they become good conductors and run the message to the earth. In vain men are employed continually in sweeping the wires. The spiders generally outnumber the men, and the difficulty remains.

The bear, too, loves honey, and when he hears the wind buzzing in the wires overhead, he assures himself that somewhere near must be a colony of bees, and, of course, a store of honey for him, so he carefully begins to search among the stones which secure the telegraph poles, to the great disturbance of the system and his own final disappointment.—*Sunday.*

If we would build high, let us begin low and dig deep. A true sense of sin will bring us nearer to Jesus. Once brought to Him, and living a life of faith on Him, we shall bear more fruit to His glory.

TWO FORTUNES.

BY ALICE CARY.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse,
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see by the gifts within reach of my hand
A fortune right fair to behold:
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest-fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, its boughs hanging down
With apples both russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see flocks of swallows about the barn-door,
And the fanning-mill whirling so fast;
I see them, too, threshing the wheat on the floor;
And now the bright picture has past.

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fiery red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh, if you behold him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's,
And he wears an old coat and battered-in hat;
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men in rags;
And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now, which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish, or
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

A PRAYER.

Lord, for erring thought
Not unto evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.
For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

—Wm. D. Howells.

SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT.

LESSON VIII.

Nov. 19, 1882.

JESUS MOCKED AND CRUCIFIED. MARK 15: 16-26.

Commit to memory verses 22-26.

16. And the soldiers led him away into the hall, called Pretorium; and they call together the whole band.

17. And they clothed him with purple, and platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head,

18. And began to salute him, Hail King of the Jews!

19. And they smote him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon him, and bowing their knees worshipped him.

20. And when they had mocked him, they took off the purple from him, and put his own clothes on him, and led him out to crucify him.

21. And they compel one Simon a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear his cross.

22. And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, The place of a skull.

23. And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but he received it not.

24. And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments, casting lots upon them, what every man should take.

25. And it was the third hour, and they crucified him.

26. And the superscription of his accusation was written over, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE MOCKERY. Vs. 16-19.
2. THE WEARY JOURNEY. Vs. 20-23.
3. THE CRUCIFIXION. Vs. 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT: "They pierced My hands and My feet." Ps. 22: 16.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 16. The soldiers, Roman soldiers on guard at Pilate's residence. The hall was the court-yard, around which the *Prætorium* was built. 17. Purple, the color worn by Kings. Here, in mockery. Crown of thorns, instead of a golden crown. The crown was put on Him in mockery; the thorns are the symbol of the curse resting on sin. 19. Reed, instead of a royal sceptre in His hand. Spit upon Him, the token of deepest insult. Worshipped, in mock homage. 20. Led Him out, beyond the city walls. Crucify, to put to death by hanging on a cross. This death was inflicted upon none but slaves and the worst of criminals. 21. Simon, "the father of Rufus and Alexander." Cyrenian, Cyrene is a city in northern Africa. 22. Golgotha, same as Calvary. 23. Gave to drink, offered Him a stupefying drink, to deaden pain. 24. Parted garments; the soldiers received them. 25. Third hour, from sunrise; about 9 o'clock. 26. Superscription, the name, and the charge against Him.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 47. Is not Christ then with us, even to the end of the world, as He hath promised?

Ans. Christ is very man and very God:

with respect to His human nature, He is no more on earth; but with respect to his Godhead, majesty, grace, and Spirit, He is at no time absent from us.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 16. To whom did Pilate deliver Jesus? Whither did they lead Him? What was the *Prætorium*?

17. What did they put upon Jesus? Of what is purple the badge? Was Jesus a King? Was that particular robe worthy of Him? Was it put upon Him in reverence? What else did He wear? Of what were the thorns an emblem? (See Gen. 3: 18). What crown does He now wear? What crown awaits true Christians?

18-19. What did they say in their mockery? What insults were heaped upon the Lord?

20. Whither did they next lead Him? To do what? To whom did Jesus speak on the way? (See Luke 23: 27-31).

21. Whom did they meet on the way? What did they compel Him to do? Where is Cyrene?

22. What is the meaning of Golgotha? What name is generally used? Where was this place?

23. What did they offer Jesus? What was it to produce? Did He drink it? Why not?

24. What manner of death is crucifixion? What kind of persons only were crucified? What did they do with His garments? What with the seamless robe? (See John 19: 24).

25. At what o'clock did the crucifixion begin?

26. What title did Pilate place over Jesus' head? Is He the King of your heart? Do you serve Him?

LESSON HYMN: "O, Sacred Head, now wounded."

LESSON VIII. Nov. 19, 1882

Second Sunday before Advent.

I. THE MOCKERY.

*And the soldiers led Him into * * Prætorium.* The Roman soldiers must not be held responsible for their mockery of Jesus, for they knew little or nothing of Him. He was placed into their hands for crucifixion, and chiefly on account of the charge of being a rival King. *The Prætorium* was the pavement around which the house was built—the inner court or yard. (John 19: 13). This “hall of judgment” was the headquarters of the Roman military governor, wherever he might happen to be.

The whole band was a tenth part of a legion, from 300 to 600 men; but here probably only that portion which was actually on duty at the time.

Clothed with purple. A kind of round cloak, which was fastened to the right shoulder by a clasp, so as to cover the left side of the body. It was worn by military officers; and was generally of purple. They put this on Jesus in mockery of His claim of being a King. If a King, surely He ought to have a suitable robe!

A Crown of thorns. Kings also wear crowns; and *this* King must not go uncrowned. Such was the grim sport of the soldiers. Heroes wore crowns of ivy, or of other bright-green leaves; the thorn would do for Jesus, they thought. But they builded better than they knew. He who came to bring us *blessings*, must Himself bear the *curse*; for the thorn that inflicts pain typifies the curse. (See Gen. 3: 18).

Hail, King of the Jews! Of course this was only a mock salutation and ridiculing of His claim.

Smote Him on the head. The blow of the reed would not have been very painful of itself, but it drove the thorn pricks into His head. Thus, “not one member of the Lord’s body only, but His whole body: His head was wounded by the crown of thorns, by smiting with the reed; His face suffered spitting and cuffs with the hand; His whole body was mangled with scourging—it was stripped, it was covered with a cloak of scorn; His hands held the reed, and afterward His tongue was forced to taste vinegar and gall. Because in all our

members sin dwells and works, therefore has Christ willed for our sins to suffer in all His members.”—*Chrysostom*.

II. THE WEARY JOURNEY.

Led Him out to crucify. He suffered “without the gate,” in order to show us that we are not to expect sanctification by the sacrifices offered within that city; and that He died, not for the Jews only, but for all mankind. Heb. 13: 11–14. *Quesnel*.

Simon of Cyrene. Cyrene was a city in the north of Africa, in which there was a colony of Jews, who maintained a synagogue. To this number belonged Simon, and his two sons Alexander and Rufus. Simon was on a visit to Judea at this time, to take part in the Passover feast. Whether or not he had heard Jesus and believed in Him, we cannot tell; but, passing our Lord, who was weary and faint, he perhaps expressed his pity and friendship in some way; and now they laid the cross on him. It was a great privilege to him to bear the burden of the cross for his Lord.

“Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there’s a cross for every one,
And there’s a cross for me.”

The place Golgotha. The spot on which Jesus was crucified cannot be identified with any certainty. We know it was without the walls, near to the city, and that there was a garden there (Joseph’s). The traditional site is marked by “the Church of the Sepulchre.” Perhaps God did not will that we should know the very spot. “The religion of Christ is spiritual; it needs no relic; it is independent of holy places; it says to each of its children, not—‘Lo, here!’ or ‘Lo, there!’ but, ‘The Kingdom of God is within you.’”—*Farrar*.

Wine mingled with myrrh. This was intended to stupefy the victim, so that the pain might not be so acutely felt. The Lord tasted, but would not drink this mixture, preferring to suffer with a clear mind all the agonies of the cross.

III. THE CRUCIFIXION.

Parted His garments, casting lots. The four soldiers were entitled to the clothes of the sufferers. The outer garment was

divided into four parts, to every soldier a part. The under garment was *woven*, not sewed; for this they cast lots, and one received it. Thus the 22d Psalm was fulfilled: "They parted my garments among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots."

The third hour, 9 o'clock in the morning, according to the *Jewish* reckoning, from 6 o'clock or sunrise. John says (19: 14), it was already the sixth hour when Pilate made his last attempt to set Jesus free; that is, according to the *Roman* mode of reckoning, from midnight, as we also do. Thus the two accounts agree.

They crucified Him. The upright beam was only high enough to raise the sufferer from the ground. Midway upon it was a little projection upon which the victim sat, that the whole weight of the body might not fall upon the arms, and they be thus torn from the spikes. The head was not fastened; the arms were sometimes tied. The feet, it is said by some, were not always nailed; but it is safe to infer that the feet of Jesus were nailed. See Luke 24: 39, 40.

"Death by crucifixion seems to include all that pain and death *can* have of horrible and ghastly—dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleeplessness, publicity of shame, long continuance of torment, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds—all intensified just up to the point at which they can be endured at all, but all stopping just short of the point which would give to the sufferer the relief of unconsciousness. The unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish; the wounds, inflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries—especially of the head and stomach—became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing, there was added to them the intolerable pang of a burning and raging thirst. Such was the death to which Christ was doomed."—*Farrar*.

The superscription—the "title" conferred upon Him. Written in three languages, that all men might be able to read it. Those three languages were the first vehicles in which the King of the Jews was for centuries proclaimed to the world.

NEGRO APHORISMS.—"Old times was too good to be true."

"When all de half bushels gits de same size, you may look out for the mil-lenicum."

"Folks ought to talk about de neighbors like de tombstones does."

"De old cow dat jumps de drawbars too much is 'practersin' for de tanyard."

"De safety o' de turnup patch depends mo' on de size ob de turnips dan on de tallness ob de fence."

"Lots o' hens los' deir eggs by braggin' on 'em too loud."

"A man's raisin'" (bringing up) "will show itself in de dark."

"Some folks medger distance by deir own roomatiz."

"Eben a mud turtle kin clam a pine tree after de tree done fell on de groun'."—*The Century*.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Golden head, so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare;
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened—
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake"—
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of this soul who wrote the prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine,

—Putnam's.

Make a firm built fence of trust,
All around to-day;
Fill it in with loving work,
And within it stay.

Look not through the shelering bars,
Anxious for the morrow
God will help whatever comes,
Be it joy or sorrow.—*Anon*.

FIRST SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT.

LESSON IX.

Nov. 26, 1882.

JESUS' DEATH ON THE CROSS. MARK 15: 27-37.

Commit to memory verses 33, 34, 37.

27. And with him they crucified two thieves; the one on his right hand, and the other on his left.

28. And the Scripture was fulfilled, which saith, And he was numbered with the transgressors.

28. And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads, and saying, Ah, thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days.

30. Save thyself and come down from the cross.

31. Likewise also the chief priests mocking said among themselves with the scribes, He saved others; himself he cannot save.

32. Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe. And they that were crucified with him reviled him.

33. And when the sixth hour was come,

there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour.

34. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

35. And some of them that stood by, when they heard it, said, Behold, he calleth Elias.

36. And one ran and filled a sponge full of vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink, saying, Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take him down.

37. And Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE REVILERS. Vs. 27-32.
2. THE DARKNESS. V. 33.
3. THE END. Vs. 34-37.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree."

1 Peter 2: 24.

INSTRUCTION.

Verses 27-28. Two thieves—robbers; "He was numbered with the transgressors." (Isaiah 53: 12). 29. Railed on Him, railed and mocked Him. Thou that destroyest, &c., the false charge brought up again. 30. Save Thyself; but He had come to save others. Come down—this He could have done; but what would then have become of us? 31. Chief priests mocking—they should have been above anything so mean. He saved others; even His enemies admitted that; no one could then deny it. This is the great truth of the gospel. 32. See, and believe; but "we walk by faith, not by sight." They that were crucified with Him reviled Him. (Luke 23: 39-43) says only one of them did this. (See Quarterly Notes).

33. Sixth hour—12 o'clock. Darkness, not an ordinary eclipse, but a miraculous sign of God's wrath. "Well might the sun in darkness hide." Until the ninth hour—3 o'clock. Three terrible hours of agony and gloom. 34. My God, &c. First words of Psalm 22. Forsaken Me; He felt forsaken. 35. Elias—the prophet Elijah. This they said in scorn. 36. Vinegar—sour wine. 37. Jesus cried: His words were—"it is finished." It was His last word. Gave up the ghost—He breathed out His spirit; expired.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 48. But if His human nature is not present wherever His Godhead is, are then these two natures in Christ separate from one another? incomprehensible and omnipresent, it must necessarily follow that the same is not limited with the human nature He assumed, and yet remains personally united to it.

Ans. Not at all; for since the Godhead is

QUESTIONS.

Verses 27-28. Who were on the right and left of Jesus? How did this show contempt for Him? What scripture was thus fulfilled? What was Christ's prayer for His crucifiers? (Luke 23: 34).

29-30. What feeling was shown by those at the cross? What old charge was renewed? What did they tell Him to do? Could He have done so?

31-32. Who disgraced themselves by hooting at a dying Man? What great truth did they testify to? Did they intend it? Did they wish to see first, or believe first? By what do we walk? Is it likely that both malefactors joined in reviling Christ? (See Luke 23: 39-43).

33. What time of day was the sixth hour?

What took place then? Was this a natural event? Or an ordinary eclipse? With Whom did Nature thus sympathize?

34-36. How long did the darkness continue? With what cry did Jesus break the silence? Was He forsaken in fact? Did He feel forsaken? What ridiculous meaning did certain ones attach to His cry? What did they offer Him? Was He thirsty? (See John 19: 28).

37. What words did Jesus utter during this loud cry? (John 19: 30), What was finished? Did He voluntarily yield up His spirit? What were His last words? (Luke 23: 46). What did He do for us on the cross, according to Golden Text?

LESSON HYMNS: { "When I survey the wondrous cross."
"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"

LESSON IX. Nov. 26, 1882.

Sunday before Advent.

At length we have reached the tragic end of the Redeemer's earthly life. We have seen Him in power and glory; now we behold Him suffering and dying. And what a death! He became subject unto death—even the death of the cross!

I. THE REVILERS.

With Him they crucify two thieves; of these we know very little. They may have been companions of Barabbas—men who rose in revolt against heathen rule. If they had succeeded in expelling the Romans, these men would have been called patriots, deliverers of their country. As they failed, they were condemned as malefactors and thieves.

One on His right, &c. Jesus was placed between the two criminals owing to the malice of the priests, perhaps; though the soldiers may have done it in mockery of His claim of kingship. Pilate allowed it, as he did all else, simply to get through his annual Easter executions and empty his prisons.

The Scripture was fulfilled. Isaiah 53:12. He was counted a transgressor, treated like one, and died with them. This teaches the great doctrine—namely, that He was our Substitute, and made vicarious atonement for the sins of the guilty.

They that passed by—the multitude of spectators mocked Him, wagging their heads in derision. They reiterated the false old charge: Thou that destroyest the temple. They taunt Him: save Thyself.

The chief priests disgraced themselves by joining in the mockery at so solemn a time. Their sense of decency and of official dignity should have kept them from anything so low. The Scribes were no better. All together took up the cry: He saved others; Himself He cannot save! They thus publicly admitted, what no one could deny: He saved others, as when He healed the sick, and raised the dead to life. But the latter clause, "He cannot save Himself," was a cruel taunt. It was both a falsehood and a truth: He could have rescued Himself from His enemies at any time, even when hanging on the cross. But He

could not do so, and save others. "He cannot save Himself because He is now saving others."

Let Christ the King of Israel descend. This was a ridiculing of His claim to being a King, and a denial of His power. We may see and believe. "A true index to their religious ideas! If they saw Him with their bodily eyes by a miracle come down from the cross, they would believe! Their religion rested on their five senses!"—Geikie.

They that were crucified with Him reviled Him. "It is not certain whether both of the malefactors reviled Him, or but one; Matthew and Mark speak of both; Luke of but one. According to some, both joined at first in the general derision; but, beholding the godlike patience and forbearance of Jesus, and knowing on what ground He was condemned, one repents, and begins to reprove his more wicked companion. The obvious objection to this is, however, that the first act of one so converted could scarcely be to reprove in another what he had but a few moments before been guilty of himself. This, perhaps, is more plausible than sound. Most, after Augustine, suppose that Matthew and Mark speak in general terms of them as a class of persons that joined in deriding Jesus, but without meaning to say that both actually derided Him."—S. J. Andrews.

Luke may have been more fully informed by Mary, who stood near the cross, and witnessed all the particulars.

II. THE DARKNESS.

The sixth hour there was darkness, i. e., at noon. (1). "This was no eclipse of the sun, for it was full moon at the time; (2) nor any partial obscuration of the sun such as sometimes takes place before an earthquake—for it is clear that no earthquake in the ordinary sense of the word is here intended. Those whose belief leads them to reflect Who was then suffering, will have no difficulty in accounting for these signs of sympathy in nature, nor in seeing their applicability."—Alford. The three Evangelists assert the fact of the darkness; and the early Fathers appeal to the testimony of heathen authors for its truth.

Over the whole land. Does this mean the whole earth, or the whole Jewish

land and countries adjacent? It *may* mean only the latter; but there is no way of determining how far the darkness extended.

The darkness signified, (1). God's displeasure on account of the awful crime then being committed against His beloved Son. (2). It also typified the gross darkness which sin has brought into the world, and which then settled down upon the pure soul of our Substitute. (3). That darkness was also an outward expression of the *horror* which the human soul of Jesus felt whilst passing through "the valley of the shadow of death."

During those three long and weary hours there was *silence*; not a word was uttered by our Suffering High-priest. He was then in the darkened Holy of Holies, sprinkling the mercy seat with His own blood. The Light of the world eclipsed, but for the last time!

III. THE END.—*At the ninth hour, 3 o'clock in the afternoon—"either a little before the cessation of darkness, or just after it."*—*Eloi, Eloi*—My God. "The language we have heard from our mother's lips, and have spoken in childhood, may be laid aside in after years for another, to meet the requirements of life; and Jesus, doubtless, in these last years, had often had to use the *Greek* of city communities instead of His own simple *Galilean*. But now the sounds of *infancy*, always nearest the heart, and sure to come to the lips in our deepest emotion, returned in His anguish, and in words which He had learned at His mother's knee, His heart uttered its last wail."—*Geikie*.

My God, My God. He here applies the 22d Psalm to Himself as prophetic. These "words are expressive of the Divine abandonment, of the departure of the Divine presence, as part of His atonement endurance. They are uttered by Him to show that He is enduring an intolerable agony, deeper than any *external* infliction."—*Whedon*. We must not ascribe *all* His sufferings to *bodily* pain, however sharp; His human soul loathed *sin*, and was now in contact with *death*, "the wages of sin." "The conflict in Gethsemane was here renewed."—*Alford*.

But notice, Jesus still called God *His* God. Why forsake *Me*—Thy well-

beloved, sinless *Son*. He was then drinking the very dregs of bitterness, but knew that a *Father's* hand was holding the cup!

His cry was utterly misunderstood, or else perverted, by the hearers. They mockingly said, He is calling *Elias*. They then gave Him vinegar; perhaps, because He said: "I thirst." (See John 19: 28).

Jesus cried with a loud voice: the words are recorded by John (19: 30), and Luke (23: 46). (See Quarterly for seven last sayings of Jesus).

Gave up the ghost—this is a substitute for the words, He died. It was *an act of His own will*, (John 10: 18). And that death was life to the world!

TRUST AND DISTRUST.

Distrust thyself, but trust His *grace*;
It is enough for thee!
In every trial thou shalt trace
Its all-sufficiency.

Distrust thyself, but trust His *strength*;
In Him thou shalt be strong;
His weakest ones may learn at length
A daily triumph-song.

Distrust thyself, but trust His *love*;
Rest in its changeless glow;
And life or death shall only prove
Its everlasting flow.

Distrust thyself, but trust *alone*;
In HIM, for all—forever!
And joyously thy heart shall own
That Jesus faileth never.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

ON SCANDAL.—There is a depraved appetite for scandal. It pays to print the stuff. Village gossip, more than half a lie, and the more it is a lie, is swift-footed and will call at every house in a day. In the city the newspaper supplies the lovers of slanderous reports, if the editor is mercenary or mean enough to print such items. Like death, slander "loves a shining mark." The better the man, the more honorable and useful his career, the higher his position, the more attractive is scandal relating to him. The more one-sided and unfair the slanderous assault, the more it is relished. The market for such ware is large, active, and constant.—*Chr. Intelligencer*.

The Guardian.

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NO. 12.

OUR MISSION.

When Dr. Harbaugh founded the GUARDIAN, nearly thirty-three years ago, he did it under the conviction that it was his duty to provide healthy reading for young men and women. "The light reading," he said, "which so easily falls into the hands of the young by means of many of our city publications, gives a false coloring to life, turns its earnest realities into romance, and leaves blight, morbidness, and disappointment in its fearful wake." If this danger existed so long ago it has certainly since then assumed fearful proportions. Periodicals, devoted to light literature, have increased ten-fold, and their readers are at least ten times as numerous. In those days there were no weeklies full of foul and corrupting tales of theft and murder intended solely for circulation among boys and girls. One of the worst of these papers, we are told, has one hundred and fifty thousand subscribers, and no one can read a single one of its slimy pages without taint and corruption. These are the days of Dime Novels which glorify crime, and are the fruitful source of temporal and eternal ruin. Parents often fail to appreciate the danger which threatens their children from this direction, until it is too late. If there ever was a time when Christians were bound to provide the proper kind of reading for their households that time is now, and we believe it to be our mission to labor in this blessed cause. The GUARDIAN is, however, not merely a juvenile publication. It aims to be a Household Magazine for young and old. The articles are simple in style, but at the same time employ such language as will elevate the literary taste of the reader. The whole has a religious tone, but controversial

matters are strictly excluded. We cannot refrain from returning our thanks to contributors who, during the year of our service, have assisted us with many interesting articles. Nothing, we venture to say, has afforded us so much pleasure as the uniform excellence of these contributions, and we heartily invite their authors to continue to assist us in our labor of love.

Our Sunday-school Department has, of late years, increased in importance. Many Sunday-schools have subscribed for the Magazine for the double purpose of furnishing superior reading matter for the teachers, and of providing them with necessary assistance for the study of the lessons. The publication of the *Scholars' Quarterly* has slightly affected the circulation of the GUARDIAN, but not as much as was anticipated at the beginning of the year. The *Quarterly*, it should be remembered, is intended for scholars, while the GUARDIAN aims to assist teachers in their work. During the coming year the comments in THE GUARDIAN will be greatly extended, thus gratifying the wishes of many of our patrons.

It would be an excellent plan for every school to provide a sufficient number of THE GUARDIAN for the use of its teachers. This would not only aid them in their work, but would serve as an affectionate reminder of their obligations to the school. It would cost no more than a few additional volumes in the library, and would be likely to do much more good. Let teachers be encouraged to preserve the numbers and to have the successive volumes bound for future reading. An excellent Elder recently said: "I have taken THE GUARDIAN from the beginning and the back volumes are read with more pleasure by my family than any other books in my possession."

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARTIN.

From the German of Johannes Daniel Falk.

BY THE EDITOR.

While Cæsar Theodosius
Was reigning with Arcadius,
This happened, as the legends say,
To Martin of Pannonia :

A trooper bold, he onward rode,
Though hard it blew and fast it snowed ;
But in a hamlet, on the way,
A trembling beggar bade him stay,
And while he there his story told,
Stood shivering naked in the cold.

Our Martin would have gladly dressed
The man in doublet, coat, and vest ;
But soldiers all, the people say,
Have little they can give away.
Yet while he halted on his steed,
And heard the trembling beggar plead,
He said : "The man is poor and cold ;
And though, 'tis true, I have no gold,
I'll give him something, on my word !"
Without delay, he seized his sword,
Took off his mantle, cut it through,
And of one garment thus made two.
One piece around the beggar's form
He wrapped to shield him from the storm.

The beggar, then, a rich reward
Invoked upon him from the Lord ;
The trooper smiled, and said : 'Tis naught !
The thing is hardly worth a thought !

The beggar said his "*Gratias* !"
And straightway let the soldier pass ;
Who quickly sought his quarters, where
He shared a widow's humble fare.
He took a little food and drink—
It surely was not much, we think—
And when he had thus drunk and eaten,
He said the prayers that slumbers sweeten,
And sought his pallet for the night,
Hoping to sleep till morning's light.
The hour the story does not tell,
But that, perhaps, is just as well.

It happened strangely in the night :
Awakened by a dazzling light,
His eyes the trooper opened wide,
And saw, in wonder, at his side,
A man who wore a crown of thorn ;
'Twas He—'twas He—the Virgin-born !

With thousand angels at his side
He saw the Lord, the Crucified !
And in the mantle which, that day,
Our Martin of Pannonia
Had to the humble beggar given,
He saw arrayed the Lord of Heaven.

"Do'st see the mantle that I wear ?"
The Saviour said to Peter there ;

And when St. Peter sought to know,
Who could such precious gifts bestow,
The Lord, at Martin, at his feet,
Looked down and said, in accents sweet :
"'Twas Martin here who gave me this,
And his reward he shall not miss.
Be of good cheer ! Arise, my son !
A crown of glory thou hast won.
Thy heathen darkness turns to-day,
Then put thy cruel sword away !
From henceforth thou shalt fight for me,
And Bishop Martin thou shalt be !"

Then when our Lord these words had said,
The morning dawned, the sky grew red ;
An angel kissed the mantle's seam,
And Martin woke, as from a dream.
But soon, as chroniclers relate,
He humbly sought a convent's gate,
And then became a bishop great,
Alike renowned in church and state.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

A Christmas Surprise.

BY REBECCA H. SCHIVELY.

Two faces, very different, yet very
much alike. Two faces, at which the
thoughtful passer-by might well wish
for a second glance, though they were
only those of a poor old woman and a
little child.

The crisp air of December vibrated
with the merry peal of Christmas bells,
and the frozen snow gave out the crack-
ling sound that children love, under
many passing feet. People were hurry-
ing about on all manner of festival
business, driven to unwonted brisk-
ness by the cold atmosphere, as well as
by the shortness of that most crowded
day of the year. Expressmen, letter-
carriers, bakers' and confectioners'
boys, men, women and children, bound
on their errands and on other people's,
with eager eyes and faces, red from the
kisses of the rough north wind, were
jostling each other like the restless
waves of an unquiet sea. But amid all
the ebbings and flowings of the throng
that filled the streets of the great city,
there were steady streams that flowed
hither and thither as if drawn by those
vibrant echoing bells,—streams that
flowed toward the open doors of God's
houses, and into them, and there sub-
sided into a holy and joyous calm.

Such was the destination of the two

to whom I have alluded—a woman of perhaps sixty-five years, and her little granddaughter. Tears and cares had silvered the old lady's head, and furrowed her face with wrinkles; still her figure was upright, her step even somewhat elastic, and her dark eyes bright and earnest. And although there was a shade of sorrow upon her face and the firm lips were occasionally compressed as if by pain, yet her prevailing look was one of settled peace, or serenity, like that of the upper atmosphere, too perfect for any passing cloud to disturb.

The little girl, who held her hand, and came along beside her with an occasional hop and skip, had to judge from her wistful glance now and then cast upward, a dim perception of the shadow on the dear old face; yet, with instinctive delicacy, she asked no questions, but only held the toil-worn hand tightly in her soft fingers, and prattled on as if trying to beguile her grandmother out of her sad thoughts, whatever they might be.

"Hither, ye faithful!" rang the bells. "To us this day is born a Prince and Saviour. O come, and let us worship at His feet!" Then the chimes pealed again, and quickly, and more quickly, till the whole air seemed to be filled with waves of melody. As the grandmother and child crossed the sacred threshold, all was still for a second or so; then a little bell, high in the octave, uttered one soft sound, and the organ responded with a joyful voluntary. The child's eyes shone with solemn delight at the dearly-loved music at the beautifully decorated church, and the throng of glad worshippers around. Her grandmother smiled down upon her upturned face; but the shadow still rested upon her own.

What was the trouble of old Sara Heldinn? A heroic heart, it is true, throbbed beneath her threadbare gray shawl; but not even a hero's heart can contemplate unmoved that sorest of trials, the sufferings of the beloved. It was the old story, so often repeated. Here was her little Bertha, her eight years' old darling, and at home lay the child's father, her widowed son Carl, long her only support, but now the hopeless victim of a spinal disease. He

had been a carpenter; but several months before, in descending from a high scaffolding, had made a mis-step—had fallen—and that moment ended active work for him forever. The mother's industrious hands had hitherto been able to provide for the wants of her two children; but on Christmas Eve the factory in which she had found employment had closed, on account of financial troubles. The times were hard, provisions dear, and Sara was almost a stranger in the city, to which they had come in the preceding spring, when Carl entered upon his last "job." No wonder that the fine old face was clouded, though it was Christmas morning.

She bowed, as was her wont, in silent prayer, and then sat reverently waiting for the portion that was to be her's that day. It was not long in reaching her. From the opening of the service, in the name of the Triune God, every word sank into her heart like good seed into long prepared soil. The lessons commencing with the Word that was in the beginning, and ending with that grand outlook into eternity to come:

"Thou remainest,—Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail!" seemed to lift her up, as on eagles' wings, to the beholding of the glory of the Word, "full of grace and truth." The care that lay on her mind was not, could not be forgotten, but every thought concerning it was crystallized into a prayer.

"We bless Thee for Thy conception by the Holy Ghost, and for Thy birth of the blessed Virgin, whereby Thou hast become the true seed of Abraham, and didst take upon Thyself all our sins and infirmities."

"Thou didst become a little child, O my Lord!" her heart responded. "And what am I, but a little child before Thee? My threescore years are but infancy to Thee, who art from the beginning. Lead Thou me, as I lead my little Bertha! Hold us all in Thine hand, for my work is Thine! Thou hast provided for to-day, Thou wilt provide for to-morrow!"

With "salvation from sin and eternal life" in Christ, all things, she felt, were included. The shade of care passed from her soul and from her face, and

higher and more joyously her thoughts arose, uniting with "the multitude of angels" and with God's "people among all nations in the everlasting song, "Glory to God in the highest!"

All the rest of the service was to her as one grand canticle of praise, "Blessed be His gracious Name forever and ever—and let the whole earth be filled with His glory!" Thus inspired, thus solaced with peace and joy, and absolute trust, she turned toward home with her little one by her side.

"Home" was but three little rooms in a tenement house, it is true; but they were bright with cleanliness, and the brighter to the returning worshippers, for the welcome of Carl Heldinn's patient smile. From day to day, in the intervals of pain, his fingers were busy fashioning delicate bits of wood-carving. It had been his amusement as a boy, and was now his only hope for lightening his mother's cares. They had not, it is true, found very ready sale for his work, as yet, but with true German perseverance he still went on with it. On a small side table stood a little Christmas-tree, and under it lay two pieces of his work, carefully wrought for gifts to his mother and his child. A head-plate with ears of wheat, and the motto "*Unser täglich Brodt gib uns heute*," the dear old German words he knew would be sweet to Sara,—was the gift that with most unconscious appositeness he had made her. A little figure of the Lamb bearing the cross was the delight of Bertha's eyes.

The poor Christmas tree had a history of its own. It had seemed a special providence to Sara, whose festival would have been sadly incomplete without this small pleasure for the child. Bertha herself had brought home the hemlock bough from the church, where the Sunday-school children were permitted to assist in the decoration, and carry home the remaining greens, if they wished. The bite of red and white candy, and the two ruddy "Baldwins" had been given to Mother Heldinn by the woman who kept the green grocery where she dealt, expressly for Bertha—the child being an especial favorite with the storekeeper. The little crimson mittens and stockings had been knit at night by the grand-

mother's own fingers. All these treasures were lighted up, on Christmas Eve, with a few carefully preserved candle-ends.

There was a Christmas dinner, too; but certainly it was no subject for an appetizing description. There was enough of potatoes and salt; there was as careful crockery and as delicate service as though these had been all the luxuries of the season; and that was the whole feast. For the rest there never was a better illustration of the superior excellence of the "dinner of herbs, where love is." For dessert they had the two apples, which unselfish little Bertha insisted should be divided, so that her grandmother and her father might share them. The short winter afternoon passed rapidly away in reading, and in quiet, happy talk. It was twilight, and Sara Heldinn, who could not long be idle, sat near her son, knitting while she talked.

Their recollections had gone back to Carl's boyish days, and the Christmas trees that had grown along the path of his childhood.

"I cannot remember a Christmas without one," remarked Carl. "But oh, mother, do you remember Will Fenimore, and how he looked the first time he saw me at our house?"

"Poor Will!" replied Mrs. Heldinn, "his first ten years must have been hard indeed!"

"Yes; and but for you, Mütterchen, and father, I suppose he would have known many more such. There would have been no refuge for him but the poor-house. It is so strange that we have not heard from him for so many years!"

"If he is living, I am sure he never forgets us!" answered Sara, her mother-heart swift to defend even the foster-son of her charity.

"I hope not!" Carl replied, but a little doubtfully.

His mother was prevented from answering by a knock at the door. Bertha ran to open it, and they heard a deep voice, asking, "Does Mrs. Heldinn live here?"

Sara came forward, and looked inquiringly at the stranger.

"Oh, Mutter Heldinn, do you not know me!"

"Oh, Carl, it is Will himself, our boy! Welcome, welcome, mein Wilhelm!" cried the good mother, mixing her English with her mother-tongue, in her excitement. "I said you had never forgotten us?"

"Forgotten? not easily, unless I had lost my memory of all that is good! Thank you, mother, that you did not mistrust me. Nor you either, I hope, brother Carl?"

"Forgive me, Will, if I doubted you a little! We have moved twice since we left the old village, but we wrote, both times, to let you know. Yet now, believe me that I repent my mistrust, it is all gone, without your explanation!"

"Thanks, brother Carl! I never received your letters, and have had hard work to find you. But the story will belong,—and before I tell it, I must know how you have fared."

All the history of the few last years was soon told; all, except that Sara still kept shut up in her own heart this last sore trial, the loss of her employment.

"And now, mother Heldinn, I have a great request to make of you! I have not come back a wealthy man, as I fancied I should, when I went from your care out into the world. But I have tried to make my life worthy of the lessons you and Father Heldinn taught me. And now I have come to be the working partner, to superintend a new woolen-mill in the dear old village. Mother, you will come and keep house for me, will you not? I have bought back the old home, and we will all be together there. Carl can have the loveliest models for his wood carvings, and I know I can find sale for them all. And Bertha will grow up tall and rosy and strong. And we shall employ young women from the city here, and you will be a good mother to them, as you were to me when I was a poor little waif! What good Christmas days we shall make for them! You will not say No, Mother Heldinn, am I not your other son, and Carl's brother?"

Poor Carl looked a little pale and sad while the young man poured out this long, impetuous speech; but smiled like the hero he was, upon his mother,

concealing his own pain in seeing what should have been his work for her, in the hands of another. He had his reward.

In the mother's eyes stood tears, that all her cares and perplexities had failed to bring there; but her face shone with holy gratitude.

"Shall we go, my son?" she cried. "For the Lord, who came to earth for us and for our salvation, has surely sent Will home to us at this time to keep us from di-tress. For oh, Carl, I can tell you now what I could not bear to let you know before—the factory is closed, and I have no more work there for this winter, at least. But God provided for to-day, and now He has taken care for to-morrow, even before it comes! My children, never let us mistrust the tender mercy of our Lord!"

BEGINNINGS OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

NO. VIII.

BY THE EDITOR.

Relations with the Church of England.

It is not our intention to give an account of the English Reformation. There are, however, some facts in connection with that great movement which, though frequently ignored, are sufficiently important to claim our attention. Though the Reformed Church of England differs widely from other Protestant bodies, especially in external organization, it is easy to show that at the beginning it stood in the most intimate relations with the churches of the Continent. Indeed, it is not too much to say that in its earlier history it was generally recognized as one of the branches of the Reformed Church. "The Anglican, that is, the English Church," says Stilling, "is only different from the rest of the Reformed Church in this, that it has an Episcopal form of Government. Are the Swedish and Danish Churches not Lutheran because they have bishops? Does the garment make the man?"*

English writers have asserted, on the basis of tradition, that Christianity was

* Wahrheit in Liebe, p. 228.

introduced into England by St. Paul, and that the Church of England had at all times a right to assert its independence of the See of Rome. However this may be, it is certain that, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the authority of the Pope appeared to be more firmly established in England than in any other country in Europe. Henry VIII., who became king in 1509, was an enthusiastic defender of the Papacy, and when Luther, in 1521, published his book on "The Babylonish Captivity," Henry condescended to write a very violent reply, which he called, "The Defence of Seven Sacraments." In return for this service the Pope gave Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith," but Luther read him such a lecture as had never been heard by a crowned head before. He called him "a crowned ass," and said that he "had the habit of spitting poison like a cross mackerel." Afterwards, when Henry quarrelled with the pope, Luther was willing to become reconciled, but the king rejected all his advances.

The circumstances which occasioned the alienation of Henry from the Pope are well known, and need not be related in detail. It is a scandalous history, beginning with his divorce from Queen Katharine, and his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and continuing through all his domestic relations. In 1534 the Church of England was, by Act of Parliament, declared independent of Rome, and Henry was acknowledged as the head of the Church; but to the end of his life the King maintained the Roman faith, while he remorselessly persecuted all, whether Catholics or Protestants, who refused to acknowledge his supreme authority in spiritual as well as temporal matters. It is wrong, therefore, to regard Henry as having introduced the Reformation into England, but it is true that his alienation from Rome rendered the Reformation possible.

While the king occupied this schismatic position, Protestantism was quietly advancing throughout the kingdom. His third wife, Jane Seymour, was at heart a Protestant, and did all in her power to advance the cause. Thomas Cranmer, who had been made Archbishop of Canterbury on account of his activity in the matter of the divorce, had

been converted to Protestantism in Germany, and was privately married to a German lady, a niece of the celebrated Osiander. It was not, however, until after the death of Henry that Cranmer was able to take active measures for the organization of the Protestant Church of England.

CRANMER AND BULLINGER.

In 1536, just after the king of England's marriage to Jane Seymour, Cranmer was introduced, by Prof. Simon Grynæus, of Strasburg, to Henry Bullinger, antistes of the Reformed Church of Zurich. In August of the same year Cranmer sent to Zurich three young Englishmen, John Butler, William Woodruff, and Nicholas Partridge, for the purpose of studying theology and becoming acquainted with the Swiss churches. They remained more than a year, and on their return to England they were accompanied by Rudolf Gualter, who studied for some time at Oxford. Gualter was afterwards married to Zwingli's daughter Regula, and became the third antistes of the church of Zurich.

From this time the relations of Cranmer and Bullinger were very intimate. The works of the latter were translated into English, and a letter from Bishop John Hooper is still extant, in which he declares that he had been greatly profited by reading them. On the death of Henry VIII., in 1547, the succession devolved on his son, Edward VI., who was but ten years of age. The government was, however, really in the hands of the king's uncle, the Duke of Somerset, and a council of state, of which Cranmer was a member. Every effort was now made to organize the Church of England on a Protestant basis. The king was a precocious boy, and soon took a profound interest in the movement. In 1550 he sent Christopher Mont to Zurich, with a letter to Bullinger, in which he desired a closer connection between the churches of England and Switzerland. During this period Bullinger corresponded with Warwick, Dorset, and other English statesmen, and constantly counselled moderation and mildness. He did not object to the Episcopal form of government as a matter of expediency, but ad-

vised that the services should be "clean and simple, and without pomp." When Hooper was, in 1550, appointed bishop of Gloucester, he objected to wearing the robes, but Bullinger advised him to accommodate himself in such minor matters to the policy of the Government.

The organization of the Church of England, in the reign of Edward VI., was to some extent of the nature of a compromise. There were two parties which it was deemed absolutely important to reconcile. One of these held the position of Henry VIII., they desired to be separated from Rome, but insisted that every peculiarity of the ancient church should be scrupulously preserved. The other was thoroughly Protestant, and would gladly have assimilated the Church of England to the Reformed Churches of the continent. Neither of these parties was quite satisfied with the result of the compromise; but the influence of the former party was most felt in government and worship, and that of the latter in doctrine, as expressed in the confessions of the Church. Bullinger expressed his fears that the two parties would never become thoroughly united, and we need not say that his anticipations have been fully realized.

When Queen Mary ascended the throne, in 1553, the Roman Catholic Church was re-established. Nearly three hundred leading Protestants were burned at the stake, and thousands of others had to flee for their lives. From the stake Bishop Hooper commended his wife and child to the care of Bullinger, and Lady Jane Gray took off her gloves on the scaffold, and requested them to be sent to the Swiss preacher as a token of her affection. At this time Zurich was crowded with English refugees, and the Swiss were put to great straits in entertaining them. After the accession of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, the refugees returned to England, and subsequently Bishops Parkhurst, Jewell, and Horn sent gifts of silver plate in recognition of the kindness shown them by the Swiss. A silver goblet is still in existence, bearing a Latin inscription to the following effect: "The Church of Zurich kindly received the exiles of England during the reign of Mary. Elizabeth acknowledges this with

thanks, and reverently presents this goblet to Bullinger."

PETER MARTYR.

According to all accounts the Church of England was, at the beginning of the Reformation, in a most deplorable condition. Bucer says there were hardly ten priests in the country who attempted to preach. Cranmer, therefore, invited a number of Reformed theologians to come to England to assist him in his work. The most prominent of these was Peter Martyr (Vermigli), an Italian by birth, who had been a professor at Zurich and Strasburg. He became Professor of Theology at Oxford, where he laboured for some years in the face of the most bitter opposition. He was very active in the work of revising the Book of Common Prayer. On the accession of Queen Mary he returned to Strasburg, and thence to Zurich, where he died in 1562.

JOHN DE LASKY.

This distinguished leader of the Reformed Church was a Polish nobleman, and a nephew of the Archbishop of Gnesen. His scholarship was remarkable, and Erasmus calls him "a soul without a stain." Though he had early become converted to Protestantism, he lingered long before he finally separated from the Established Church; but when, in 1536, the king of Poland insisted that he should become a Roman Catholic bishop, he made a public profession of the Reformed faith, and left his native country. He was the leading spirit in the Reformed Churches of Northern Europe. To him, more than to any single individual the Reformed Churches of Poland and Bohemia owe their existence, and his influence was hardly less extensive in the Netherlands and the Rhine provinces of Germany. In 1550 he went to England, at the invitation of the king, to become the superintendent of a number of churches which had been founded in London by foreign refugees. He was inclined to extreme simplicity of worship, and therefore did not agree very well with Cranmer, but his influence in England was very extensive. While in London he published a catechism which, says Bartels, was one of the "ancestors" of the Heidelberg

catechism. The liturgies of the Palatinate and the Netherlands were also in great part derived from him. On the accession of Queen Mary, De Lasky left England with a colony of several hundred persons, who, after many trials, found a refuge in Germany. He died in 1560.

MARTIN BUCER.

In 1549 this celebrated reformer was called to England to become Professor of Theology at Cambridge. Cranmer regarded him as peculiarly qualified to assist him in his work, and in this he was not mistaken. The two men had much in common; both were eminently qualified to serve as mediators between conflicting parties, though Bucer was more firm and courageous than the English prelate. Bucer had recently been engaged in an undertaking which had specially prepared him for the work which he was expected to perform in England. Herman V., Archbishop of Cologne, had, in 1541, undertaken to introduce the Reformation into his diocese without making greater changes in the government and ritual of the church than were absolutely necessary. With this intention he secured the assistance of Melancthon, and, especially, of Bucer, who was thus led to the study of questions of ritual and government, which were of great importance in his subsequent work. The movement at Cologne was not successful, and the good archbishop was forced to resign his office. On account of his connection with this enterprise, Bucer became especially obnoxious to the emperor, and was, therefore, the more ready to accept Cranmer's invitation. In England he continued his literary labors, and in connection with Peter Martyr was especially employed in the work of revising the English Liturgy. The forms hitherto in use had been closely modeled after the Roman Mass, and it is said that it was at Bucer's suggestion that auricular confession, prayers for the dead, exorcism, anointing with oil, and the authorized use of bright coloured robes were removed from the Book of Common Prayer.

With all the honors that were shown him, Bucer was not happy in England. He spoke but little English, and his wife

was entirely ignorant of the language. His intercourse was therefore limited to the learned, who spoke Latin, and to the German and French refugees. The climate and mode of living did not agree with him, and his health rapidly declined. He died the 28th of February, 1551, aged 61 years.

In the present article we have referred to but a few of the members of the Reformed Church of Germany and Switzerland who were prominent in the organization of the Church of England. We might have mentioned others, such as Ochino, Tremellius, and Fagius. For the Church of England we have the most profound respect, but in these latter days we think we observe a tendency in some of its members to ignore their obligations to the churches of the continent. Such persons we would beg to refer to the official letter, quoted by Pestalozzi, and still preserved in Zurich, in which the Swiss churches were, in 1547, informed that the Church of England had adopted the Reformed doctrine of the Lord's Supper. It should also be remembered that, as late as 1618, an English delegation was sent, by the authority of King James I., to the Reformed Synod of Dordrecht in Holland,* and that the Protestant Episcopal Church of England was there fully recognized as an integral part of the Reformed Church.

CHRIST IN THE STORM.

When the disciples of Jesus were toiling in rowing, on the Lake of Galilee, they were less disturbed by the storm which threatened them than by the dimly perceived and wholly misconceived form of Jesus as He drew near to help them. And so it is with us all in our life-course. Those things which are for our truest welfare are the very things from which we are likeliest to shrink. Weeping may endure for a night; but in the morning-light that remembered weeping is a joy.

* The English delegation to the Synod of Dordrecht consisted of George Carleton, Bishop of Llandaff; Joseph Hall, Dean of Worcester; Samuel Ward, Archdeacon of Taunton; and John Davenant, Professor of Theology at Cambridge.

THE PATRIARCHATE OF EASTON.

BY GEORGE MERLE ZACHARIAS.

The evening twilight of a July Sabbath was shedding a peaceful quiet over the roofs and spires of an old Pennsylvania town, when two strangers passed the windowed door of the most venerable church in the place. The old churchly style of the structure seemed impressive, and it said, in tones to be heard by those who had ears to hear, "*Ich bin alt kirchlich! Ja, ganz alt kirchlich! und echt hoch Reformirt, seit ich getauft, confirmirt, und geweiht war.*" And the old eaves nodded a quiet courtesy to the strangers as they entered the church-tower doorway, and said, "*Es ist eine ur-alte Reformirte Gewohnheit für uns immer in der Sonntag Abend-dämmerung, Grüß Gott zu sagen; unsere ur-ältern haben es aus Deutschland gebracht.*" And the strangers bowed respectfully, and entering the church's interior, soon felt at home in the straight-back pews—as their 'ur-ahnen' were as 'echt Reformirt' as the structure itself.

The church's interior was as sedate a specimen of a Reformed type as could be produced. A quiet air of genteel respectability pervaded its entire arrangement, and a simplicity characterized its service. Thoughts of the pious and worthy Patriarchs, Pomp and Wolf, filled the mind, and their memory was as fresh as the green vines which climb and cluster on the church's wall. Truly it seemed as if they filled positions similar to Patriarchs in the Greek Church. Is not this a very old Reformed See, and did not Schlatter hither come in his visitations of the churches? Must not such an Ancient See have its Patriarchal character, and be looked upon as the seat of what is *echt Reformirt* in Northampton county! Yes! Such it does have, and always has had, in its influence upon, and in its relation to, the Reformed churches of the entire vicinity. Are not the congregations of St. Mark's and Grace churches in Easton, St. John's at Riegelsville, the offspring of its love! Those venerable Patriarchs, Pomp and Wolf, were beloved as only Patriarchs can be loved—and even those of a later

date, as Rev. Drs. Bomberger and Beck, were men having marked individuality.

And thought succeeded thought as the strangers sat in the good old, straight-back, Reformed pews, until the Pastor was seen entering the sacred structure through the curious windowed door near the chancel. Whilst the organ kindly guided the devotions of pastor and people, a silent "Christ hear us and grant us Thy peace" was said by priest and congregation. Then the service followed with devotional prayer and hymn, and it seemed plain that this old church does not forget, Patriarchal as it is, to respect Synodical authority, by complying with its request to use the Reformed church hymn book. In this respect it would be well for many other congregations to emulate its example.

The pastor, Rev. Dr. Porter, preached a sermon on the memory of President Garfield, the excellence of which was best attested by the numerous expressions of approval by his members after service and during the week. As the pastor referred to the true type of heavenly citizenship, one could not help thinking of the couplet:

"And when the Saints still toiling
Shall meet the Saints at rest,
Fair Salem shall receive them,
Ys pilgrims who addrest
Their hymns and prayers to Christ."

The offerings of the people were now gathered, and their Lord Jesus and His church were not forgotten, for it is a well-known fact over the entire church that this congregation is one of the most liberal in the Reformed communion. The prayers and alms of this congregation ascend up together as an undivided offering: and the Lord Jesus has truly returned His divine blessing, by giving its membership worldly prosperity. It is to be hoped that this congregation will still continue to remember, that to whom much is given, much will also be required. Christ's blessing having been imparted in the pastor's benediction, the strangers left the nave of this interesting church with feelings akin to awe. As they passed through the vestibule, the genial, alt kirchlich faces of the Patriarchs, Pomp and Wolf, looked down upon the children of those whom they had served as pastors.

Very interesting was it to note a cus-

tom which this congregation has alone retained, viz.: of having the portraits (painted in oil) of these two former Pastors, hanging on the wall in the vestibule. It recalled so vividly the sacristies of Reformed and Lutheran churches in Germany, in some of which an unbroken line of Pastors' portraits have been gradually collected since the Reformation. If it will not be regarded as discourteous, the suggestion will be made to this excellent congregation to have the portraits of all its pastors painted. Then could the past and present be seen and felt in a strangely real way, and as the congregation assembled or retired, the faces of departed pastors would remind many careless members of Baptismal and Confirmation vows. Moreover would it not be well for many of our congregations to do likewise; for this time-honored custom rests on such general practice in Germany, and would accomplish such excellent results.

Very unwillingly did the strangers leave the sacred enclosure, and as they passed the portraits of the Patriarchs Pomp and Wolf, they made a respectful courtesy to the faces and memory of two such sainted pastors.

This alt hoch Reformirte Kirche, with its round arched windows and Basilica form, seemed very dignified and quaint, and was indeed a more fitting place in which to worship the Holy Redeemer as king of kings, than any Basilica Hall in which emperors and earthly kings received homage. The old spire rose above the church tower in quiet serenity, even though its style of construction cannot be found in the most exhaustive work on architecture.

And the stars looked down peacefully on church and steeple, and the night air distilled a religious dew upon them both. Even the clustering leaves of the vine on the hither side of the church wall, rustled in the quiet stillness of the night air, and the branchlet seemed to say:

"When the shadows have departed,
Then a Golden Light shall shine,
Which, in fairest, purest splendor,
Is a Beacon of the time,
When St. Gabriel cometh earthward
With a bright angelic choir,
Who bear our Sainted Pastors
To the home of palm and lyre."

THE HOLY NAME.

SELECTED BY A FRIEND OF THE GUARDIAN.

"My God!" the beauty oft exclaimed,
With deep impassioned tone,
But not in humble prayer she named
The high and Holy One.

'Twas not upon the bended knee,
With soul upraised to Heaven,
Pleading with heart-felt agony,
That she might be forgiven.

'Twas not in heavenly strains to raise,
To the great source of good,
Her daily offering of praise,
Her song of gratitude,

But in the gay and thoughtless crowd,
And in the festive hall,
'Mid scenes of mirth and mockery proud,
She named the Lord of all!

She called upon that awful name,
When laughter loudest rang—
Or where the flash of triumph came—
Or disappointment's pang—

The idlest thing that flattery knew,
The most unmeaning jest,
From those sweet lips profanely drew
Names of the Holiest.

I thought how sweet that voice would be,
Breathing this prayer to heaven,
"My God! I worship only Thee—
Oh! be my sins forgiven."

THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.

BY THE EDITOR.

A young friend, moved perhaps by our article concerning "The Nine Worthies," now inquires: "Who were the Seven Champions of Christendom?" Possibly we may have other young friends who may be glad to have some account of these redoubtable champions, though it should be necessary to relate legends which in these days are generally discredited. The seven champions were saints who were believed to be the patrons of seven European countries. During the wars of the Crusades, which began in A. D. 1096 and continued for nearly two hundred years, the armies which went forth to contend with the Mohammedans were especially zealous in their devotions to the saints. In

accordance with the spirit of the age they chose patrons whose names were found in the calendar of the church, and to them they believed their interests at the court of heaven to be specially committed. Of course, there was at first great diversity of opinion, but gradually the soldiers of each of the principal nations directed their devotions to the same saint, whose name and portrait were often placed on their banners, and who were believed to take a profound interest in the success of the armies severally confided to their care. Their names became battle-cries, and in the thickest of the fray many a soldier believed he could discern signs of their presence and coöperation. All sorts of wild legends were believed concerning them, and when the crusaders returned home the patrons who were supposed to have protected them were by common consent acknowledged as the patrons of the countries from which the Christian hosts had gone forth. Churches were everywhere dedicated to their honor, and in some countries they still occupy a pre-eminent position in popular opinion. Even in Protestant countries their names are given to patriotic societies, their emblems appear on the national banners, and there is no probability that their ancient honors will be forgotten.

We propose to give some account of these "champions," avoiding as much as possible the incredible legends which have clustered around their names, though it must be confessed that in several instances it is almost impossible to speak with confidence concerning the events of their lives.

ST. GEORGE, OF ENGLAND.

Many of our readers have, no doubt, seen English coins bearing a representation of a man on horseback, killing a dragon. This is St. George, who is said to have been a Christian prince of Cappadocia, who suffered martyrdom under the emperor Diocletian. According to the legend he saved the life of a princess named Aja, by killing a dragon who was about to devour her. He went to Rome for the purpose of converting the emperor, but was imprisoned for seven years, during which time he performed many miracles. Finally he was

decapitated, but fire came down from heaven and slew the wicked emperor. Of course, all this is mere romance, but it is not impossible that there was a Christian prince who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian. Many modern writers have, however, adopted another theory, which though not so pleasant, has, at least, the merit of plausibility. In A.D. 328, Athanasius became Archbishop of Alexandria. He was violently opposed by the Arians, who denied the divinity of Christ. There were fearful struggles, and on several occasions the Arians succeeded in driving Athanasius from his bishopric and intruding one of their leaders into his place. One of these pretenders was George of Cappadocia, a man of bad character who had been a soldier, and who was no doubt chosen Arian bishop because it was believed he would fight for the place. In a popular tumult George was killed, and his followers took their revenge by declaring him to have been a saint who united in himself all the knightly virtues. Subsequently, when the true incidents had been forgotten, his name was by mistake included in the orthodox calendar. As it was remembered that he had been a soldier his name became a great favorite with the crusaders, who must have been greatly at a loss for warlike saints. Legends were invented to reflect glory on his memory, and he came to be regarded as the model of chivalry. We do not vouch for this theory, but unless we accept it there is no way of identifying St. George with any known historical character.

St. George is the patron of England, and also of Genoa and of the grand-duchy of Moscow. His festival is celebrated on the 23d of April.

ST. DENIS, OF FRANCE.

According to some writers this saint is identical with Dionysius the Areopagite, who was converted by the preaching of St. Paul (Acts 17 : 34), and who is said to have been the first bishop of Athens. Early French writers, however, inform us that he was the leader of a band of seven missionaries who came from Rome to Gaul and founded churches in seven cities. Denis was the first Christian pastor in the city of Paris. In A.D. 272, during the perse-

secution of Valerian, he was beheaded, with several of his companions. There is a ridiculous story that after his decapitation, St. Denis walked two miles with his head in his hands. This story is probably derived from the fact that in some ancient pictures he is represented with his head in the right place, but with another head in his hands which he presents as an offering to God. The bodies of St. Denis and the other martyrs were cast into the Seine, but were recovered and buried by a wealthy Christian lady, named Catulla. Over their remains a chapel was erected, which was subsequently replaced by the celebrated Abbey of St. Denis, the burial place of the royal family. St. Louis is regarded as the protector of the kings of France, but St. Denis is the patron of the country. His festival is the 9th of October.

ST. JAMES, OF SPAIN.

St. James, the son of Zebedee and brother of John, was one of the most distinguished of the apostles of our Lord. He was one of the three who constituted the inner circle of Christ's disciples, and who were admitted to the most intimate transactions of His life, from which the rest were excluded. "It is not the least instance of that peculiar honour our Lord conferred on these apostles," says Fleetwood, "that at His calling them to the apostleship, he gave them a new name and title. Simon He called Peter, or a Rock; and James and John, who were brothers, Boanerges, or Sons of Thunder."

In A. D. 44 Herod Agrippa I, for the purpose of gaining favor with the Jews, executed James with the sword (Acts 12:2). There is an ancient legend to the effect that his accuser was so impressed with the courage and constancy of the apostle that, on the way to the execution, he begged his pardon, professed Christianity, and was beheaded with him. Spanish writers insist that shortly after the crucifixion, the apostle James visited Spain and planted Christianity in that country. His bones are said to be preserved in the church of St. Jago di Compostella. The story of his visit to Spain is rendered improbable by the fact that the apostles lingered at Jerusalem after the dispersion

of the other Christians, and that but a short period can thus be allowed for a long and difficult voyage and the great work of establishing the church. It would, however, be difficult to persuade Spaniards that their patron saint had never set foot upon their shores.

ST. ANTHONY, OF ITALY.

St. Anthony is regarded as the founder of monasticism. He was born at a place called Koma, in Middle Egypt, in A. D. 251. From his earliest youth he was a singular person, avoiding company and refusing to become educated. In his nineteenth year his father died, and in literal interpretation of the Scriptures he divided all his inheritance among the poor. Then he retired to the wilderness where he lived for some time under a solitary palm tree. He fasted every day until nearly evening, when he took a single meal of bread, salt, and water. In his solitary condition he imagined himself especially persecuted by Satan, who appeared in various forms, and alternately tempted and threatened him. In order to escape from his great enemy he fled into the desert on the opposite side of the Nile, near the Red sea. Here he lived for twenty years in a ruined tower, having made arrangements to have a supply of bread brought him every six months. It was an age which delighted above all things in self-sacrifice, and pupils gathered round him. These built themselves huts, and adopted rules for their guidance. Others, under his direction, founded a community at Arsinoe, which soon developed into a convent. Among his disciples were Hilarius and Pachomius, who were probably the first to organize the monastic system.

During the persecution of A. D. 311, St. Anthony went to Alexandria in the hope of becoming a martyr, but his wish was not gratified and he returned to his hermitage. Finding himself annoyed by numerous visitors he subsequently retired still further into the wilderness to a mountain which is still called by his name. Here he found two caves in which he lived alternately. Though he sought retirement his disciples followed him, and another convent was founded. The emperor invited him to come to Constantinople, but he re-

fused, saying, that a monk should never leave his monastery. He died on the 17th of January A. D. 356, aged 105 years. His place of burial was, by his direction, long kept a secret, but in A. D. 561 his bones were discovered and removed to Alexandria. In the tenth century they were taken to France, where they are said to have been instrumental in curing a disease—a kind of erysipelas—which has since been known as “St. Anthony’s fire.”

The time when St. Anthony came to be recognized as the patron saint of Italy was the most flourishing period of monasticism, and its founder was almost constantly eulogized in the churches. His self-sacrificing devotion commended itself to the popular imagination, and his character was not without its effect on the development of Italian national life. Some of his writings are still extant. They furnish abundant evidence of his glowing imagination and his profound devotion to an ascetic life.

ST. DAVID, OF WALES.

This saint, whose name in Welsh is *Dawi*, flourished in the earlier part of the sixth century, and died about A. D. 544. His career is so obscured by fables that it is almost impossible to arrive at historic certainty with regard to it. He is said to have wrought miracles before he was born, and to have been attended by an angel in his infancy. The Welsh are known to take especial delight in genealogy, and St. David is confidently asserted to have been the eighteenth in descent from the Virgin Mary. His father was Sanddi, or Xantus, a prince of Ceretica, or Cardigan-shire. The place of his birth is now called St. Davids.

The truth seems to be that David was a distinguished theologian who triumphed over the Pelagians in a great disputation, at the synod of Brefi. Dubricius, the Archbishop of Caerleon and primate of Wales, is said to have been so greatly impressed by David’s ability, that he resigned his position, and succeeded in having him appointed his successor. This story, however, has been doubted. He is said to have founded a college in the vale of Rhos, and was in every respect a model bishop. His

death occurred at St. David’s, where his shrine may still be seen. His festival is celebrated on the first of March.

ST. ANDREW, OF SCOTLAND.

Andrew, the apostle, was a son of Jonas, and probably a younger brother of Simon Peter. He was born at Bethsaida and had been a disciple of John the Baptist. Like his brother he was a fisherman, and followed this employment until the Lord called him to be a “fisher of men.” He is mentioned in connection with the feeding of the five thousand in the wilderness, and on several other occasions, but does not frequently appear in the gospel history. After the ascension of our Lord he is said to have preached in Scythia and Achaia, and was finally crucified at a place called Patras. The cross on which he suffered was formed of two sticks of timber crossing each other at the centre in the form of the letter X, which is hence called “St. Andrew’s cross.” In order to prolong his sufferings he was fastened to the cross with cords instead of nails, and he lived for three days, constantly praising and glorifying God.

The character of St. Andrew is believed to have been especially marked by endurance and manly firmness, and before the Reformation the Scotch people regarded him as their special champion. He appears on many coins and medals, bearing his cross. The city of St. Andrew’s is named after him.

ST. PATRICK, OF IRELAND.

The real name of this worthy is said to have been Calpurnius, and he was called Patricius (or Patrick) because he was of a patrician family. According to the best authority he was born about A. D. 372, near Dumbarton in Scotland. His father Poritus was a Roman priest, and his mother Conquessa was a relative of St. Martin of Tours. In his sixteenth year he was seized by pirates and carried away to Ireland, and sold as a slave; but after six months he escaped and returned to Scotland. Carried off a second time and again escaping, he conceived that it was his duty to become a missionary to the Irish who were still heathen barbarians. Having previously, according to some accounts visited

France and Italy, he passed over to his chosen field, about A. D. 432, where he labored with such extraordinary success that in thirty years nearly the whole island was converted to Christianity.

In his old age he is said to have written his "Confessions," but the authenticity of this book is doubted. He died about A. D. 464. No doubt St. Patrick was one of the noblest of the champions of Christianity who in primitive ages took their lives into their hands and went to preach the gospel to barbarous nations. The legends related concerning him are almost innumerable. It may be true that he first suggested the shamrock—a kind of clover—as the emblem of Ireland, by employing its leaf as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity; but we are not inclined to accept without question the popular legend that, with his crosier or staff, he drove all the venomous reptiles out of the country. Some years ago the writer was shown a little lake near Killarney, into which the saint is said to have thrown the last snake in Ireland, after first securing him in a box. "Now, listen!" said our guide, "and you can hear the old snake moaning and trying to get out of his box." Of course, we do not imagine that the Irish people seriously believe such stuff, but they are inveterate jokers, and like to relate these ancient stories for the amusement of travellers.

The legends which cluster around the names of the "Seven Champions of Christendom" are often incredible, and sometimes amusing, but they have withal a certain fascination. They tell of times so different from our own that it is hard to form a proper conception of them. We have reached a period when nations no longer commit their interests to a single saint, however exalted, and Christians are everywhere coming to appreciate the truth that, in all their conflicts, men need but a single champion. As Luther sings:

"In our own strength we nought can do,
We are full soon down-ridden,
But for us fights the champion true,
Whom God himself has bidden.
Knowst thou who is this?
His name Christ Jesus is—
The Lord of Sabaoth,
And only God of earth—
He'll surely win the battle."

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Spice and myrrh, and gold and gems?
Countless are His diadems.
Songs and anthems, thrilling sweet?
But the ransomed kiss His feet.
Spires, upreared to heavenly height?
But all heaven's His temple bright.
Babe Divine, and Lord Most High,
Regent of the earth and sky,
What full-handed, can we bring
For the full heart's offering?
Only praise that's choked with tears,
Only swiftly fading years;
Only service incomplete,
Weary hands and failing feet.
Yet we venture! Yet we say:
"Take our all, this Christmas Day;
"Let our love and our desire
Mingle with the seraph choir,
"That forever strikes this chord,
"Glory to the Sovereign Lord!"

SOFTLY He cometh,
This King.
No sound on the mountains afar;
No herald save one silent star;
Nor highway with triumph to ring!

Lowly He cometh—
This King.
No robes of bright purple and gold;
No pageantry royal and bold;
No banner its glory to fling!

Meekly He cometh,
This King.
To sit in our earth-shade of woe;
To wear our humanity, so
That souls in their sonship may sing!

Quickly He cometh,
This King.
Lord, even so!—longing we wait
Outside of the pearl-built gate,
Outside of the glory so great—
Till Thou our glad welcome shalt bring!
Thou—Brother, and Saviour,
And King!

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

An old divine once preached a Christmas sermon on the text: "Of all clean fowls ye may eat," (Deut. 14: 20), and then took occasion to describe the peculiarities of a good Christmas dinner. It would have been much better if he had chosen the text: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," (1 Cor. 10: 31).

OUR CABINET.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We feel certain that the circulation of THE GUARDIAN might be greatly extended, if its friends would interest themselves in its behalf. This is the best season for the work, and our friends will confer a great favor by securing as many subscribers as possible and sending the names to the publishers. Those who write for THE GUARDIAN are doing it as a labor of love,—will not some of our readers testify to a similar sentiment by obtaining at least one new subscriber?

LETTER OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The following is a letter of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. Though principally devoted to business, the last paragraph is interesting as containing a reference to Napoleon Bonaparte. The original is in the possession of the editor of THE GUARDIAN, and we believe it has never been published:

Monticello, July 30, 1815.

DEAR SIR:—Knowing the total absence of all honest principle in Michie, I have thought it safest to follow your advice, and to leave no flaw in the depositions to be taken. I have therefore kept up your letter to the clerk of our court, unopened, and now return it to you in that state, with a new dedimus and notice of the execution of it on Saturday, the 26th of August. This done I hope there will be no occasion to trouble you again.

Having occasion not long since to look over an account with Craven Peyton, I observed in it an order in your favor for 60 dollars, and on reflection I could not recollect that I had ever paid it to you. I have examined my books and papers carefully, and find in fact it has never been paid. I am sorry you never reminded me of it, as there was never a time that the payment would have been inconvenient, and the decay of my memory which for some time has been very sensible, requires to be aided by that of others. I now inclose you an order for it with interest to the 31st of August, which allows time for its receipt.

We are all praying for the success of France in vindicating the right of self-government, thus merging in the holiness of the principle the crimes of the man they chuse to conduct them, and whose former life has been one continued violation of it. Your friends here

are all as well as their late unhappy bereavements will permit them to be. I salute you with affection and respect.

THOS. JEFFERSON.

The Honorable JUDGE CARR,
Winchester.

WILLIAM PENN.

During the week beginning with the 22d of October, the city of Philadelphia celebrated its Bi-Centennial anniversary. There were imposing ceremonies and magnificent processions, but to our mind the religious services by which they were preceded were more significant than all this pomp and pageantry. In all the discourses delivered on the occasion there was a proper recognition of the religious character of William Penn. It was his perfect charity, his pure beneficence, and his stainless life that made him a worthy example to succeeding generations. He was also a statesman and lawgiver who was far in advance of his age, but his whole life was an illustration of the Scriptural promise: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

TO SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The comments in the GUARDIAN will hereafter be more full and complete. They will give not merely a general outline of the lesson, as heretofore, but a running commentary on the words, phrases and sentences of the lesson selected, and also the opinions of the leading commentators. Few, except the clergy, have *Lange, Alford, L. Abbott, &c.*, to consult, and their want can only be met in thus making liberal but judicious selections from the best commentaries.

This announcement is made in the hope that teachers may club together in time to secure the GUARDIAN for 1883 at reduced rates, and avail themselves of the increased help.—*Editor of Scholar's Quarterly, and of Comments in Guardian.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

LESSON X.

December 3, 1882.

AFTER HIS DEATH. MARK 15: 38-47.

Commit to memory verses 43 and 46.

38. And the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom.

39. And when the centurion, which stood over against him, saw that he so cried out, and gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this man was the Son of God.

40. There were also women looking on a far off: among whom was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the less and of Joses, and Salome;

41. Who also, when he was in Galilee, followed him, and ministered unto him; and many other women which came up with him unto Jerusalem.

42. And now when the even was come, because it was the preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath,

43. Joseph of Arimathea, an honourable

counsellor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came, and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus.

44. And Pilate marvelled if he were already dead: and calling unto him the centurion, he asked him whether he had been any while dead.

45. And when he knew it of the centurion, he gave the body to Joseph.

46. And he bought fine linen, and took him down, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepulchre.

47. And Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus beheld where he was laid.

OUTLINE : { 1. THE RENT VEIL. V. 38.
2. THE FAITHFUL WATCHER. Vs. 39-41.
3. THE BURIAL. Vs. 42-47.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Truly this man was the Son of God." V. 39.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 38. *The veil*, the curtain separating the holy place from the most holy place. *Rent in twain*, split from top to bottom: a sign that the "one offering for sin once for all" was now made. (See Hebrews 6: 19; 9: 12; and 10: 19). 39. *The centurion*, a captain over 100 soldiers. He now confessed his faith in Jesus, as *Son of God*, and "a righteous man." (Luke 23: 47). The death of Christ won him, as it did Joseph and Nicodemus. 40. *Women*, faithful to the last. "Last at the cross, first at the tomb." A few names are given; but *many others* were there. 42. *The even*, Good Friday eve. *Preparation*, for the Sabbath which began in the evening. 43. *Joseph*, a member of the Sanhedrin, or Senate. He "had not consented to the murder." (Luke 23: 50-51). *Waited*—he was expecting the Saviour, and now found Him dead. *Went boldly*; he had before been a secret, timid disciple. Nicodemus also assisted in the burial. (See John 19: 39-40). 44. *Already dead*, for death by crucifixion was a slow death. 46. *Fine linen*; Christ's body was worthy of the best. He was buried like a rich man, by rich men. 47. *Two* watched the descent from the cross, the embalming and the burial.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 49. Of what advantage to us is Christ's ascension into heaven?

Ans. First, that He is our Advocate in the presence of His Father in heaven; second, that we have our flesh in heaven, as a sure pledge that He, as the head, will also take up

to Himself, us His members; third, that He sends us His Spirit as an earnest, by whose power we seek the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, and not things on earth.

QUESTIONS.

How long did Christ hang upon the cross? At what hour did he die? What do we call the day of His death?

Verse 38. What sign in the Temple followed His death? What is signified by the rent veil? What was the true temple in which God dwelt? (See John 2: 21). Was the veil of the true Temple also rent? Into what Holy of holies did Christ pass?

39. What did the centurion confess? Had he, perhaps, heard what was said before Pilate? Did he now believe in Jesus' claim? What impressed him so deeply? What other two were won by the death on the cross?

40-41. Who were faithful to the last? Why did they linger there? What two stayed until the burial was finished? (v. 47).

42. What even? What preparation?

43. What office did Joseph hold? Did he agree to the murder? What was he waiting for? Did he now confess Christ boldly? What kind of disciple was he before? Was he rich or poor?

44. Why did Pilate marvel? Were Jesus' bones broken? (See John 19: 36). Who is the Passover Lamb?

45-46. Who assisted in the burial? What did he bring? What did they do with the spices and linen? Did they bury Jesus in the ground? Where then? How did they close the grave? Had any one been buried in it before?

LESSON HYMNS : { "Saviour, when in dust to Thee."
"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!"

LESSON X.

Dec. 3, 1882.

Wonderful signs accompanied the death of our Lord. All nature seemed to sympathize with the Divine Sufferer: the earth quaked, darkness veiled the skies, as though the sun would not look upon the awful sacrifice, men's hearts failed them for fear, and they smote upon their breasts and returned to the city.

I. THE RENT VEIL.

The veil of the temple was rent. The veil separated the most holy place from the rest of the temple; none but the high priest was allowed to enter beyond the veil. It was 60 feet high and 30 feet wide, and was made of the finest material, and its color was purple and gold.

The tearing of this veil exposed the most holy place to view, showed that *an entrance into it was made for all*, and not for the high priest merely. The great work of salvation was at last finished; the old covenant was at an end, and the new established; for the Great High Priest had entered into the *real* Holy of Holies by His own blood.

One question only remains: how did the disciples learn about the rent veil? Was it merely common report, believed by all and denied by none? Or were there any *witnesses*? Yes; "a great company of the priests became obedient to the faith," and these witnessed the rent with their own eyes, and made it known. (Acts 6:7).

A sublime Truth was here taught by a sublime symbol: "a new and living way into the holiest of all"—that is, into heaven, was made for us by the death of the cross.

II. THE FAITHFUL WATCHERS.

The centurion. The centurion had command of 100 soldiers, as a Captain in our army has. *Three* centurions bore testimony to Christ—the one in Capernaum, (Matt. 8:5-10), this one at the cross, and Cornelius at Cesarea. (Acts 10).

Saw that He so cried out. "There was something in the manner of this last cry so unusual and superhuman, that the centurion was convinced that Jesus must have been *that Person* whom He was accused as having declared Himself to be."—*Alford*.

This man was the Son of God. Rousseau has said that "if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." There was something in the death of Jesus that convinced the centurion that He was *more than man*. That death won the centurion as a witness of Christ. He was not afraid to defend the dead Saviour.

Women looking on. The mother of Jesus was one of these, as we learn from the words He spoke to her on the cross. Mary of Magdala, and another Mary—three Marys. Salome also, the sister of the virgin Mary.

Mary Magdalene is the one out of whom our Lord cast seven devils (Mark 16:9). "There is no ground whatever for identifying her with the woman that was a sinner, mentioned in Luke 7:36-50, and none, therefore, for the popular idea that her early life was profligate. Yet that idea is all but universal. The name is applied to women who have fallen from chastity; institutions for the reformation of such women are known as Magdalene asylums; an order of nuns in the Romish Church, composed chiefly of penitent courtesans, is called Magdalenes, and is dedicated to Mary Magdalene,—a curious illustration of the extent to which an entirely groundless idea may gain popular and unquestioned acceptance."—*L. Abbott*.

Many other women were at the cross. Such fidelity puts to shame the timidity of the men; and was the harbinger of the glorious company of Christian women in every age of the world, who have remained faithful to Jesus amidst the temptations of the world.

III. THE BURIAL.

When the even was come—that is, the close of Good Friday. *It was the preparation* for the Sabbath—our Sunday. So we say, Sunday eve, Christmas eve. "In German the usual name of Saturday is *Sonn-abend*, that is, Sunday eve."—*L. Abbott*.

The day before the Sabbath; and that Sabbath was an high day—the great Paschal Sabbath. "Three corpses on the cross, so near the temple and holy city on a day so sacred would make great commotion, as polluting the whole place. Besides, the feelings of the peo-

ple might turn, with unknown results.”
—*Geikie*.

Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counsellor. He was a member of the Jewish Sanhedrin, or Senate. He held a high position; and he filled it worthily: he was an *honorable counsellor*. “The word translated honorable has respect originally to the *personal appearance*, and means *handsome*, comely; but is then transferred to *character* and social position, corresponding very nearly to *respectable* in English.”—*J. A. Alexander*.

Waited for the Kingdom. Like Simon and Anna, and many other believing Jews, he longed for the Messiah to come and restore the Kingdom of God. He had before secretly believed that Jesus was the King of Israel, and “had not consented unto” the murder. Yet he had not come forward boldly on the side of Christ. But no sooner was He crucified, than Joseph was won to the Lord’s side. “He would fain honor his lifeless form, if only to show his regret and shame for unworthy half-heartedness while He still lived.”—*Geikie*.

Went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus. By that act he forfeited all position of honor in the Jewish Sanhedrin and nation—he renounced all that was near and dear to a Jew. Besides, he arrayed himself on the side of One who had been crucified on the charge of rebellion against Rome. Such an act might imperil his life.

Then, too, his handling a corpse would render him ceremonially unclean for seven days, and he could not participate in the Passover that year. But for Jesus’s sake he made every sacrifice, that he might render a fitting tribute to Christ.

Pilate marveled if He were already dead; crucifixion is a lingering death, and Christ had been on the cross about six hours, not long enough to extinguish all life, Pilate thought.

Calling unto him the centurion. The world made sure of the death of Christ; men would not be cheated by an *apparent* death, or swoon. The centurion knew that His death was real, for a soldier pierced His side with a spear.

He gave the body to Joseph. He could not well refuse the request of so prominent a member of the Sanhedrin, and

he knew Joseph would treat the lifeless body with proper respect. No doubt Pilate desired that Jesus should have honorable burial.

He bought fine linen, &c. We know that Nicodemus also assisted, and brought the spices to anoint the body of Jesus. Thus these two rich Senators honored the sacred body of Christ. How differently had the living body been treated by the rude soldiers!

The grave was not dug downwards into the ground, but cut into the side of a rock. It was a new tomb, in which no man had yet lain; and it was closed by a stone for a door.

Beheld where He was laid. They remained until the last funeral rites were paid, and then went to prepare spices and ointments for further anointing His body on the first day of the week. (Luke 23 : 55-56).

CHRISTMAS DAY.

When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it’s Christmas day;
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls.
And all the night the heavens shine,
With luster of a light Divine,
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With “Merry Christmas!” in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas-tree;
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friend and kindred dear;
Of gifts and bounties in the air,
Sped by the “Merry Christmas!” prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angels’ song;
“Glory be to God above!
On earth be peace and helpful love!”
And on the street, or hearts within,
The Christmas carolings begin:

Waken, Christian Children,
Up and let us sing,
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

“Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
‘Let them come to me.’

Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.”

—*St. Nicholas*.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

LESSON XI.

December 10, 1882.

JESUS' RESURRECTION. MARK 16: 1-8.

Commit to memory verse 6.

1. And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him.

2. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

3. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

4. And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great,

5. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a

young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

6. And he said unto them, Be not affrighted; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here; behold the place where they laid him.

7. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you.

8. And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they any thing, to any man; for they were afraid.

OUTLINE: { 1. THE EARLY VISIT. V. 1-5.
2. THE EMPTY TOMB. V. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the firstfruits of them that slept." 1 Cor. 15: 20.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 1 *The Sabbath*, our Saturday. *Past*, at sunset. *Anoint*, finish the hasty embalming by Joseph and Nicodemus. 2. *Very early*, "while it was yet dark." (John 20: 1). *First day of the week*, Sunday, our *Lord's day*. (Rev. 1: 10). *Rising of the sun*, by the time they had arrived on the ground. 3. *Roll away stone*; the tomb was cut out of the rock; a round, wheel-shaped stone fit over the door. 4. *The stone was rolled away by an angel*; (Matt. 28: 2), no "seals" could hold it, though it was "very great." 5. *Entering into*, as one would enter a chamber. *A young man*, an angel in man's form. (Matt. 28: 2, 5). 6. *He is risen*; thus was the joyful tidings announced first by an angel, as Jesus' birth also was. 7. *Go * tell*; that is the news the world needs to hear. *Tell Peter* especially, for he had specially sinned, and greatly needed to be cheered. *Goeth before you*, like a true Shepherd. *Into Galilee*, the old home and place of work. *As He said*; remember His words, and all will be well.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 50. Why is it added, "and sitteth at the right hand of God?"

Ans. Because Christ is ascended into heaven

for this end, that He might there appear as Head of His Church, by whom the Father governs all things.

QUESTIONS.

Verses 1-2. What day of the week was the Sabbath? Which is our Sunday? What name has it in Rev. 1: 10? On what day did "the Sun of Righteousness arise?" Is Sunday a sad or a joyful day? Who came to the tomb? What did they bring? What did they wish to do? Had it already been done? By whom?

3-4. What question did they ask? Was it large or small? What shape? How was the tomb made? What had the rulers done to the stone-door? Did they know of the guard and seal? Were they expecting a resurrection? Why not?

5-7. What did they see? What was the young man? How was he clothed? Can angels

speak? What did this one say? Did he know what they were seeking? What joyful fact did he first announce? Who first told of Jesus' birth? Of His resurrection? What direction did he give? Whom especially should they tell? Why? Where should they meet Him? Why there? How many gathered there to meet Him? (1 Cor. 15: 6).

8. What did the women do? Did they speak to every one they met on the way? To whom did they hasten with the news? What was Jesus shown to be "by the resurrection from the dead?" (Romans 1: 4). On what day do we celebrate the resurrection? Does every Sunday commemorate it?

LESSON HYMNS: { "The Lord of life is risen."
"The Lord is risen indeed."
"Hark! the herald angels say."

LESSON XI. Dec. 10, 1882.

I. THE EARLY VISIT.

When the Sabbath was past, that is, on Saturday after 6 o'clock, P. M. • Mark tells us of three women who went to anoint the body of Jesus on the morning of the first day of the week—our Sunday. *Had bought sweet spices.* It is not clear when they bought them. The verb is simply in the aorist tense—*bought*. Either on the evening of His crucifixion, or at the close of the next day. The *sweet spices* were myrrh, aloes and other preventives of putrefaction, and odorous perfumes.

Anoint Him. Nicodemus had only hurriedly wrapped the body in spices with the fine linen; now these women wish to complete the embalming by adding their own offerings of love to Him.

Very early in the morning. John says: *while it was yet dark.* They started from their homes thus early, but did not reach the sepulchre until “at the rising of the sun.” This was the first day of the week—the *Lord's Day*.

In reference to the *number* of women who went to the sepulchre, we have no definite statement. Mark mentions Mary Magdalene, Mary mother of Jesus, and Salome. Luke mentions *Joanna also, and others with them.* John mentions Mary Magdalene only. It is evident that the evangelists were not concerned to mention the names of all the women, but tell of their visit in general terms, giving the names of certain prominent persons. It may be, too, that several parties went to the tomb. The writers all agree that the *Marys* were there, and that it was on the *first day of the week*. This is called the *Lord's Day* by John in Rev. 1: 9. “It is therefore recognized by inspiration as the sacred day in the Christian week. The day of the Saviour's sepulchre repose was the last of Jewish Sabbaths. The first day of the week has from that time to this succeeded to the honors of the 4th commandment.”

Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? In some cases the door of the tomb was a circular stone, which could be rolled like a wheel before the aperture, or back into a niche, leaving an opening into the tomb. Be-

ing heavy, the women feared their strength would be insufficient to roll it away. *Who* will assist us? No man was there; but they went onward, determined to roll it back with their own hands. Nothing hinders love; “love never fails” (1 Cor. 13: 8). The stone may be *very great*, the burden heavy, the way long and rough, love presses ever onward.

When they looked. In contrast with their anxiety is the unexpected and supernatural removal of the stone. Here we may all learn the lesson, that when “Christian love undertakes a difficult duty, God will remove the obstacles which are too great for its own strength.”—*L. Abbott*.

II. THE EMPTY TOMB.

Entering into the sepulchre; this could be done, because it was cut into the side of the rock, or else built as a vault. The women were not afraid to enter in. But a very unexpected sight affrighted them. *They saw a young man sitting on the right side, &c.* Their fear, however, was not so great as to prevent their taking exact notice of everything in the tomb. They observed that the angel sat on the *right side*, that his garment was *long and white*, and that he looked like a *young man*. “Immortal youth, with all of buoyant energy and fresh power which that attribute suggests, belongs to those beings whom Scripture faintly shows as our elder brethren. No waste decays their strength, no change robs them of forces which have ceased to increase. For them there never comes a period when memory is more than hope. Age cannot wither them. In heaven, the oldest angels are the youngest. A Christian life on earth solves partly a Christian life in heaven, solves completely the problem of perpetual youth.”—*Maclaren*.

And he saith unto them. Then angels can converse with mankind in our own language. *Be not affrighted.* On Bethlehem's plains the angel said: Fear not; for behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy! The events of our sad earth terrify us; but heaven's language is: *fear not.* *Let not your heart be troubled.*

The angel at the tomb spoke words of peace and courage to these mourning friends of Jesus. Luke furnishes fur-

ther words of the angel, and tells also that there was a second angel there, who remained silent. (Luke 24: 4).

Ye seek Jesus. God and angels know what we are seeking. Well for them who seek Jesus! *Jesus of Nazareth*—this was a pointed allusion to His extreme humiliation. “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” Ye seek Him *which was crucified*. But “why seek ye the Living among the dead? He is not here.” (Luke 24: 6).

And now is heard the most joyful announcement ever made on earth, on a par with that other glorious message heard on Bethlehem’s plains: “Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!” **HE IS RISEN!** *He is not here: behold the place where they laid Him.* The victory over death has been won at last.

And now mankind has received the first tidings of the Resurrection. The Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in His wings! Such good news must not be kept concealed from a sorrowful world. *Go your way and tell His disciples.* They had often heard Him say He would rise again, but did not seem to realize what He meant. They must now hear that the resurrection is an accomplished fact.

Tell Peter especially, for he is sad and despondent, because he denied his Lord. He will know by the message that he is not rejected.

He goeth before you into Galilee. The Shepherd will gather His scattered flock again; and where, but in Galilee, the scene of their early labors? *There shall ye see Him.* You shall not only be hearers of good tidings from the lips of others, but shall see Him with your own eyes, and handle Him.

As He said unto you. He had foretold His resurrection; and this was recalled to their mind by the angel. Dismiss your unbelief. *And they went out quickly, &c.* They were overawed. They went to see a lifeless body, and found an empty tomb; they heard an angel speak, and the tidings were too good to be believed: *The Lord is risen.* *They said nothing to any man*—that is, on their way to the disciples. They tarried not on the road, because they were in haste to tell the good news. They were to be the first heralds of the Resurrection.

See in this an illustration of the Spirit which should always actuate the disciples of Christ.

ST. NICHOLAS.

“St. Nicholas!” who was he? No “topic of the times” is more prominent just now than this kindly Saint. It were a pity, knowing him so well, not to know more about him. His home, it is said, was in Asia Minor. He lived about the time of St. Augustine. He was a bishop. His benevolence was unlimited, and was continually sending him out on errands of unexpected kindness. If some noble family had fallen into misfortune and poverty, it was his special delight, in an unknown disguise, to surprise them with the means of relief. His gifts, discriminatingly distributed on every side, in spite of his attempts at self-concealment, made him famous; until, after a while, his good deeds having been, perhaps, considerably magnified as men retold the delightful story of them, he came to be taken as the personal embodiment of the gift-giving spirit of Christianity itself.

AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

A flash of light, a merry hum,
And peals of rippling laughter sweet,
The pattering of tiny feet.
And,—lo, the little children come.

A strangely fir tree rears its head,
With stars and tapers all ablaze;
And quivering in the fairy rays,
The glittering, loaded branches spread.

The childish eyes are sparkling bright,
And childish hearts with joys o’erflow,
And on the birthday long ago
They ponder with a grave delight.

Then to their gifts they turn once more,
And in the present sunshine lost,
They fear no future tempest-tost,
But unto fairy regions soar.

No cares, no fears, a happy time
Of laughter—tears that cannot stay—
An April day, a year of May,
Pealed in and out with Christmas chime.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

LESSON XII.

December 17, 1882.

AFTER JESUS' RESURRECTION. MARK 16: 9-20.

Commit to memory verses 15-18.

9. Now when *Jesus* was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.

10. And she went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept.

11. And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.

12. After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

13. And they went and told it unto the residue; neither believed they them.

14. Afterwards he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

15. And he said unto them, Go ye into all

the world, and preach the gospel] to every creature.

16. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

17. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;

18. They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

19. So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.

20. And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen.

OUTLINE: { 1. HIS APPEARANCES. Vs. 9-14.
2. HIS COMMISSION. Vs. 15-18.
3. HIS ASCENSION. Vs. 19-20.

GOLDEN TEXT: "And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." V. 15.

INSTRUCTION.

Verse 9. *The first day of the week*, the first Christian Sunday. *Appeared first to Mary*. (See John 20: 11-17). *Seven devils*, not merely did one demon afflict her. This does not mean that she was a greater sinner than others, or a dissolute woman. It was her affliction, not her sin.

10. *Them that had been with Him*—His disciples. *Mourned*, because they still thought he was dead. 11. *Believed not*; slow of heart to believe. 12. *Unto two*, as they went to Emmaus, (Luke).

13. *Unto the residue*, to the eleven. *Neither believed*; no wonder *He upbraided them*. (14.) 15-16. *Go * * preach*; this is the Apostolic Commission. *Believe and be baptized*—these are the conditions of salvation. 17-18. *Signs*, to call out and confirm faith in Christ.

19. *Received up into heaven*—His Ascension. *Right hand*—place of honor, power, and glory. 20. *They went*, no longer sat, doubting and mourning.

(Read MATT. 28: 9-20. LUKE 24: 12-53. JOHN 20 and 21. 1 Cor. 15: 4-8.)

The Appearances of Jesus: 1. To Mary. 2. To the women. 3. To two going to Emmaus. 4. To Peter. 5. To ten Apostles in an upper room. (First Sunday). 6. To the eleven (Thomas now present). 7. To seven Apostles at the Sea of Tiberias. 8. To eleven Apostles on a mountain in Galilee. 9. To 500 brethren at once. 10. To James. 11. When He ascended into heaven. 12. To Stephen, "I see heaven opened, and Jesus standing, &c." 13. To Paul near Damascus. 14. To John on the Isle of Patmos. (Rev. 1: 13-20).

CATECHISM.

Ques. 51. What profit is this glory of Christ, our Head, unto us?

Ans. First, that by His Holy Spirit He pour-

eth out heavenly graces upon us, His members; and then, that by His power He defends and preserves us against all His enemies.

QUESTIONS.

Verse 9. To whom did the Risen Redeemer first show Himself? What had He done for her? Was her faith in Him strong? Her love? Was she specially wicked, or only afflicted?

To whom did He next appear? (See list).

10. To whom did Mary tell the good news? How many women followed her example? Why were the disciples mourning?

11. Why did the disciples not believe? Had He not often told them He would rise again?

12. To whom did He make a third appearance? Whither were they going? Did you read the account in Luke? How was He "made known to them?"

13. What did the two do? How far was it? Was their witness believed? To whom did He then appear privately?

14. Where was the 12th disciple, Judas? What does "upbraid" mean? Are the wit-

nesses of the resurrection worthy of belief? Does Mark mention all the appearances? How many in all do we know of? (See list).

15. What great command did Jesus give?

16. What are the conditions of salvation? What condemns a man?

17-18. Can you enumerate the signs that followed the first preaching? Are these signs needed now? Does preaching produce similar spiritual effects and signs in our days?

19. On what day of the week did He ascend? How many days after Easter? How many days did He then linger on earth? (Acts 1: 3). What does "the right hand of God" mean?

20. What did they do? Have they successors in office? Does the work still make progress? Who works with true preachers? What does "Amen" mean?

LESSON HYMN: "Our Lord is risen from the dead."

LESSON XII. Dec. 17, 1882.

Third Sunday in Advent.

I. THE APPEARANCES OF JESUS AFTER HIS RESURRECTION.

Jesus was not visible to the ordinary gaze of men after He rose from the dead. By His death He passed out of and beyond the order of *nature*; and His resurrection was not a coming back into this order, but it was His entrance upon a *glorified, spiritual state of existence*. His human nature was raised to a higher stage of life than that which it previously occupied. It lived henceforth in the Spiritual world.

Consequently mankind could not see the Risen One. To them He was the Unseen. But Christ could *manifest* Himself to those who had known Him when He tarried in the flesh whilst in the form of a servant. On how many occasions He may have made Himself known we cannot tell. The Scriptures tell us of a number of such *appearances*, or *revelations*, of Jesus to His chosen ones.

He remained on the earth forty days after the Resurrection, as we learn from the opening words of the Acts. The number is significant. Moses, the Law-giver, was forty days on the Mount; and now Christ, the giver of the new Law, "the Mediator of a new and better covenant," tarried 40 days with His disciples and spake of "the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." (Acts 1: 3).

On the lesson leaf we have given a list of the appearances of Jesus, so far as they are recorded. Doubtless He was seen more frequently; for John tells us at the close of His gospel, that he had not attempted to write all, but merely mentioned a few instances of Christ's manifestations of Himself. "Even when most closely touching the material and earthly, He is always seen speaking and acting only as a spirit, coming suddenly, revealing Himself in an imperceptibly increasing completeness which culminates at last in some unmistakable sign, and presently vanishing as suddenly as He appeared."—*Geikie*.

When Jesus was risen He appeared to Mary Magdalene. Great honor was put upon Mary by this fact, and indeed upon her sex. Her loving devotion was

rewarded; for she lingered at the tomb until she should receive some explanation of the mystery. *Magdalene*, that is, of the town of Magdala. *Out of whom He had cast seven devils*. What is meant by this explanatory statement? Centuries ago it was suggested that Mary was a dissolute woman; the story was repeated, until it became the general opinion; and Mary came to stand as the type of a reclaimed prostitute. Now, this is grossly unjust to the memory of Mary. There is not a word in all the Scripture that even intimates that she had ever been a lewd woman.

In the early part of the year we had the subject of demoniacal possessions for our study, and we learned that certain persons, through some misfortune, or through physical and mental weakness, became subject to Satanic influences; the heart, will and conscience not consenting to such mastery, but protesting against it; by the exercise of strong faith in Jesus, such persons were delivered from Satan's power. Mary was one who had been thus afflicted; and, in response to her faith in the Lord, He gave her deliverance. Her devotion to Jesus thenceforth was so great that nothing could separate her from Him; she lingered at the cross, and she hastened to the tomb; and to her Jesus first showed Himself after His resurrection.

She went and told it. She could not keep the good tidings shut up in her own bosom; nor ought any one do so, to whom Jesus has revealed Himself in His word and by His Spirit.

As they mourned and wept. The disciples were still mourning over the death of Christ, whilst He was alive. *Sense* so overpowers *faith* that we often mourn when we ought to rejoice.

They believed not. They must have remembered that He had said He would rise again; but they could not think it possible that He had risen. It was too good to be true, they thought. Woman's message was not believed, though it was true.

After that He appeared in another form unto two. Luke gives us the particulars in chapter 24, verse 13, &c.

The place in the country was Emmaus, about 8 miles from Jerusalem. At first He concealed Himself from

their recognition, and then revealed Himself in the breaking of bread—which was a significant act, typifying His body broken, yet having power to impart life and strength.

These two told it unto the residue, neither believed they them. The testimony of two male witnesses met with no more credence than that of the women. But “their skepticism affords just ground for our belief. Their testimony is the testimony of incredulous and scrutinizing witnesses.”—*Whedon*.

Afterward He appeared unto the eleven. Judas being no longer among the Apostles, they are called no longer the Twelve, but the Eleven. Yet only ten were really present; Thomas was absent at this first meeting. Eleven was the official number at this time. In 1 Cor. 15: 5 they are still called the Twelve, Paul taking no notice of the well-known history of Judas.

As they sat at meat. He ate with them, too; not because He needed food, but to convince them of the reality of His human body. They thought He was only a Spirit. At this feast He opened their eyes to understand the prophecies, showing that He must die and rise again, according to the prophets.

Bernard says: “If He condescended so far as to appear to them where they sat at meat, much more reason have we to expect His gracious presence where we are prostrated in prayer.”

He upbraided them with their unbelief. It is wrong to reject the testimony of true witnesses; their words are entitled to a hearing; there will be time to investigate afterwards, and prove their truth or error.

II. THE APOSTOLIC COMMISSION.

And He said unto them, Go. This refers to His meeting with the disciples on Ascension Day, forty days after His resurrection. In Matthew the commission is stated more fully: Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things which I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. The command is to go, and to preach.

Preach the Gospel, This has become

the technical phrase for official duty, and does not convey to our ears its full meaning and beauty: *proclaim the good news*, the glad tidings of salvation.

To every creature, or to the whole creation, to all kinds and conditions of men. This command has been partially complied with; the gospel is preached in 235 languages, on every continent, and in most of the islands; but many nations still refuse to accept the glad tidings.

Go, preach; such is the great missionary charter. The Christian dare not say no. The command is positive. The promise is cheering: Lo, I am with you alway. And the conditions of salvation are plainly given; faith, and baptism. *He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.* He that has faith in Christ, and trusts Himself to Him, and then publicly confesses that faith in Baptism, and enters upon a new life of devotion to the Triune God, shall be saved.

He that believeth not shall be damned. Unbelief here means, not doubt or perplexity, but a refusal to open the heart to the influence of a living Saviour—a rejection of God's offer.

Damned, literally, *judged against, condemned*; and thus subjected to eternal ruin or perdition.

Signs shall follow. At first outward testimony was needed to confirm the word. In Acts we read that this took place on many occasions. “Should occasion arise for its fulfilment, there can be no doubt that it will be made good in our own or any other time. But we must remember that signs are not needed where Christianity is *professed*; nor by missionaries who are backed by the influence of powerful Christian nations.”—*Alford*.

Cast out devils. “Their first miracle should be that signal work which typified the great work of Christ in expelling evil and its author from the soul of man, and from the world, namely, the casting out of devils.”—*Whedon*.

Speak with new tongues—an intimation of the miracle of Pentecost, when the disciples were enabled to preach in many languages; a gift which remained with the early Church. See 1 Cor. 12: 10. Men preach in all tongues to-day.

They shall take up serpents. “The

powerful grace of God enables the faithful Christian to handle unharmed the evil things of this life, and perform its secular business, which bite other men, and kill them."

If they drink any deadly thing. "The cup of temptation and trial which poisons the soul of the unregenerate is drained by the faithful truster in Christ unhurt. And from all the ailments of which men sicken and die, the power of the resurrection shall completely heal them."—*Whedon*. "Christianity is itself a greater sign than any the Apostles wrought."—*Abbott*.

III. THE ASCENSION.

He was received up into. This was the last stage in the glorification of Christ. We need not enlarge upon it here; it will come up after New Year again in our lessons on the Acts.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The stockings were hung in the corner,
Three of them all in a row!
Tall Fred's and dear little Mabel's
And Will's with its scarlet toe.
The good-night kisses were given;
The evening prayers were said;
And the quiet that reigned in the parlor told
That the children had gone to bed.

Upstairs, from the quiet nursery,
Where the lamp burned soft and low,
I could hear the prattle of voices
Come floating down below.
And I knew bright eyes were trying
A lengthened watch to keep,
Lest Santa Claus pass by them
And they be fast asleep.

"But," said the voice of Mabel,
"Perhaps he won't come, because
Lucy Gray says there's no such person
As good old Santa Claus.
And if this should be the case,
Why, then he won't come, you know;
And our stockings will all be empty,
From the top clear down to the toe."

Then up rose Will, indignant
At such a suggestion as this,
Such a sudden dispelling of fancies
And visions of Christmas bliss;
Of a rocking-horse, saddled and bridled;
Of stockings stuffed full to the toe;
Of pictures and games without number,
And a wonderful trumpet to blow;

And with eyes all aglow with excitement
(As I took through the doorway a peep),
Said, "She don't know anything 'bout it;
I'm tired and going to sleep.
I wish you would stop your talking,
For our stockings are hung below,
For I know they'll be full in the morning,
'Cause my father told me so."

And I thought, O trustful childhood,
How you shame our riper years!
And so easily learn faith's lesson
That we learn so slowly, with tears.
And I thanked the little teacher,
And silently asked I might know
That the way God leads us is always right,
For "Our Father tells us so."

—*Exchange*.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Christmas is near at hand, and, no doubt, many of our youthful readers are asking themselves, "What shall I give to papa and mamma, and to my brothers and sisters?" Or, perhaps, they slyly wonder what Aunt Mary, or some other kind friend, has provided for them. We are told in the Bible that "the Lord gave gifts unto men," and it is very right to give gifts to each other on the anniversary of His birth; but we should not limit them to our own households and to those who can repay us. Remember what the Lord says with reference to the guests whom we ought to invite to our feasts. (Luke 14: 12). Do you not know some poor sufferer who would be cheered by a token of remembrance? Can you not provide a garment for a shivering child, or in some other way perform an act of unpretentious charity? It is with reference to such works of mercy that the Lord says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25, 40.

ST. NICHOLAS. Illustrated Monthly Magazine for Young People. November, 1882.

This number of this justly popular Magazine is before us. It is fully up to the standard it aims to maintain. It is full of interesting reading matter for young folks, and is finely illustrated. Published by the Century Co., New York.

CHRISTMAS LESSON.

LESSON XIII.

December 24, 1882.

THE KINGDOM OF PEACE. Isaiah 11: 1-9.

Commit to memory verse 6.

1. And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

2. And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

3. And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

4. But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

5. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

6. **The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.**

7. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

8. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

9. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea,

OUTLINE: { 1. THE PRINCE OF PEACE. Vs. 1-5.
2. THE KINGDOM OF PEACE. Vs. 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." V. 9.

INSTRUCTION.

TIME.—This prophecy was made by Isaiah 713 years B. C.

Verse 1. *A rod*, a shoot, growing up out of the roots of a tree which has decayed or been cut down. *The stem of Jesse*; the stump of David's father. *A branch*—Jesus. Thus it was plainly foretold that Christ should come out of David's family, even though lowly for 500 years. 2. *The Spirit of the Lord*—the Holy Spirit. 3. *Not judge after sight of eyes*, but judge rightly. 4. *Smite the earth with rod of mouth*—words of truth smite a guilty man like a rod. 5. *Reins*, the waist. 6-9. These beasts signify men; some savage as a wolf, others gentle as a lamb; but all who have Christ's Spirit become peaceful. *A little child shall lead them*—the Christ-Child. And all who have His disposition can lead His people. A wolf and a hireling will they not follow. *They shall not hurt or destroy*; Christianity begets a peaceful spirit, tends to peace on earth, and will at last usher in a Millenium. That will be when the golden text has been fulfilled, at the second Coming of Christ.

CATECHISM.

Ques. 52. What comfort is it to thee, that "Christ shall come again to judge the quick and the dead?"

Ans. That in all my sorrows and persecutions, with uplifted head I look for the very same Person, who before offered Himself, for

my sake, to the tribunal of God, and hath removed all curse from me, to come as Judge from heaven; who shall cast all His and my enemies into everlasting condemnation, but shall translate me, with all His chosen ones, to Himself into heavenly joys and glory.

QUESTIONS.

Who uttered this prophecy? How long ago? Who was Jesse? Who was his son? Had this great king any sons who became kings?

1. Who is meant by the Rod and Branch? Of what seed was Jesus? Of what "house and lineage was Mary?"

2-4. What spirit was in Jesus? What text did He take for His first sermon in the synagogue? (Luke 4: 18-21). Is He also *Judge*? How will he *not* judge? How, then? Will He be against "the poor" and "the meek?" Whom will He *smite*? What is meant by rod of His mouth?

5. What shall be about him like a girdle? What about His reins? Does this refer to His heart?

6-8. What is the disposition of the wolf? What kind of men does it stand for? What of the leopard? Of the lion? Are the lamb, the kid and the fatling also savage? Is the heart peaceable when Christ reigns within it?

9. What is Christ called in the Outline? What is His kingdom called? When will this peace be made perfect? What must first take place? What little Child leads mankind? What did He set in the midst as an example? (1st lesson of 3d quarter). Are you Christ's child? Do you "hurt and destroy?" Do you seek peace?

Is the word of the Lord beginning to cover the earth? Are you helping to support missionaries?

LESSON HYMNS: { Hosanna to the Royal Son.
Hark! what mean those holy voices?

LESSON XIII. Dec. 24, 1882.

Christmas Lesson.

INTRODUCTION.—“This chapter is connected with the preceding one as part of the same general prophecy. In that the prophet had described the invasion of Sennacherib, and had given the assurance that Jerusalem should be safe, notwithstanding the threatened invasion. The general design of that prophecy was to *console the people with the assurance of their deliverance from impending calamity*. But it was a general principle with the Hebrew prophets, and particularly with Isaiah, when *any* event tending to console the people, or to excite the nation's gratitude occurred to *cast the eye forward to that great future deliverance which they anticipated under the Messiah*. The contemplation of *present* objects dies away; the mind fixes more intently on the glories of the Messiah's reign; the prophetic vision ranges over the beauties of His Person and the glories of His Kingdom, until the prophet seems to have forgotten the subject with which he commenced. This was perfectly natural. It was by an obvious law of association in the mind by which the mention of deliverance in any form, however humble, would suggest *that great deliverance* on which the eye of every Jew would rest. It hence follows that, wherever the prophet *begins*, he usually *ends* with a glowing description of the reign of the Messiah. However far from this central object of revealed religion he may commence, yet there is *a tendency everywhere to it* in the prophetic writings; and the moment that by any law of association this object is suggested, or the eye catches a glimpse of it, the former objects sink out of view, and *the Person and reign of the Messiah becomes the sole theme* of the prophetic description.”—Barnes.

I. THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

David was the son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, and reigned as King of Israel 1000 years B. C. His descendants occupied the throne for about 400 years. The greatest of them were Solomon, Hezekiah, and Josiah. The last was Zedekiah. For 600 years the family was in humility, poverty, and obscurity; and yet faithfully preserved during all that

time, as the one from which the longed-for Messiah was to come.

Isaiah here foretells: (1) that the Messiah would come from Jesse, the father of David. (2). He would be born, not when the family was great, rich, prosperous, and sitting upon the throne; but when it had fallen into decay or had been hewn down. The rod or branch (Christ) should grow out of the stem, (trunk or stump) of Jesse; “like a root out of dry ground,” instead of coming out of a root by the water-courses.

Elsewhere the prophets speak of the coming Christ as a Branch; but always as springing from the *Kingly* root of David. At other times He is spoken of as a *Son*. “Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given. * * * And He shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, * * * and the Prince of Peace.”

Thus according to His *human* nature Jesus came out of Jesse and David; but according to His *divine* nature, He is the Root out of which David sprang.

On Christ the Holy Spirit came and abode, in all His fullness of graces: the Spirit of *wisdom, understanding, counsel, might, and knowledge*. When He preached in the Synagogue at Nazareth He announced: “the Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach,” &c.

He is also the *Judge* of all men, who exercises justice, shuns partiality, protects the poor and the meek and “puts down the mighty from their seats” of violence and fraud.

But instead of smiting with the sword, He *smites with His word*, which is “sharper than any two-edged sword.” *The rod of His mouth* is His command, decision, threatening. “Out of His mouth went a sharp two-edged sword.” (Rev. 1: 16).

And yet all His power and influence shall bring *peace*, and show that He is the King of Peace.

II. THE KINGDOM OF PEACE. Vs. 6-9.

The two leading ideas here are *peace*, and *safety*. If all animals could be so changed, that the ferocious would not *hurt* the gentle, and the gentle would not *fear* the strong and savage, we would have a type of the Messiah's reign. When He was born the angels sang: “*Peace on earth, good will to men.*”

Jesus curbed all cruel passions of men, encouraged meekness and gentleness, taught Jews to cease hating Gentiles,—declared that there should be *one fold*, in which all should dwell in peace and security. “Under His gospel the mad passions of men have been subdued; their wild, ferocious nature has been changed; their love of conquest and war and blood taken away;” * * * but the scene has not yet been fully realized, and will not be until the gospel shall be everywhere “truly preached and truly followed”—when the waters of life, peace, and love shall cover the earth.

“When Paul, who had persecuted the saints, joined himself to them then *the wolf dwelt with the lamb*” (M. Henry). The strongest men cannot rule over their fellow-men; but a *child* can lead true Christians.

The Christ Child does it; and ministers and teachers, who are innocent and gentle as the child, have little trouble in leading their flocks. But you can *lead* them, not *drive* them.

In my holy mountain, says God, this peace shall fully prevail. Mount Zion was first meant; but the Church in general. “Peace be within thy walls.”

In the heavenly Zion peace is never disturbed, but reigns eternally.

“The knowledge of the Lord” is spreading rapidly over the earth; missionaries seek entrance into all lands. And wherever men have a *heart-knowledge* of God’s word, they are disposed to peace, they hate war, treat prisoners kindly, lay aside brutal, cruel, and bloody games. We judge a nation’s Christianity by the peace, gentleness, and kindness that prevail, and by its absence of bloodshed and cruelty.

Our hope is that this kingdom of peace may soon spread, until the Prince of Peace shall reign as King of all nations.

THOUGHTS ON CHRIST’S KINGDOM.

1. It is a Kingdom heralded by prophets for centuries before its rising. Verse 1.

2. It is of noble origin, from the royal line of David.

3. It arose in a time of depression or humiliation, when the house of David had become lowly and poor.

4. It is a Kingdom under the influ-

ence of the Spirit of the Lord, and built up by His power. Verse 2.

5. It is ruled in righteousness. Verses 2-5.

6. It sets aside the standard of earth, and introduces the laws of heaven.

7. It transforms the dispositions of men, rendering the ferocious gentle, and making society peaceable and safe.

8. It is destined to overspread the earth. Verse 9.

WELL-DOING.

Think the good,
And not the clever;
Thoughts are seeds
That grow; forever
Bearing richest fruit in life.
Such alone can make
The thinker
Strong to conquer in the strife.

Love the good,
And not the clever,
Noble men!
The world can never
Cease to praise the good they’ve done.
They alone the true
Who gather
Harvests which their deeds have won.

Do the good,
And not the clever.
Fill thy life
With true endeavor;
Strive to be the noblest man.
Not what others do;
But rather
Do the very best you can.

—Independent.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE CENTURY, Illustrated Monthly Magazine. November, 1882.

This number begins another volume of this superb magazine. The Frontispiece is a portrait of Florence Nightingale, and further on there is also a fine portrait of Henry James, jr., with a biographical sketch by W. D. Howells. There are also excellent articles on Venice, Victor Hugo, the Beginning of a Nation, the Jury System, etc, with the usual allotment of serials. The Rev. Washington Gladden contributes the beginning of “The Christian League of Connecticut,” which offers many practical ideas on Christian work. To lovers of ancient art the “Sculptures of the Great Pergamon Altar,” offers an abundant feast. The engravings are, as usual, of the highest order of excellence.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

HUEBNER'S BIBLICAL STORIES. Remodeled by C. A. Koerner. Translated by J. F. Ochlschlaeger, Philadelphia, Published by I. Kohler, 1882.

In Germany "Huebner's Biblical Stories" have been for more than a hundred years a Christian classic. To them parents have resorted for stories to relate to their households, and teachers have used them as a means of imparting valuable instruction. It would be an excellent thing if they were more generally introduced into American schools and families, and we therefore welcome the appearance of this new and improved edition.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ALBUM; containing sixty-four texts from Holy Scripture. Arranged after the German of Karl Gerok, with translations by Mary Welden. Phila., Ig. Kohler, 911 Arch street, 1880.

This little book is a beautiful specimen of typography. It is of the oblong form most used for autograph albums, and every page contains a verse of Scripture and a stanza of sacred poetry. As a gift or reward to Sunday-school scholars it would no doubt be highly appreciated.

WOMAN IN THE REFORMATION. By Emma Louis Parry, Philadelphia, Lutheran Publication Society, 1882. Price 90 cents.

We have here a series of well written biographical sketches of eminent women of the Reformation period. The authoress disclaims extensive historical research, but we venture to say that the collection of the material involved an amount of labor of which the reader can hardly form an adequate conception. The subjects of the sketches have been chosen from various churches and countries, and, so far as we see, the work has been done fairly and in a kindly spirit. The book deserves an extensive circulation.

HOURS OF FANCY: OR VIGIL AND VISION. By Aldine S. Kiefer, Dayton, Va., Ruebush, Kiefer & Co., Printers, 1881.

This is a collection of more than a hundred ballads, idyls and lyrics, written on various occasions during a long series of years. Among them are poems which were suggested by incidents of the late war; while others refer to bereavements that were in part the results of that dreadful conflict. A few of the lyrics were written to music, and this may account for the fact that several of them sound like sweet echoes of the strains of earlier poets. The sacred poems are, in our opinion, the best of all.

It is well, we think, that these pieces have been collected and published. The author has a fine fancy; and his poetry, though perhaps too frequently pitched on a minor key, is melodious throughout. The book is creditable, and will no doubt be cherished by an extensive circle of admirers.

CHRISTIANITY'S CHALLENGE; and some Phases of Christianity submitted for Candid Consideration. By Herrick Johnson, D. D. American Tract Society, New York.

This book is chiefly composed of a series of lectures delivered in Chicago under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. They are principally devoted to the consideration of popular assaults on Christianity. Not content with exposing the fallacies of opponents the author shows that Christianity can boldly challenge skepticism to the contemplation of its excellence. Dr. Johnson is a powerful preacher, and no doubt the publication of these able discourses will do much good.

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY. By Mrs. A. K. Dunning. Phila. Presbyterian Board of Publication, Price \$1.00.

This is the third volume of the "Letting Down the Bars" series. In it the account of the fortunes of the Hosmer family is continued, and the book will prove most interesting to young folks who are familiar with the incidents contained in the preceding volumes. The scenes illustrative of the temptations and dangers of mercantile life are vividly depicted.

THE BOOK OPENED; OR AN ANALYSIS OF THE BIBLE. By Alfred Nevin, D. D. Indianapolis Ind. The Religious Publishing House, 1882. Price \$1.50.

According to the Preface, this book is not intended for learned theologians, or for students of Biblical science who have access to large libraries, but for Sabbath-school and Bible-class teachers and scholars who feel the need of a convenient and compendious volume, to which they can turn at any time for information to aid them in understanding and defending the word of God." For the purposes here mentioned the book will no doubt be found useful. Dr. Nevin has compiled many interesting facts concerning Biblical history and antiquities, which are here conveniently arranged, where they may be studied with great advantage.

READING AND RECITATIONS No. 4. Edited by Miss L. Penney. New York, National Temperance Soc. and Publication House, 58 Reade St. 1882, Price 25 cts.

THE WINE MIRACLE in Relation to the Present Aspect of the Temperance Reform, by Rev. J. F. Diener, Catawissa, Pa., Phila. Southern Publication Society, 1881.

ABBOTT'S YOUNG CHRISTIAN. A memorial edition, with a sketch of the author by one of his sons. Illustrated, New York, Harper & Brothers.

It was a pious thought that induced the publication of the present edition of a celebrated book. "All that Jacob Abbott ever wrote might probably come under the descrip-

tive head of one or the other of those two words, "Young" and "Christian"; so that the title of the volume is, as it were, an arch which spans his whole career." In our boyhood we read with delight "The Rollo Books," "The Jonas Books," and the "Illustrated Histories" which were then in the height of their popularity, but there was none of Mr. Abbott's numerous writings which left such a permanent impression as "The Young Christian." We welcome this fine edition of an excellent book, and hope it will be extensively circulated. It is accompanied by an interesting memoir of the author, who died in 1871, and contains a fine steel engraving and several wood-cuts.

A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M. A., Ebington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. New York, Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1882.

Prof. Skeat is regarded as one of the foremost authorities in everything that appertains to the origin of the English language. The present work is not a mere abridgement of his larger Etymological Dictionary, but has been entirely re-written by the author, and is intended as a convenient hand-book for the use of students who desire to become familiar with the origin and history of English words. It constitutes one of the convenient "Students' Series," and is well worthy of a place in the library of every student.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow,
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack that joy it may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eyes,
Share them, and by sharing,
Own your kinship to the skies.

Why should one be glad,
When his brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,
For both grief and joy apace,
There's health and goodness in mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them, trust the Harvest Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Amherst Record.

AN AUTUMN HYMN.

BY HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

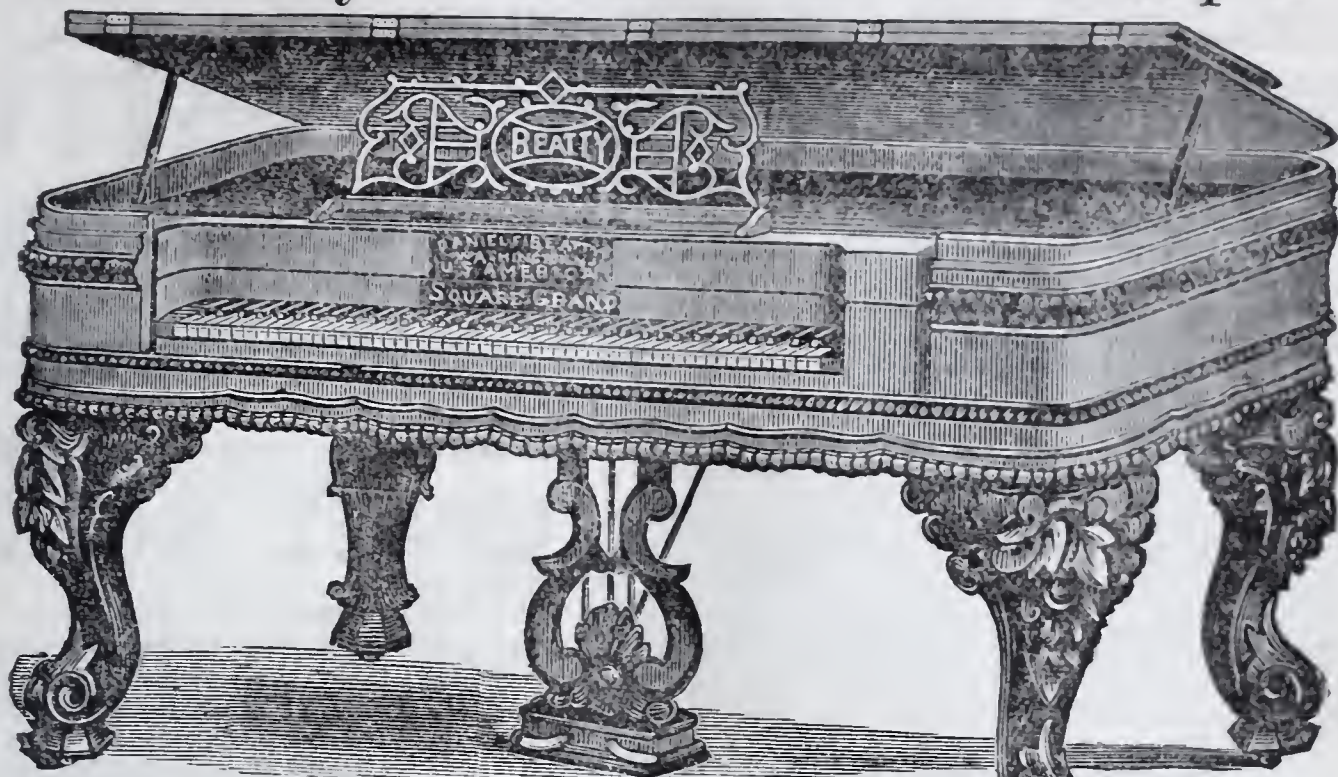
The leaves around me falling
Are preaching of decay;
The pilgrim winds are calling,
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"
The day in night declining,
Says, I too must decline;
The year, its life resigning,—
Its lot foreshadows mine.

The light my path surrounding,
The loves to which I cling,
The hopes within me bounding,
The joys that round me wing,—
All melt like stars of even
Before the morning's ray,
Pass upward into heaven,
And chide at my delay.

I hear the invitation,
And fain would rise and come;
A sinner, to salvation;
An exile to his home.
But while I here must linger,
Thus, thus, let all I see
Point on, a faithful finger,
To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

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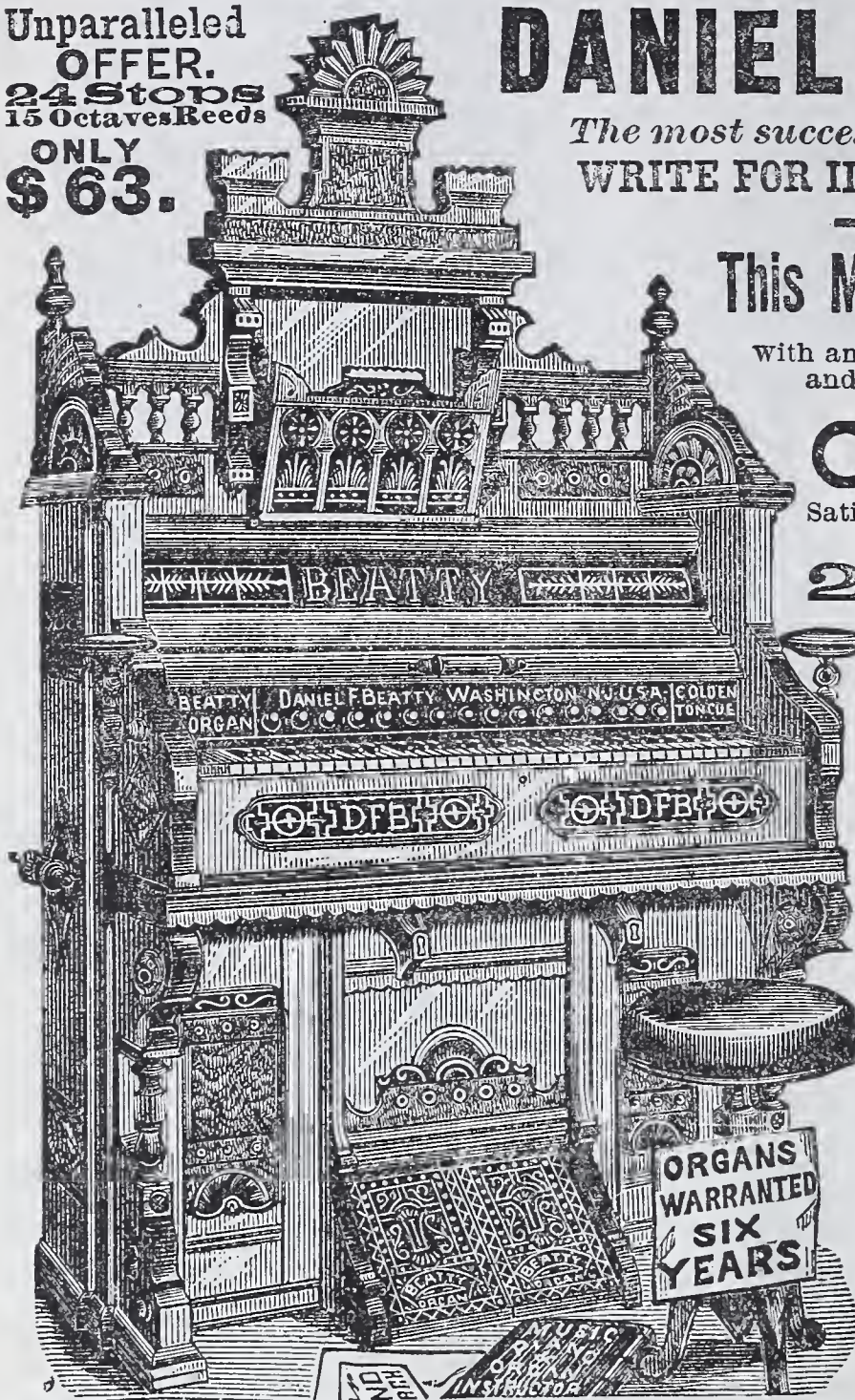
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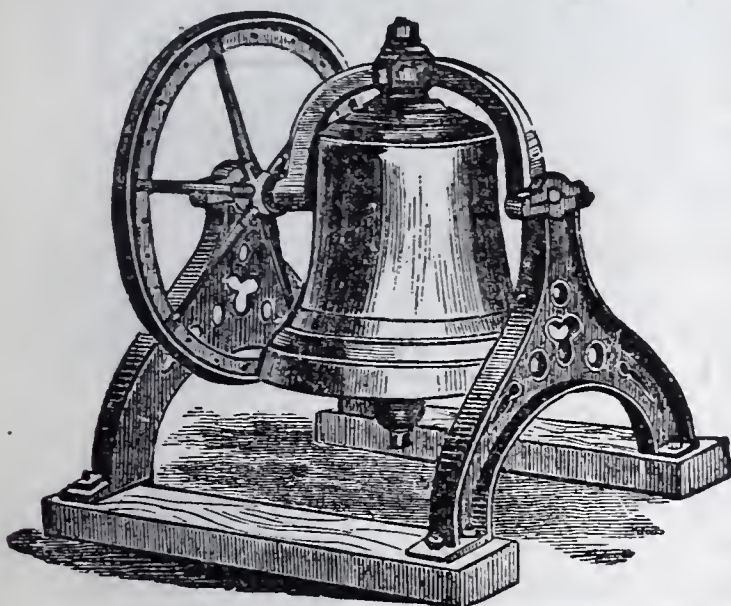
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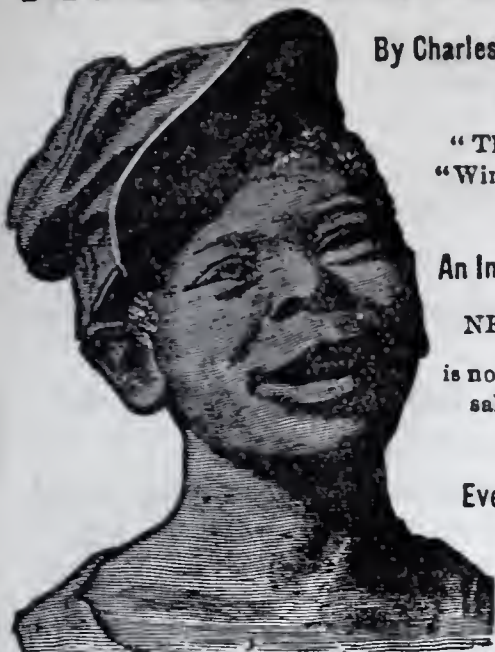
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VOL. XXXIII.

No. 12.

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FOR
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SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

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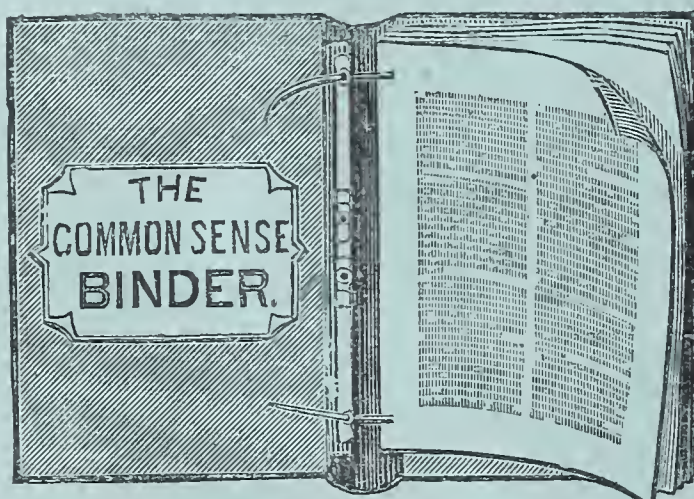
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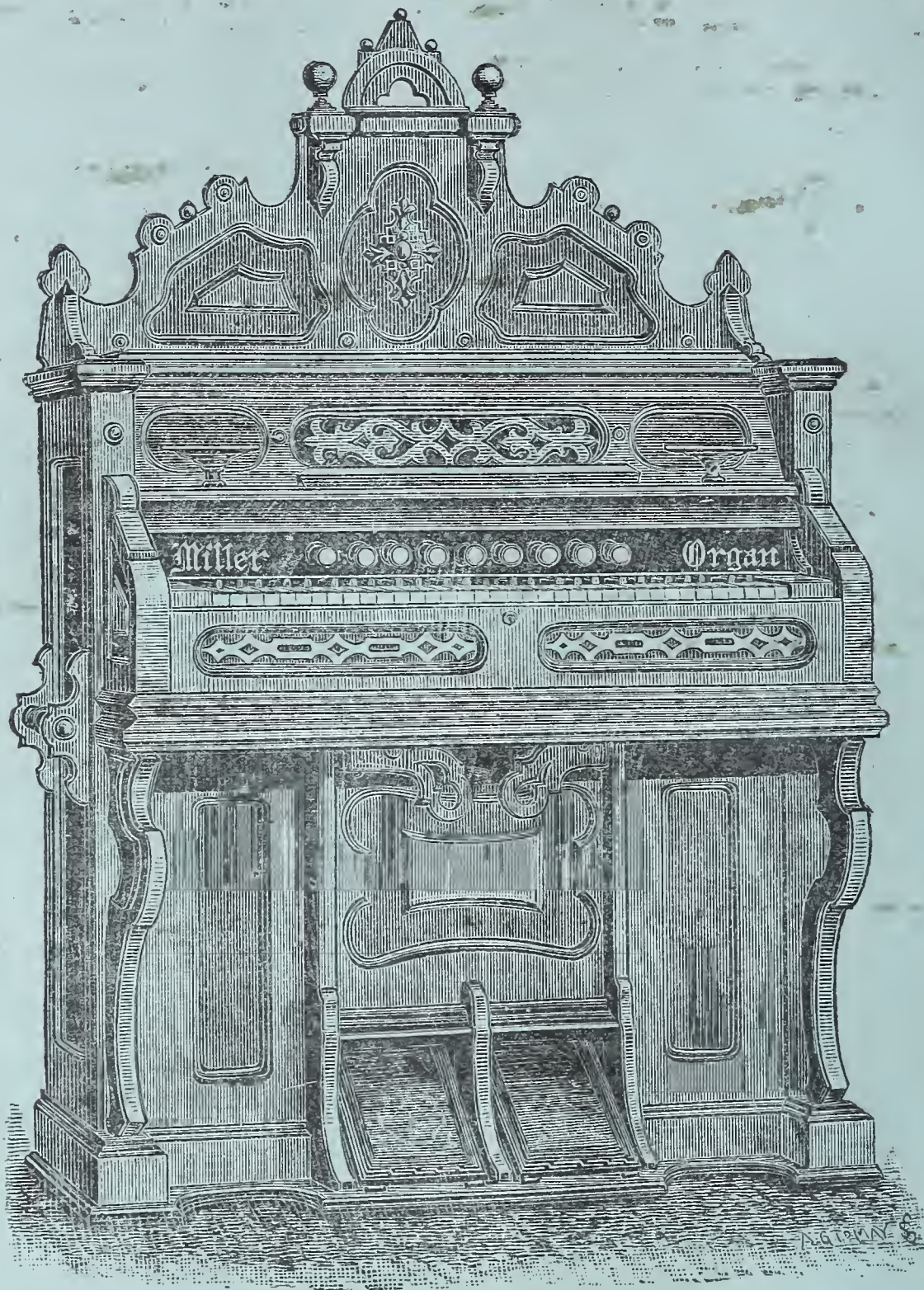
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